

at Ruvo, Gonsalvo determined to keep the initiative and drive the French out of the kingdom of Naples. His plan was facilitated by the fact that about 2,000 German mercenaries from the French garrison at Ruvo joined the ranks. This reinforcement, though not from Spain, ripened Gonsalvo's decision to close in on the French without delay. On April 20, 1503, he marched his army northwards in a spirit of bold and cheerful adventure.

On his way to Naples, he was met by a special courier from Philip of Hapsburg, the Spanish princess Joanna's husband and, therefore, the duly recognised pretender to the regency of Spain. The missive was of the gravest importance. It informed Gonsalvo of the treaty concluded between Louis XII of France and Ferdinand of Aragon, which had been ratified at Lyons on April 5, 1503; according to the terms of this treaty, Philip of Hapsburg was to govern the Spanish part of the kingdom of Naples on behalf of his son Charles then three years of age, until the consummation of the boy's marriage with the princess Claude of France. The communication went on to say that Gonsalvo was forthwith and unconditionally to break off hostilities against the French units in Italy.

So strict an order, which Philip had every authority to issue, came to Gonsalvo as a bolt from the blue. To obey meant the complete sacrifice of all he had gained through hard fighting, great efforts, in the course of a good many years, to obey it meant to let slip the French army through his fingers, just as he was about to deal a crushing blow in Naples. To obey it meant the reversal of Spanish policies of expansion and, possibly, a loss of prestige.

Taking everything into account, Gonsalvo resolved to ignore the order. He was fully conscious of the tremendous responsibility he would have to shoulder by continuing "his" campaign against the French, victory over whom he was sure lay within his grasp. He also gauged the possible consequences to his own person and his future were he to be insubordinate to his king's express command—though it did not emanate from Ferdinand himself, but from the king's son-in-law. True to his nature, Gonsalvo did not bother to furnish excuses or provide subterfuges; he merely

regarded the order as non-existent and did not mention it to his staff.

As if nothing untoward had happened, he marched his army to plan across the old battlefield of Canossa towards Cergniola, a small town situated near a wide morass which afforded good natural defences. Here he encamped, immediately set himself to improve the natural defences by driving in thousands of sharply pointed stakes so as to build an impaling mechanism; he camouflaged this with reeds and grasses, posted all his artillery on a hillock near the swamp whence he had a free field of vision all round.

The French general, no little surprised that Gonsalvo should continue his march in spite of the order which he himself had also received, advanced on Cergniola in forced marches. It was late afternoon when the French reached the place. The duc de Nemours called a council of war to decide whether battle should be given that same night or whether to postpone the issue until the following morning. Though he personally would have preferred to put off the clash till dawn, he yielded to the advice of his staff who were agog for instantaneous action. Ives d'Allègre went so far as to give vent to his pugnacious temper by declaring that the duke lacked prowess. This, to say the least of it, was an inadmissible remark, but it may have influenced Nemours in his decision to sound the charge forthwith and warn his officers of his intention, saying: "Very well, we shall fight this night, but perhaps those who now most urgently insist on immediate combat may be the first to use their spurs instead of their swords".

As darkness fell, the charge was sounded. The French cavalry, numerically twice as strong as that of the Spaniards, dashed upon the enemy who, behind the marshy track of land, awaited the onslaught without giving a sign. On came the French cavalry, only to be impaled on the stakes Gonsalvo had set as a trap. The bulk of Nemours' army, quite unaware of the death-ride of their comrades, pressed eagerly forward in their wake. The Spanish artillery concentrated its fire on a struggling mass of impaled horses, wounded knights, cavalry and infantry, all vainly endeavouring to extricate themselves from the swamp. Such was

of Naples by Spanish troops. From Ferdinand's point of view, the treaty of Lyons had merely been a political make-shift and was no longer valid since it had been annulled by actual events highly pleasing to his ambition. Now he alone would wield the sceptre over Naples instead of sharing the government with another party.

Gonsalvo was the sort of man who won victories. Very well, then Ferdinand was the sort of man to make the most of the victories Gonsalvo had won. He had concluded the treaty of Lyons with an eye to his son-in-law's interests rather than his own. But since the treaty was now null and void, Philip of Hapsburg need no longer be considered and Ferdinand held that his own claim to the kingdom of Naples was a very strong one, based as it was on conquest by his own army. It was a vested interest and even better than that because it was guaranteed by the firm possession of the object claimed.

The treaty of Lyons had indubitably been violated by Gonsalvo's victory at Cergniola and his conquest of the kingdom of Naples. Since Spain had cast aside her obligations, Louis XII could do the same. Consequently, France considered herself again at war with her ancient foe. Eager to avenge himself on Ferdinand of Aragon, Louis resolved to invade Spain and to send a relief force to Gaeta. He had ample means at his disposal and was therefore in a position to raise another grand army, equip it excellently in a short space of time, and thus make good the heavy losses he had sustained on the Neapolitan battlefields. Combining Frenchmen, Gascons, Swiss and Scots, he raised the infantry to 28,000, the cavalry to 2,000; and the train of artillery was immense. All these troops were sent to the relief of Gaeta. Under the command of La Tremouille, this host reached the sea fortress partly by land and partly by water in July 1503, barely two months after Gonsalvo's triumphal entry into the Neapolitan capital. So far the French garrison at Gaeta had resisted Spanish attacks successfully.

On receipt of the news that an enormous French army was approaching, Gonsalvo decided that his own army was to take up positions on the southern bank of the river Garigliano, some miles from the fortress. For the moment

he felt that to continue the siege against such numerically superior forces would be unwise. But he tried to lure the enemy from the stronghold and engage him in a pitched battle which would offer better chances for the development of his strategy.

At this stage of the proceedings, La Tremouille's attention was diverted from warlike pursuits to politics. The pope, Alexander VI, died and the problem of his successor was of paramount importance to both France and Spain. Whatever could be done to influence the decision of the conclave, had to be done by the courts of France and Spain likewise. Louis XII wished that his favourite cardinal, d'Amboise, might be favoured with the tiara. He ordered La Tremouille to stay where he was so that the presence of so mighty an army in the vicinity of Rome should act as an impressive token of French power and thus influence the conclave of cardinals in their decision. For his part, Gonsalvo sent an observation detachment to the neighbourhood of Rome which, though not so impressive as that of the French, at least would serve as a reminder to the cardinals that Spain had to be reckoned with as a power in the land. Neither a Frenchman nor a Spaniard was elected pope. The Italian who received the tiara took the name of Pius III. He died less than a month after the election and another Italian stepped into his shoes under the name of Julius II.

Since the death of Alexander VI and the election of Julius II, the political intrigues of French and Spanish diplomats had been concentrated on the papal election, and the opening of hostilities between the two contending nations in the vicinity of Gaeta took second place.

During this time, an event occurred which, though in itself so insignificant that in the ordinary course it would have passed into oblivion, deeply affected Gonsalvo and caused him such grief that he never threw it off for the remainder of his life. After the death of Alexander VI, Cesare Borgia the late pope's son wished to take refuge in Naples. Though Gonsalvo knew that the man had wholeheartedly embraced the French cause, he chivalrously granted him a safe-conduct on parole. Cesare had not long

been in Naples when Gonsalvo, at Ferdinand of Aragon's express command, was compelled to send him as a prisoner to Spain. Just as in the case of the young duke of Calabria, Gonsalvo felt that an indelible stain had besmirched his honour.

The new pope having now been elected, the purely representative and demonstrative function of the French army near Rome was accomplished—though it had produced no tangible results. The hour had struck for military action. La Tiemouille having died in the interim, the duke of Mantua took his place. He moved his forces towards the river Garigliano. The November days rendered the march exceptionally arduous, for the weather was atrocious. While all through the summer the grand army of the French king had done nothing but make an exhibition of itself for the benefit of the conclave of cardinals at Rome, the Great Captain had fortified the southern bank of the Garigliano and had succeeded in storming the fortress of Monte Casino with its Benedictine monastery and also the fortress of Rocca Secca from whence the fords of the river could be controlled.

The vanguard of the French army had already reached the northern bank and did its best to cross the water so as to force a way into Rocca Secca. The Spanish defenders of the fortress succeeded in repulsing two fierce assaults and inflicting heavy losses. The main body of the French army had also reached the Garigliano, yet the duke of Mantua did not attempt a third assault in view of the tenacious defence put up by the Spanish garrison. He deemed that a renewed assault would be too risky and too costly an enterprise, and decided to make the crossing of the river at another point farther down stream, near the estuary, where the Spaniards held a small bridgehead called Torre de Garigliano. Here the French commander scored a success. The Spaniards, seeing themselves hopelessly outnumbered, surrendered and were allowed to evacuate the bridgehead with the honours of war. The Spanish garrison marched off to join Gonsalvo at his quarters. The unfortunate men had escaped from the hands of the French and were not to fall victims to their enemies who, the

cowardice displayed in surrendering instead of fighting to the last man, fell upon them ruthlessly with their pikes and massacred every one of them. Though this incident cannot be in any way justified or worthy of praise, it certainly shows the high fighting spirit of the soldiers under Gonsalvo and their detestation of the French.

One bridgehead on the southern bank was now in French hands, yet before the duke of Mantua could strengthen and enlarge his position, a Spanish unit under the command of Pedro de Navarro hurled themselves on the place, fiercely attacked the French, withstood their no less fierce counter-attack, and eventually pressed them back to the point from which they had so recently started. Here they maintained their ground on a small area beside the river and close to the bridge. Though the French reverse was not considerable and far from a defeat, the duke of Mantua felt so despondent about it that he did not venture to resume the offensive, and resolved to encamp his troops where they stood for the winter, and until less adverse weather conditions should prevail and permit him to make adequate use of his admirable cavalry and artillery, whose movements were greatly hampered by the impracticable state of the roads.

Both the French and the Spanish were destined to suffer an ordeal during the following weeks. The weather and climatic conditions were almost unendurable. Violent downpours of rain made the swampy ground alongside the river more of a morass than ever; the tents sank into the squelching mud; the roads were impassable. The French army was in worse plight than the Spaniards in this respect because the latter's camp was on higher ground and farther from the stream; but they were more favourably placed for revictualling since French ships could unload without impediment in the estuary of the Garigliano, near their winter quarters.

The general morale of the French deteriorated week by week and their fighting spirit fell lower and lower. In like manner, conditions in the Spanish camp worsened and dropped to a critical pitch. The soldiers suffered from the lack of necessary supplies and pay. Gonsalvo did not know whither to look for food, money, and reinforcements. Yet

however bad the situation, he never lost courage. He did his utmost to uphold discipline and confidence. Knowing that idleness is the most mischievous abettor of insubordination, he kept his men busied with useful work; he had a deep trench dug all along the front of the encampment—though unfortunately it became waterlogged on account of the swamp. To remedy this state of affairs, he then ordered that stakes be driven into the trench so as to turn it into a considerable obstacle to an approaching foe; he threw up strong earthworks round every infantry and artillery position; to make easier the deployment of his cavalry, he had solid roads built across his fear-flung camp; soon the whole became a formidable stronghold. Many labourers were needed for these stupendous undertakings and thus every man was kept fully occupied. Yet neither hard work nor the feeling that the camp was well protected could fill the soldiers' stomachs with food or their pockets with money; discontent grew. Gonsalvo was not unmindful of the hardships his men had to endure and he shared the same lot as his troops. But in spite of his unswerving constancy and confidence, he saw clearly that the situation would inevitably reach breaking-point if he failed to find a successful way out of the predicament. The Great Captain rejected with contumely the suggestion made by some of his officers that the camp be removed to Capua where the climate was better and provisions easier to obtain. "Never", he exclaimed. "Our present position must be maintained and will be maintained or else we shall be the losers. Therefore, rest assured that I would rather march two steps forward, though it might mean death to me, than march one step backwards even if I should gain a hundred years by so doing".

December with its gloomy, dark, stormy, rainy days lagged slowly along; hard and severe distress enveloped the Spanish camp. Yet none of these things seriously afflicted the great man Gonsalvo showed himself again to be; distress seemed to light a torch within him and to irradiate the momentous resolution which was to materialise as a wonderful feat of arms. After careful deliberation Gonsalvo determined to pass to the offensive on a large scale with-

out further delay and despite the difficulties which he felt he could overcome if his schemes were carried out. In the night of December 28, 1503, he led his flagging troops to combat. He relied on the personal devotion of his men. Wild tempests roared the battle-song of the marching soldiers.

Swiftly and in complete silence, a bridge was slid across the Garigliano, up-stream at a point distant from the estuary, and over this Gonsalvo and his army with the heavy cavalry passed; again were his trusty henchmen Pedro, Paredes and Pizarro at his side. In a trice, the French garrison at Suzio, an outpost beyond the river, was overwhelmed whilst the main body of French were taken in an encircling movements, and the bridge at the estuary captured.

The duke of Mantua, who thought the Spaniards were wrapped in slumber in their comfortless camp, was taken entirely by surprise. Directly he received intelligence that the Spaniards were making for the bridge at the estuary, he felt convinced it would be at this spot that the brunt of the attack would take place. This was precisely what Gonsalvo hoped he would think. Only when fugitives from Suzio brought the tidings that an immense Spanish army had crossed the stream higher up and were making a flanking movement, did the French command realise that their position was jeopardised. They hastened to escape the grip of the foe by a retreat to the fortress of Gaeta. Before leaving, they demolished the bridge, but took no other defensive measures; it was a headlong flight; the entire camp with its tents, artillery, baggage was left behind and even the sick and wounded were forsaken.

In order to bar the way to Gaeta, Gonsalvo sent a squadron of light horse in advance and they accomplished their task without suffering any serious loss during the many skirmishes that ensued. Meanwhile, Gonsalvo pushed forward and reached the Mola de Gaeta where he faced the French. Here the first clashes between the main bodies of the opposing forces took place. Fierce and bloody was the combat. The French knights, who as usual excelled in valour, and the Spaniards who were skilfully directed by the Great Captain himself, fought bravely, and at times the

melée was so hot that hell seemed to be let loose. More than two hours elapsed before the Spaniards prevailed over the French. The latter, exhausted and dispirited, lacking an energetic commander, at last gave in or took to their heels. A considerable number of the fugitives fell into Spanish hands, but others succeeded in taking refuge in the fortress of Gaeta; the remainder wandered about the countryside. The French losses in men were 4,000 killed and many thousand wounded, besides the loss of their baggage, the whole train of artillery, and all their colours.

Gonsalvo allowed his followers a short rest after the victorious battle of Garigliano, and was already afoot early next morning to make the necessary arrangements for taking Gaeta by storm. But the disheartened garrison did not wait for the first shots from the Spanish artillery trained upon them; they proposed an immediate surrender with the proviso that they be granted a free passage.

Gonsalvo considered it only fair to accede to this request and allowed free passage by land or sea to the garrison and all the soldiers, whether knights, officers, mercenaries sheltering there. They had endured the same tribulations as the Spanish army during this inclement winter and they had fought bravely. The French were not to be despised because the Spaniards had gained the victory. Gonsalvo always prided himself on being a magnanimous conqueror. Also he was a good Christian and showed mercy as prescribed by the Catholic Church. War was a reckless, ruthless, bloodthirsty business, but once hostilities had ceased, what the Church preached had to be observed.

Gaeta capitulated on January 1, 1504. It was a day of well merited glory for the Great Captain who, in spite of adverse circumstances, had achieved what he had set out to do. The French army on Italian soil was vanquished and had virtually ceased to exist, and the whole kingdom of Naples was added to the Spanish crown.

While Gonsalvo de Córdoba was entering the Neapolitan capital in triumph, Louis XII and his court mourned for the humiliating defeat the grand army had sustained in Italy. Some scapegoats were sentenced to death; others to life-long banishment, among these latter the famous

knight Sandricourt, a man noted for his prowess. But he escaped this disgrace by committing suicide.

Spain and Naples vied with each other in their panegyrics of the Great Captain who showed his simplicity of character by frankly and freely displaying his jubilation and pride. Now he settled down in the Neapolitan capital where he devoted his time with identical enthusiasm and competence to peaceful governmental duties as he had done with the profession of war. His first concern was for the soldiers whose self-sacrificing attachment to him had helped so much in the winning of his battles and the war. He thought of their welfare and proved his gratitude and generosity by bestowing estates and grants of value on his gallant comrades-in-arms, Pedro de Navarro, Mendoza, Leyva, Andrada, the prince of Colonna who had joined the Spanish colours, and many others. His rewards to the deserving assumed such extensive dimensions that Ferdinand of Aragon's niggardly soul revolted at Gonsalvo de Córdoba's liberality. He could not refrain from remarking in mockery: "What avails it that Gonsalvo de Córdoba has won me a large kingdom if he distributes all its riches among his officers"?

On March 31 of the same year, a treaty of peace between France and Spain was ratified at the convent of Santa Maria de la Majarada, by the terms of which the kingdom of Naples was unconditionally recognised as belonging to the crown of Aragon.

No sooner had the treaty been signed than Gonsalvo summoned the Neapolitan authorities to his presence in order that they should swear allegiance to Ferdinand of Aragon. The Great Captain was requited for his outstanding services to his country by being made viceroy of Naples. This appointment was by no means a sinecure; there were many duties attached to it and they were performed by Gonsalvo with method and thoroughness. Naples was at once pacified; though disturbances occasionally flared up, mostly in consequence of plots and incitements concocted by a few French knights who, in defiance of the treaty of peace, remained hidden in the kingdom; such riots were energetically crushed. The Spanish forces of occupation had

MARGARITA DE PLANELLES

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SET

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TRANSLATED BY CEDAR PAUL

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GODFREY & STEPHENS

PETER NEVILL

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CHAPTER ONE

The Great Captain

AMONG the strangest phenomena of history is the rise of a galaxy of famous men and women who lived and played their parts at one and the same time and in one and the same country, whereas before and after their epoch in the course of centuries no name of special importance shines forth. We have merely to recall the reigns of Elizabeth of England and Louis XIV of France in proof of this assertion.

So was it with the history of Spain. Her glorious epoch came at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Around the outstanding figure of Isabella of Castile, there gathered a veritable constellation of notables. A few of the most renowned names must suffice: the cardinal-chancellors Mendoza and Jiménez, the great warrior Gonsalvo de Córdoba, the explorers Christopher Columbus, Fernando Cortés, Francisco Pizarro, Fernando Magellan. During the fifty years which elapsed after 1575, Castile grew from an insignificant kingdom into a great united Spain by the incorporation of Aragon, Granada, Navarre, and Naples-Sicily, by the conquest of many coastal regions in North Africa, by the discovery of Mexico, Peru and the Philippines. Indeed, she became a realm on which "the sun never set".

During these five decades, Isabella of Castile and her husband Ferdinand of Aragon, were the most regal of all the royal figures of the day. Isabella had a special genius for choosing the right man for the right job. Thus for the building of her united Spain, her Greater Spain, she selected such men as Jiménez the cardinal-chancellor, Gonsalvo de Córdoba the general, and Christopher Columbus the seafarer.

Gonsalvo Fernandez de Córdoba—or Aguilar, as he is

familiarity with Arabic customs and political outlooks, Isabella deemed him the very man to act as mediator between the Spanish high command and the Moorish governor. He handled this extremely delicate business skillfully and effectively. The Moorish king Abdallah signed the terms of capitulation on November 25, 1491. It was mainly owing to Gonsalvo's diplomatic art and courage that Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon were able to make their entry into Granada and the Alhambra on January 2, 1492. Disguised as an Arab, he secretly crept into the Moorish capital in order to negotiate with the reluctant king about the surrender of Granada. Knowing full well that if he were caught by the exasperated population he would be slain, he nevertheless risked his life nightly while he conducted his business with the unfortunate Abdallah. At last, after weeks of endeavour, he convinced the king that there was nothing to do but surrender. Thus the most chivalrous of the chivalrous Castilian knights won a victory through diplomacy rather than by fighting. He put an end to a war which had lasted eight years, and at the same time crushed for ever Moorish dominion in the southern parts of the Iberian peninsula where Islam had held sway for seven hundred and forty one years. Henceforward, the Castilian flag waved from the Alhambra with the Cross at its side.

In the course of this long war, Gonsalvo kept his eyes open so as to learn everything possible about the art of war and its development. Here he first made acquaintance with the most celebrated troops of that day: the Swiss mercenaries. He was also attracted by a young technician named Pedro de Navarro who had joined the Castilian forces in fighting the Moors on Spanish soil. Pedro's was an inventive mind and the idea occurred to him that gunpowder, then applied on the large scale only for the discharge of heavy stone cannon balls, might be utilised for mining purposes. If adequate quantities of powder could be placed beneath ramparts or other fortifications and exploded, the strongest of walls would be demolished. Gonsalvo was greatly impressed with the notion and realised at once that Pedro's device would be of considerable

help in conquering fortresses and other strongholds. The young technician took his revolutionary plans to the high command, but the officers failed to understand the significance of the new invention and neither did they like it for, so they objected, it was not a "chivalrous" method of warfare.

But the military genius of Gonsalvo was not to be gainsaid. Up to this time, cities and towns had been besieged and the only way they could be taken was by blockade and subsequent starvation of the garrisons. He procured Isabella's consent to give Pedro's mining operations a test and, since the high command had just decided on the conquest of Malaga, this town was chosen.

Malaga was in an exceptionally strong position to resist a siege, for the port on the Mediterranean was in continuous relations with the Mohammedan world and the Barbary pirates, and could thus be kept well supplied with food and other stores and troops. It was a place which could not be starved into submission. On the land side, it was splendidly fortified and could only be taken by storm and at a terrible cost in lives.

Pedro de Navarro was engaged to tunnel out subterranean passages beneath the fortifications which Gonsalvo thought to be the most important strategical points. These passages were to be filled with gunpowder. In the small hours of an autumn day in 1487, Gonsalvo exploded the mines with his own hands. The effect was tremendous. A broad breach gaped in the city's fortifications to the delight of the Christians and to the horror of the Moslems. Through this, the Spanish troops stormed into the town; its fate was sealed. After so many years of uncontested sway, the Crescent had to yield to the Cross which Gonsalvo and Pedro placed upon the citadel of this pearl among the cities of Andalusia.

The taking of so important a harbour on the Mediterranean was of immense value; but the success of Pedro's invention was to prove of even greater value in years to come. From henceforth the close friendship between Gonsalvo and Pedro which brought such beneficial gains to Spain was to last a lifetime.

This was not the only innovation Gonsalvo de Córdoba introduced into the Spanish army. The Swiss mercenaries which he had encountered during the war with Granada, gave him fresh ideas as to the better organisation and training of Spanish troops. Nothing escaped his attention that was in any way connected with the prosecution of war. He thought of everything, whether in the domain of training, drill, armanent, organisation, tactics, strategy and even stratagem. Greatly impressed with the efficiency of the Swiss mercenaries, he carefully studied their equipment and armour so as to learn their advantages and, if he considered it worth-while, to put the lesson into practice.

In order to protect their mountainous country, the Swiss had specialised on infantry which they armed with very long pikes. These lansquenets were formed into large groups of men in close formation so that their spears protected them as the quills of a porcupine. The Swiss not only excelled in defensive actions, but also in attack; they were not very mobile it is true, but their long pikes made them more than a match for a foe armed with short swords. In dealing with enemy cavalry, they would spear the horses so as to force the men to dismount, when they would be at disadvantage. Gonsalvo observed with pleasure the encounters between the famous Arab cavalry and the Swiss lansquenets and how hopelessly the Moors broke against the impenetrable fence formed by the Swiss pikes. The dexterity with which the Swiss mercenaries formed circular groups by which they defended themselves against attacks from any quarter, also met with Gonsalvo's approval. He once asked a Swiss captain why his men wore but a leathern corselet and nothing to protect their backs. To which the captain replied: "Because no foe will ever see the back of a Swiss mercenary". This assertion may have referred to the high fighting spirit of the Swiss and also to their tactics of "hedge-hog" formation.

Practical experience garnered during the protracted war against the Moors in Granada, convinced Gonsalvo that the Swiss were right in attaching greater importance to infantry than to cavalry in decisive actions. This ran counter

to the accepted ideas of warfare in those days when knights and their mounted formations were generally regarded as the decisive factors on the battlefield. The Spaniards were inordinately proud of their heavily armed cavalry troops and looked askance at the poorly armed infantry. Gonsalvo did not share this prejudice. Though himself a knight in the best sense of the word and quite at home in the saddle, he saw clearly that in the prevailing condition of warfare a more important rôle must be allotted to foot regiments than had ever been done before. He made practical use of his discovery and this was one of the determining factors which guaranteed his surprising greatness as an army leader in days to come.

After the final triumph of Christian arms in Granada, Gonsalvo returned to the court where he stood even higher in Isabella's favour, though Ferdinand never fully appreciated him. Gonsalvo had been engaged for many years in the rough and tumble of warfare, but he had not forgotten his chivalrous training and there were ample opportunities for the display of his courtly manners. On one occasion, his ingratiating demeanour even provoked a public sensation. Isabella had been to the Asturian port of Lerado to see her daughter Joanna off on the voyage to Flanders there to espouse the Austrian archduke Philip. As the queen returned to shore, the sea of a sudden began to run high. The sailors manning the royal barge were unable to bring the boat far enough into shore to permit of the queen landing dry-shod. Gonsalvo, who happened to be among the royal retenue, did not hesitate to save the situation by wading into the water and carrying the queen safely to shore. The spectators were enraptured, the queen felt delighted, but for no apparent reason the king was indignant. He had never fancied Gonsalvo and from that day he bore an active grudge against the man.

While attending the court, Gonsalvo had no opportunity of carrying out his revolutionary ideas for the reconstruction of the Spanish army. At last, in the spring of 1495, the question arose as to who should be sent as commander-in-chief of the expeditionary forces to Sicily and Naples. After considerable heart-searching and many debates Isa-

bella and her chancellor Jiménez decided to appoint Gonsalvo de Córdoba to the post. Ferdinand made no secret of his antagonism to Gonsalvo and strongly opposed the choice. But finally, the queen's persuasive arguments prevailed. She reminded her consort that Gonsalvo had proved his mettle on the fields of Portugal and in the fight against the Moors in Granada; that he had shown himself to be an inventive genius at the siege of Malaga and an excellent negotiator for the peace terms with the Moslem king; that he was second to none in prudence, judgment, keenness; that, as the whole court could testify, he was a chivalrous Spaniard and a true servant of his liege lords.

On the plea of protecting the interests of the House of Anjou, Charles VIII of France, coveting the kingdom of Naples, revived an obsolete claim to this throne and marched a grand army across the Alps into Italy. He met with scant opposition from the various states of Italy, and the Duke of Milan, the treacherous Lodovico Sforza, even lent the French king his support. Charles entered Rome on New Year's Day, 1495. The Pope Alexander VI, in a panic, dispatched an envoy to Ferdinand of Aragon imploring the king to come to the Vatican's assistance. Paradoxical as it may seem, the pope's alarm was a welcome signal to Ferdinand because it served as a pretext to get him out of a dilemma. He had long been pondering ways and means to incorporate the kingdom of Naples in his domains, for it was governed by a bastard branch of the Aragon dynasty. Moreover, he regarded the occupation of Italy by Charles VIII with a jealous eye. Yet, if he were to save appearances, he could not interfere with the French enterprise since not so long ago he had concluded a pact of non intervention with France. But there was one stipulation in the pact to the effect that were the interests of the Holy See to be threatened in any way the validity of the pact would expire. With the pope's urgent plea for assistance as authority, Ferdinand considered he could act as he pleased. Thus it became Gonsalvo de Córdoba's duty to make the French feel the full weight of the Spanish army.

He put his whole heart into preparing for the coming campaign by levying vigorous men, drilling them, equip-

ping them excellently, and devising his strategic plans. Since he would have a small army at his disposal, he determined that it should be composed of picked men.

On February 22, 1495, Charles VIII made a triumphal entry into the capital of the kingdom of Naples and two days later, with a force of 600 horse and 1,500 foot, Gonsalvo disembarked at Messina with a view to driving the French from Naples.

Meanwhile, the diplomats had been hard at work to form a league consisting of Spain, Austria, the Venetian republic, the small states of Italy including the duchy of Milan whose ruler deemed it expedient to change sides for the time being, and Rome. This was known as the League of Venice. For all that, Gonsalvo had to rely on his numerically small Spanish army and the auxiliary troops he was able to levy in Sicily and Calabria.

A couple of days after disembarking at Messina, Gonsalvo and his men crossed the straits of Reggio where he met the young king of Naples Ferdinand II, who had fled from his capital to Calabria. With the troops the Neapolitan king contributed, Gonsalvo's forces now amounted to about 8,000 men, but they were still greatly outnumbered by the French. All the same, he captured the fortified places of Santa Agata and Seminara without difficulty, thus causing the French many a reverse. He did not underestimate the fighting spirit and the numbers of the foe especially as the French had engaged a contingent of Swiss mercenaries with their dreaded pikes. He thought it wiser, therefore, to entrench himself behind the fortifications of Seminara and there to await and break the French counter-attack.

We do not know whether the young king of Naples disagreed with Gonsalvo's strategy or whether he felt impatient to revenge himself on the French for their unjustified seizure of his capital. Be this as it may, he resolved on his own responsibility to give battle in the open. As Gonsalvo had foreseen, the Neapolitan king sustained a crushing defeat. Though he was sustained by the picked troops of Spain, his Neapolitan soldiers were taken completely by surprise when they met with the unusual tactics and weapons of the Swiss mountaineers, and were so scared that

they took to their heels. The king fled to Sicily and Gonsalvo de Córdoba plunged into a vortex of improvised actions in order to retrieve young Ferdinand's failure. Rallying the troops which remained from the Neapolitan forces, he reorganised them in practically no time and set about the occupation of Calabria.

With imperturbable composure, Gonsalvo kept the disaster well under control and with the master touch saved the Spanish-Neapolitan army's awkward position. This revived the king's confidence to such an extent that Ferdinand II decided to leave his refuge in Sicily and again take part in the fight against the French. He energetically embarked some Sicilian troops and those Spanish bodies which had remained in the island, thinking to attack the French in Naples from the sea. Towards the end of June, this flotilla, consisting of about eighty vessels of various sizes, anchored in the bay of Naples. An immediate attack on the small fort was made and the troops disembarked without delay. The main body of the French army under the very capable command of d'Aubigny was fully engaged against Gonsalvo in Calabria. Thus the French viceroy, the duc de Montpensier, had a relatively small garrison at his disposal. He tried to check the advance of the enemy, but failed. Montpensier even got into an extremely critical situation when his troops, vehemently pursued by the on-rushing foe, were attacked by the hostile population of Naples which, seeing that the hour of liberation from the French yoke was at hand, openly revolted. The victory managed to lead his remaining troops to the citadel of Naples where they bravely sustained a siege of many weeks. Shortly before the starving garrison surrendered, he escaped with about 2,500 men and took refuge at Avella on the banks of the Lagni.

Ferdinand II of Naples entered his capital in triumph while step by step Gonsalvo de Córdoba wrested every foot of territory from the French in Calabria. He gradually organised the army under his command so that it became increasingly powerful and eventually grew into an unsurpassable instrument of war. He worked without stint to perfect it and he chose his tactics and adapted his strategy

to the ever-changing conditions. The Spaniards were victorious in many skirmishes and combats; finally they dealt the French a crushing blow.

Gonsalvo's feats of organisation were manifold and significant. He wished to heighten the intrinsic merits and effectiveness of the Spanish army. Though himself an intrepid champion of every knightly sport whether in tournaments or in martial exercises, he did not over-value the knightly virtues. He appreciated good training and strict discipline far higher. For this reason, he preferred to choose his captains from the ranks of the hidalgos and plain citizens rather than from the old and arrogant families of the grandees. He took pains to impart an esprit de corps, a solidarity of purpose among the various elements serving in the Spanish army—the Aragonese, Castilians, Navarrese, the Basques. He attached the utmost importance to the armaments and manoeuvrability of his troops and introduced the long pikes of the Swiss mercenaries into the Spanish army. Others of his men were armed with their customary short swords and bucklers. Thus his infantry possessed the best weapon for defence and resistance, while the short sword served mainly in hand-to-hand combat. As many of the infantrymen as possible were also taught to ride a horse for the sake of greater mobility of movement when occasion arose. In the event of forced marches, every horseman was to take a man pillion so that the infantry could reach its destination in a shorter time and also not be wearied by the march. Though, by these measures, Gonsalvo's army was brought to a high standard, he still disposed of a small number of troops compared with those of the French. It needed his utmost ingenuity to make the best use of every opportunity, to turn all contingencies to his advantage, to wield his masterful art of war, his tactics and strategy, to square the numerical inferiority of his army with that of the French, to defeat the enemy and enter Naples.

Gonsalvo may be said to have revived the art of war which had almost sunk into oblivion since the days of the Roman campaigns. Machiavelli, the severest and most critical writer of those days, conferred the title of "il Gran

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Capitano", the Great Captain, on Gonsalvo de Cordova, and it was well merited.

The French army under Montpensier, d'Aubigny and Pr cy, disposed of 11,000 excellent troops among which were 2,000 of the famous French cavalry, the dreaded Swiss mercenaries with their pikes and Gascon harquebusiers. Gonsalvo, for his part had 2,000 picked Spanish troops, among them 600 horse, and 3,000 Neapolitans who were very inferior to the Spaniards. Yet in spite of this disadvantage, Gonsalvo fought his way through Calabria. He was further hampered by the fact that reinforcements and supplies by sea were cut off. His army was a mercenary one and had to receive pay, but owing to the wretched condition of the Spanish exchequer the mercenaries were strictly limited in numbers. With these small effectives, Gonsalvo was obliged to restrict his actions and use small detachments to guarantee the best results. Month by month he confined himself to surprise attacks and raids on weak garrisons and strongholds. These he mostly undertook at dead of night, lying in ambush and assaulting columns of the enemy as they passed to fresh ground. Step by step, he weakened the ranks of the enemy, now and again annihilating a detachment, putting a battalion to flight, depriving the French of a foraging party. He would sally forth from places he had captured and gradually the territory of Calabria which he occupied increased. He was kept well informed as to routes by his admirable intelligence service so that his troops were always provided for.

Though all these actions were on a small scale, they had a cumulative effect on the foe who was no match for the swift encounters of what was in truth a guerilla war. The Swiss pikemen and the Gascon harquebusiers were not mobile enough to cope with Gonsalvo's quickly moving bodies. The French generals, acutely aware of the devastating effect of Gonsalvo's war of attrition, repeatedly endeavoured to enforce a "knightly" engagement on him. But he refused to rise to the bait. He also refused to take up any challenge to single combat which in those days was still considered a worthy means of settling the fortunes of war. Gonsalvo was convinced that the clinching of a cam-

paign did not rest with the physical strength of a commander but with the brains he possessed.

In February 1496, the reinforcements he so eagerly awaited, arrived from Spain. There were only 500 men, but these proved sufficient for Gonsalvo to change his tactics, to deal the French a heavier blow and to lead his veterans to final victory in a shorter time. He vigorously carried out his project of conquering the whole of Calabria, breaking down every resistance, and advancing irresistibly on the foe. Most of Calabria had been occupied when the king of Naples urgently asked for help in the siege of Atella where the French after their flight from Naples had taken refuge and were still holding out under their gallant commander Montpensier. Gonsalvo knew that a request from a king was as good as a royal order and that he would have to obey. But this would mean that the recently occupied territories in Calabria must be deprived of the troops and the fruits of victory lost, for though the foe had repeatedly been smitten, he was not yet vanquished. Before leaving in obedience to the king's command, Gonsalvo resolved, therefore, to deal the French so hard a blow that, if they were not entirely defeated, at least they would be put out of action until he returned from Atella to resume the fight.

He struck at Laino, a fortified place in upper Calabria where the Angevin lords and their supporters had concentrated a considerable number of troops and amassed their riches. He marched at night and succeeded in taking the enemy by surprise; the passes which protected Laino were easily overrun and the defenders were dispossessed. In the small hours, Laino was securely in Gonsalvo's hands. Twenty of the highest Angevin seigneurs were taken prisoner and sent to Naples. The Angevins who managed to escape had not the wherewithal to undertake a counter-attack, which might have endangered the lives of the hostages in Gonsalvo's hands. Immense spoils fell to the Spanish lot.

Without delay, the Great Captain marched his troops to the relief of Atella. He had 100 men-at-arms, 500 light cavalry, 2,000 picked infantrymen. The remainder of his troops were left behind for the occupation of Calabria.

Early in July 1496, Gonsalvo arrived at the Neapolitan

king's camp. He was met by young Ferdinand and by Cesare Borgia, a son of the pope Alexander VI, who was acting as papal legate. Due honour was paid to the victorious general who had accomplished so much in so short a time and with such limited resources.

Gonsalvo lost no time, but brought his troops into battle array. After a brief survey of the terrain, he saw at once what further measures were needed to get the better of the French. First of all the mills to the rear of Atella, which supplied the garrison with flour, had to be taken. On the very day of his arrival, Gonsalvo de Córdoba surrounded these mills which were strongly defended by Swiss mercenaries and Gascon archers. As usual, he attacked by night and broke the enemy resistance. He took possession of the flour mills without troubling to pursue the fugitive Swiss and Gascon foot. The order to demolish the mills was immediately issued. This done, the complete and tightest encirclement of Atella was carried out. Cut off from every source of communication, exposed to starvation, the garrison of Atella lost heart and mutinied. In these circumstances, Montpensier saw himself under the obligation to capitulate.

On July 21, 1496, the terms of capitulation were signed. A French contemporary compared the treaty favourably with the disgraceful one drawn up by the Romans at the Caudine Forks. Montpensier was to evacuate Atella and every other place in the kingdom of Naples and where-soever there were French troops under his command. The victor was to provide vessels to transport back to France the men of French nationality whereas the foreigners who had fought under the French banner in Italy were to return to their respective countries.

The 5,000 French combatants who were to be taken to France, indulged to so great an extent on fruits, wine, and anything edible they could lay hands on in the march to port, that a serious epidemic broke out and only 500 ever saw their native land again. Montpensier himself fell a victim.

After the conquest of Atella which Gonsalvo had brought to so speedy a conclusion, the Great Captain resumed the

to be strictly disciplined, for after the long privations of the winter, they were inclined to indulge in wanton acts. Such infringements of discipline could not be countenanced on any account, for they ran counter to public order and public weal, all the more so because Gonsalvo was intent on bringing home to the peoples of Naples that Spanish rule meant prosperity for them and not exploitation. It required no little energy, perspicacity, and administrative talent to re-introduce order and peace into a country which had been disorganised, demoralised, exhausted, impoverished, and in part devastated by successive wars covering a number of years. Gonsalvo proved himself equal to the task, and showed that he was as good a governor as he was a general. He improved the miserable conditions of agriculture, trade and commerce, law and the mint of the kingdom of Naples so satisfactorily and speedily that the Neapolitans learned to trust him, to appreciate his energy, equity and kindly temper; they came to love him and were convinced that they were better off under Spanish rule than they had ever been before. When they talked about "Spanish rule", what they really meant was "Gonsalvo's rule". The Great Captain delighted in work for the welfare of the Neapolitan people, but he loved to live in the grand style and now that he could indulge this tendency he felt completely happy. Fate, however, would not allow him to enjoy his happiness for long.

Queen Isabella died on November 26, 1504 and Gonsalvo mourned the passing of this great lady very deeply. He felt bound to her by bonds of genuine loyalty, veneration, gratitude and admiration, for he realised that he owed his career to her patronage; she had prevailed on her consort, Ferdinand, to appoint him commander-in-chief of the Spanish expeditionary force in Italy, and Gonsalvo was proud of the fact that he had vindicated her confidence to the full. Now instinct warned him that shortly he would have to come down from the pinnacle to which he had risen. This instinct did not betray him

With the great queen's death, a chapter of Spanish history was closed. The glorious epoch which was bound up with her name and with the names of her wisely selected

co-workers, Jiménez her chancellor and Gonsalvo de Córdoba her victorious general, had come to an end. The first section of the chapter which was to follow tells of much turbulence and trouble.

Ferdinand of Aragon's antagonism to his son-in-law, Philip of Hapsburg, surnamed The Beautiful, had taken so profound a hold on him that he shrank from no intrigue, however dubious, which might help him to achieve his goal and himself reign over the kingdom of Castile in succession to Isabella. He could not annul his daughter's and her consort's legal right to the throne of Castile, but he could for the moment assume the title of "sole regent", so long as the royal pair lived abroad. As was to be expected, Philip on his own behalf and on that of his wife Joanna called upon Ferdinand in no uncertain language to quit Castile where he had no business to be and to retire to Aragon where he belonged. But Ferdinand was not disposed to quit; unscrupulously and intensely he pondered the subject; how could he outwit his son-in-law? Since it was out of the question to attain his end by force, the king thought it a clever move to weaken the Austrian archduke's position by alienating the most powerful friend the young man had, Louis XII of France. Some sort of reconciliation between the two sovereigns must be engineered as a preliminary measure, for Ferdinand and Louis had only recently been on unfriendly terms. How could Louis be lured from his friendship with Philip? How could he be cajoled into embracing Ferdinand's personal cause? Not long after the passing of his "never to be forgotten" consort, the great Queen Isabella, he proposed marriage with the French king's young niece Germaine. He obtained her hand in exchange for a treaty of friendship between himself and Louis XII. This treaty was concluded at Blois in the autumn of 1505. The terms were disgraceful to Spain, but Ferdinand was elated at having achieved his aim of detaching Louis from Philip of Austria. The conditions laid down in this treaty were as malicious on Louis' part as were the motives behind Ferdinand's acceptance. The king of Aragon was to compensate Louis for all the expenditure of the Neapolitan campaign by paying a lump sum of 1,000,000 gold ducats;

the Angevin lords were to be amnestied and reinstated in their possessions; Louis XII was to resign his claim to the throne of Naples in favour of Ferdinand's second spouse Germaine and her issue, if a son, but should she die before having children, the crown was to revert to France. Absurder terms could not be imagined, for they meant that the victor state—and no amount of twisting and turning could do away with the fact that Spain had won the Neapolitan war—had to pay an enormous war indemnity to the vanquished; that the most subversive adversaries of Spain, the Angevin lords, were to be specially favoured by the Spaniards; that the kingdom of Naples, which was actually a possession of Aragon thanks to Gonsalvo's magnificent leadership, was to be regarded as a sort of dowry presented to Ferdinand by the French king who did not own a single square foot of the country; and lastly the clause that the kingdom of Naples, to which Louis had solemnly abandoned every claim and right, should revert to France in the event of Germaine dying without issue by Ferdinand, put the finishing touch to the absurdity of the treaty of Blois.

Was it to be wondered at that Gonsalvo, when he learned of the terms, was filled with the gravest forebodings as to the future of Castile, Aragon, and Naples? He also foresaw that the peaceful development of the kingdom of Naples would be impeded should the Angevin lords regain their calamitous influence on the political life of the land and that his own position would become difficult if not untenable.

Curiously enough, despite such misgivings, all was harmony—or seemed to be so—until Ferdinand of Aragon found himself under the obligation of handing over the kingdom of Castile to its lawful sovereigns, Joanna the daughter of Isabella, and Philip of Hapsburg, the young woman's husband. Ferdinand's intention of severing relationships between Louis and Philip, had been accomplished by the treaty of Blois, but it could not prevent Joanna and Philip from going to the kingdom of Castile and thereby bringing the regency to a close.

Profoundly disappointed by the course events were taking in his own estimation, and raging at the hostile attitude

the Castilian nobility had assumed towards him, Ferdinand resolved to leave both Castile and Aragon for a time and put behind him all the troubles and annoyances he had experienced recently in Spain. He determined to enjoy a honeymoon with the young and attractive French princess Germaine, who was so far his sole gain from the treaty of Blois. The bridal couple journeyed to the pleasanter atmosphere of Naples, the kingdom Gonsalvo had won for Ferdinand. But, since the Great Captain happened to be a Castilian knight and the nobles of Castile had shown antagonism towards him, Ferdinand did not proceed immediately to Naples. He went to Genoa instead, there to test Gonsalvo's attitude.

Philip, in virtue of his status as Joanna's consort, had in the meantime become king of Castile, thereby severing once again the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon which had been united ever since the marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand. But Gonsalvo retained his position as viceroy of Naples because this kingdom belonged to the House of Aragon. A struggle of loyalties must have taken place in Gonsalvo's heart. Many a chronicler of the epoch, among them the famous Machiavelli, actually go so far as to affirm this. Was he to retain his loyalty to Ferdinand of Aragon or was he to embrace the cause of the new king of Castile? Philip of Hapsburg, the Emperor Maximilian, and Julius II endeavoured by every means in their power to persuade the Great Captain to adopt the latter course. This is, however, mere conjecture and as likely as not to be false. The fact remains that Gonsalvo preserved his loyalty towards Ferdinand in spite of the sorrows the man had inflicted on him. On more than one occasion the king had cut him to the quick; he had failed to send him reinforcements when urgently needed; nor had he provided pay and food for the troops; and now he had compromised the Great Captain's conquest of Naples. Nevertheless, Gonsalvo proved himself to be the most faithful servant of his unfaithful master. Ferdinand, having assured himself that Gonsalvo did not intend to place any obstacles in his path, now proceeded to Naples with his young queen and Gonsalvo went forth to meet the royal pair at a half-way house.

Festive preparations were in progress to greet the king and queen when they should make their entry into the capital. Ferdinand and Germaine accompanied by Gonsalvo were received with due honour and ceremony, but the king of Aragon could not fail to observe that the greatest ovations were reserved for the viceroy who seemed to enjoy an unusual amount of the popular favour. Already Ferdinand's natural jealousy had been aroused by the magnificent victories achieved by Gonsalvo and now this was intensified. Ferdinand had never ceased to mistrust Gonsalvo and when consultations between king and viceroy took place, the atmosphere became positively sultry. This especially applied to those discussions which were agreeable to neither men.

To the forefront of the debates came the question of the Angevin lords. They were, as stipulated in the treaty of Blois, to be reinstated in their fiefs. But after the expulsion of the French, these fiefs had been bestowed by Gonsalvo on his comrades-in-arms who had certainly deserved substantial rewards. These Spaniards were justly entitled to claim compensation. Ferdinand's proverbial niggardliness brought matters to a head. Gonsalvo hated stinginess as much as the king hated prodigality. Another bone of contention was the maintenance of the Spanish army in Naples, which seemed an extravagance to Ferdinand, and he ordered it to disband. This not only saved him from considerable expense, but it was also a heavy blow to the troops who were for the most part Castilians and, therefore, suspect. Furthermore, it deprived Gonsalvo of his position as general which came to a sudden end. Thus the king rid himself of the Great Captain, and it only remained to rid himself of the victory too. Ferdinand undoubtedly possessed good qualities, but certainly neither gratitude nor scrupulousness were among them. It was a foregone conclusion, therefore, that sooner or later Gonsalvo de Córdoba would be relieved of his post as viceroy of the kingdom of Naples.

There is no denying that, though Ferdinand's policy consisted for the most part of clever improvisations adapted to existing circumstances, he was usually successful in his undertakings, due rather to good luck than to intelligence.

Blind chance played into his hands just now when he found himself in a distinctly awkward position. His mortification at the loss of the regency in Castile was turned to joy by the sudden death of young Philip of Hapsburg. In order to avoid the outbreak of public disturbances which threatened the kingdom of Castile, Jiménez with his habitual circumspection and wisdom invited Ferdinand to return and assume the reins of government. Thus, what the king had not been able to achieve by intrigues and treaties came to him by a stroke of luck. Though eager to resume the regency, he deemed it more expedient to prolong his sojourn in Naples for a while.

In spite of the fact that the tables had turned in his favour, Ferdinand was not deterred from his decision to remove Gonsalvo from the very influential position he occupied in the kingdom of Naples and to cast the Great Captain out of the country for ever. He grudged Gonsalvo his superior ability and the brilliance of his feats; he was envious of the outstanding popularity the man enjoyed; above all he feared Gonsalvo's powers for good or evil. There was no place for a man of Gonsalvo's kidney beside so self-complacent a monarch as Ferdinand. Gonsalvo must go. In pursuit of this aim, Ferdinand demeaned himself by paltry challenges which only recohetted from Gonsalvo's dignified calmness on to Ferdinand himself.

Once when the whole court was assembled, Ferdinand went to such extremes as to accuse Gonsalvo of criminal waste of public monies. The infamy of such a charge made even the king's truest adherents blush with shame. But Gonsalvo de Córdoba, with no loss of temper, asked permission to produce the accounts he had so carefully kept, and read aloud the items of his public expenditure. Facing his master, he read quietly: "To the poor and to monasteries for prayers to bring down blessings and success on His Majesty, the king of Aragon, 200,736 ducats and 9 reales; on the king's intelligence service, 700,494 ducats and 10 reales..." Other items of similar purport followed until the king, observant of the increasing embarrassment of his courtiers, interrupted Gonsalvo de Córdoba and muttered such words as "satisfied... reassured..." This dis-

graceful scene in which the king played an ugly part and Gonsalvo a very dignified one, gave rise to a saying which became current and which characterised any awkward situation: "Las Cuentas del Gran Capitan", the Accounts of the Great Captain.

Gonsalvo demonstrated conclusively that he had at his own expense disbursed large sums in the king's cause, and that there was no reciprocity at all. Ferdinand's antagonism towards Gonsalvo thereby assumed an increasingly malignant character. No one was surprised when the announcement was made that "the excellent, highly meritorious commander-in-chief of the Spanish army in Naples had resolved to return to Spain in order to receive the very noblest office there . . .", or words to that effect. To save appearances, Ferdinand did not wish to create a bad impression by formally dismissing his Great Captain and viceroy. The high office referred to was the Grand Mastership of the Knights of Santiago, indeed an exalted position—but it was never conferred on Gonsalvo.

On June 6, 1507, Gonsalvo de Córdoba quitted Naples, the site of many hard campaigns, bitter battles, great successes, triumphs and glory. Ferdinand set forth at the same date to resume the regency of Spain. Contemporary chroniclers are lavish in their descriptions of the magnificent and cordial farewell the Neapolitan people bade its beloved and venerable governor and benefactor, Gonsalvo de Córdoba. They also tell of the great honour bestowed on him by Louis XII of France who, while Gonsalvo was sojourning in Savona on his homeward journey, showed the grandeur of his soul and his chivalry to an old enemy on many a field of battle by manifesting his admiration for the most ingenious general of the day, true nobleman and hero, the conqueror of his own best generals and of the grand army.

When the Great Captain again set foot on Spanish soil after so many years' absence, the enthusiasm displayed by his compatriots knew no bounds. All classes, men and women alike, cheered him as he made his way to the port of Burgos where he was received with unprecedented jubilation. The whole city reverberated with an ecstasy of joy

and pride as it welcomed the Great Captain, whose exploits were known to every Spaniard. Gonsalvo's old comrades-in-arms, formed an escort of honour for their famous general for whom they felt reverence and gratitude. The old count de Ureña, an intimate friend of the Great Captain, who had officially welcomed the traveller in Ferdinand's name, felt that mischief was brewing when he compared the king's badly concealed indifference to Gonsalvo's home-coming with the wild, almost delirious acclamations of the people—a contrast liable to intensify Ferdinand's animosity against Gonsalvo. Ureña clothed his forebodings of evil to come with an allegory: "This gallant vessel, I fear, will suffer shipwreck ere long".

To save his face, Ferdinand personally received Gonsalvo in order to welcome the victorious general home; congratulated him on his exploits, and thanked him for his good services to Spain. But the king's manner was luke-warm; no hint of reward or special work or designation, no mention of the Grand Mastership.

Gonsalvo was a barb in the king's flesh, and the offending barb would have to be extracted at all costs and in any circumstances, because a royal personage could not be permitted such an affliction if it could be helped. Gonsalvo de Córdoba solved the problem by withdrawing to his estates and leaving the court where there were no prospects of his getting a position worthy of his high rank. The immediate reason for Gonsalvo's retirement was an act of inexcusable meanness on the part of the king, an act which exhibited his deep-seated aversion to Gonsalvo and extending to include the captain's kith and kin. Don Pedro de Córdoba, Gonsalvo's nephew and son of the gallant Don Alonso de Aguilar who had died the death of a hero in the battle of Sierra Vermeja, had in common with some other Andalusian noblemen rashly prevented a revenue officer from the performance of his duty to the king. The young hotheads had imprisoned the official in the castle of Montilla. Ever since Ferdinand had met with opposition from the Castilian nobles in the matter of the regency, he had gone in fear of a conspiracy. He eagerly availed himself of the present opportunity to make an example of the culprit as a warning

to anyone who should venture to question his royal prerogatives. Don Pedro de Córdoba and his accomplices were imprisoned, banished from the kingdom, deprived of their estates and property. A special tribunal then sentenced Don Pedro to death on the ground of high treason. All persons concerned in this deliberately scaremongering affair were promptly excuted with the sole exception of Don Pedro de Córdoba whose death sentence was commuted to banishment for life from Córdoba, forfeiture of his estates, and completely razing the castle of Montilla where Pedro had committed the heinous offence of imprisoning the king's officer. The castle of Montilla, the most beautiful of Andalusian castles, the famous residence of the family of the Aguilars, the birth-place of the Great Captain, was duly razed to the ground a few weeks later. Ferdinand of Aragon had vented his spleen by humiliating the whole of Gonsalvo's family, though in the circumstances he had nothing against Gonsalvo himself. But the Great Captain knew that the king had talked himself into a passion against him personally and for this reason he firmly refused to intercede on behalf of his nephew; he felt convinced that such an approach would only make matters worse. Many Spanish grandees and foreign envoys were indignant at the severity of the sentence passed on Don Pedro and his friends, and had implored the king to show mercy. They asked Gonsalvo why he had refrained from putting in a word for his nephew's reprieve. He replied bitterly: "It would have done no good, for Don Pedro de Córdoba is, in the king's eyes, burdened with unforgivable guilt—the guilt of being a near relative of mine".

Shortly before leaving the court, Gonsalvo reminded the king of the Grand Mastership of the Knights of Santiago which had been promised. The king flatly denied ever having made such a promise, but offered the general in its stead the grant of the royal city of Loja which Gonsalvo proudly refused, saying: "I shall never barter away my right to complain of Your Majesty's gross injustice even were you to offer me the whole kingdom".

Gonsalvo was fifty-five when he retired to his estates and, despite the hardships he had endured during his long

campaigns, he felt fit to undertake important tasks. But much as he would have liked to be entrusted with such work, he knew it was out of the question so long as Ferdinand continued in his present mood. He wisely resigned himself, therefore, to the inevitable and occupied his hours in minor but pleasant tasks. He administered his estates, saw a good deal of his old friends and of distinguished foreigners, kept himself well-informed as to matters concerning home and foreign policy, helped as best he could the persecuted Moors of whom many were still leading wretched lives in his part of the country, and showed great hospitality.

Had it not been for Ferdinand's growing hostility which continued to manifest itself even after Gonsalvo's retirement, and which rekindled his justifiable exasperation against the king, the Great Captain would in the course of time have forgiven all the evil Ferdinand had done him, for Gonsalvo was of a conciliatory temperament. But this was made impossible on account of perpetual annoyance by the king's behaviour towards him.

Two issues were in the main responsible for the loss of Gonsalvo's remnant of attachment to the king. One had to do with his daughter Elvira and the other with total lack of any prospect of reinstatement in his erstwhile generalship. It was quite in keeping with Ferdinand's nature that, though he constantly affronted Gonsalvo, showed him his utmost dislike, and suspected him of disloyalty, yet he wished to see his grandson—the natural son of the archbishop of Saragossa who, in his turn was Ferdinand's natural son—married to Gonsalvo's daughter Elvira in order to secure her considerable inheritance for a member of his family. The king's covetousness surpassed his hatred in this business. Doña Elvira was already betrothed to the constable of Castile, a good friend of Gonsalvo's. King Ferdinand endeavoured to the best of his ability to induce the constable, a widower who had been married to one of Ferdinand's illegitimate daughters, to break off his engagement to Elvira. Queen Germaine supported the king in this and once asked the constable while trying to dissuade him from his contemplated marriage: "Are you so blind to the

disparagement you will suffer by wedding a mere Castilian subject after once being united to a king's daughter?" To which the ready-tongued constable replied: "How could I feel degraded by doing that for which the king has set me so illustrious an example?" This allusion to the fact that Germaine was not of the blood royal was anything but seemly in a courtier and justifiably aroused the lady's choler. What was not so justifiable was that she extended her resentment to Gonsalvo who had nothing to do with the constable's remark.

The other circumstance which led to a complete estrangement between the two men was of a twofold nature. When the *League of Cambray* was being formed, Ferdinand bluntly refused the king of France's request that Gonsalvo should be appointed commander-in-chief. The same refusal was given Jiménez, the chancellor, when the latter was preparing his attack on Oran.

Balm was poured into the grievous wounds inflicted by Ferdinand when Gonsalvo learned of Jiménez' triumphal entry into Oran. Though the king could obstruct Gonsalvo, he could not prevent Jiménez from becoming the Great Captain's pupil in strategy, tactics and the organisation of the army, and albeit this pupil was well up in years, none proved to be more teachable. Gonsalvo was proud of him and his glorious success.

The Great Captain was no longer interested in the king's affairs; he was merely a subject. But he was still an ardent patriot, belonged wholeheartedly to Spain, and was concerned with Spain's fate, future and prosperity. When, therefore, tidings reached him that the Spanish had suffered a grave defeat at the hands of the French at Ravenna on April 11, 1512, he felt alarmed, dismayed and more profoundly shaken than ever before in his life. He was filled with horror at the unbelievable fact that the same élite which he himself had led from victory to victory had been vanquished.

All Spain as well as the confederates were panic-stricken, and Ferdinand, boiling with rage, thought of nothing but how to force fate once again to turn good fortune his way. In the first moments of his consternation, he even lent a

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willing ear to his people's, his councillors' and his confederates' unanimous clamour that Gonsalvo should be charged with raising a new army and acting as its commander-in-chief. Ferdinand ordered Gonsalvo to hold himself in readiness. It seemed as if destiny had at last decided to comply with the Great Captain's most earnest desire.

The news that Gonsalvo de Córdoba was to be commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces spread rapidly, reassuring and cheering the people of Spain. Veterans, young men of all classes, hastened to join the colours. They were more than willing to serve under the victorious general's leadership. In a very short time, a great army was at Gonsalvo's disposal, every man of which was eager to fight alongside him. He himself organised and trained the new army and drew up schemes for the coming campaign. Ferdinand or no Ferdinand, the old glory of Spanish arms must be restored and the defeat of Ravenna avenged. The old eagle spread his wings, but alas, he was not allowed to soar away on his pinions.

After the first shock had subsided, Ferdinand composed his mind; he considered it far more expedient to rely on his own political acumen than in the warlike tactics of the Great Captain. Sober consideration informed him that his position might be endangered were he to permit Gonsalvo to become Spain's saviour. The praise, glorification, idolisation of former days bestowed by the Spanish people on their hero was an affront to his royal feelings and he feared a repetition of this were he to permit the Great Captain to resume the position of generalissimo. He, therefore, had recourse to diplomatic attempts to rob the king of France of the fruits of his recent victory at Ravenna.

Louis XII failed to exploit his victory over Spain and her allies for two cogent reasons. First, Ferdinand succeeded in persuading his son-in-law, Henry VIII of England, not only to join the League of Cambray, but also to invade France, so that the French king, menaced from the north, would have to transfer considerable forces from Italy, thus dangerously weakening his position there. Second, Gaston de Foix, that excellent commander, had died a hero's death in the battle of Ravenna and the French army became dis-

ordered and undisciplined, thus losing its fighting spirit and its fighting value.

In these circumstances, Ferdinand was relieved of the necessity to send an army to Italy. He ordered its demobilisation and informed Gonsalvo that his services were no longer required. Though the Great Captain was wounded to the heart by such dastardly behaviour on the part of his sovereign, he proved his undying love of Spain and the Spaniards by paying out of his own pocket ample compensation to the officers and men now dismissed. Nay more, he did his best to induce his veterans to join the army which Ferdinand was sending under the duke of Alva's command to Navarre with a view to conquering and annexing this small kingdom.

Gonsalvo spent his money so liberally on the troops which he had raised to no purpose, that his secretary expostulated, deeming it his duty to inform his master and to warn him against such prodigality. But Gonsalvo suavely remarked: "There is absolutely no sense in being niggardly. The best way of enjoying and utilising one's wealth is to give it away".

Enjoining on the Spanish troops, who were unwilling to march against Navarre under any other commander but Gonsalvo de Córdoba, the strictest obedience to the king's orders, he bade the army farewell for ever. Then he asked the king to permit him to leave Spain and to retire to his estate in Naples. He explained the motive which urged him to make this request by saying that he was obviously of no more use to the king and, at the same time, he complained in no uncertain language of the unworthy and ungrateful treatment to which he had been subjected. The king flatly refused to grant Gonsalvo permission to leave Spain, using threadbare excuses and subterfuges. The true reason was that Ferdinand harboured a growing distrust for Gonsalvo whom he suspected of conspiring against him with the Spanish heir-apparent. Gonsalvo again retired to Loja where he devoted himself to good works in the cause of humanity.

Rumours were rife that Gonsalvo planned to leave Spain notwithstanding the king's orders to the contrary. When

these rumours reached Ferdinand's ears, he recklessly commanded that measures were to be taken to prevent the flight, even if force had to be used and Gonsalvo had to be arrested. A merciful fate saved the Great Captain from so gross a humiliation and Ferdinand from such immeasurable disgrace. Gonsalvo de Córdoba, whose health had for some months not been of the best, died peacefully at Granada on December 2, 1515. His beloved daughter Elvira closed the hero's eyes.

The fanfare of victory which had accompanied the Great Captain through life, changed into the peaceful sound of the passing bell. His countenance, already shining with celestial bliss, was turned towards his wife to whom he had always been faithfully attached, and to his darling daughter Elvira when, shortly before breathing his last, he took leave of the world with the few words: "I hope I have done well . . . , but I repent of three acts in my life: I failed in my promise to the young duke of Calabria and I did not keep my word with Cesare Borgia. and I . . ." Death sealed his lips before he revealed the third act of which he repented.

The remains of the most chivalrous, the most humane, the most victorious Great Captain were laid to rest in a magnificent tomb in the church of San Geronimo.

The mighty tribunal of history has exculpated the Castilian knight Gonsalvo de Córdoba, Spain's Great Captain, from any breach of faith in regard to either the duke of Calabria or Cesare Borgia. He sacrificed his word of honour for the sake of a still greater virtue, the virtue of implicit obedience and loyalty to his sovereign, a virtue which he deemed the supreme virtue of a true Spanish knight.

Ferdinand's malevolence against one of his most faithful servants increased to an intolerable degree, yet Gonsalvo never failed in his adherence to Spain. He was a man of ideals who in his heart of hearts never forgave himself the two breaches of faith he had been forced to commit, and of which he repented in the last hour of his life. But had the welfare of Spain been concerned, we may be sure that he would never have committed any breaches of faith at all when we consider his chivalrous character and his flaming patriotism.

Some historians have tried to guess what the third act may have been which Gonsalvo took with him as a secret to the grave. Whether or not it had something to do with his omission to keep the reins of the Neapolitan government in his hands, as some chroniclers maintain, does not tarnish the radiant character of the Great Captain.

Contemporaries called him "The Great Captain" and even the most critical students of Spanish history agree that none was more deserving of the appellation than Gonsalvo de Córdoba.

CHAPTER TWO

A Spanish Mary Stuart

THE tragic tale of Mary, Queen of Scotland and the Isles, and the rival claim she made against her cousin Elizabeth of England is known to almost everyone. In the course of the dispute, Mary lost her throne and her life. Few, however, are acquainted with the history of the unfortunate Joanna of Castile, the Spanish Mary Stuart and her hopeless struggle with her rival Isabella.

The general development of these historical tragedies has much in common; yet their dénouement differs in many respects, above all in that Mary of Scotland suffered the death penalty whereas Joanna passed away peacefully at a nunnery many years after forfeiting her title to the throne. The dramatic events concerning the Spanish Mary Stuart took place a century prior to those of Scotland's queen. The latter ended in bloodshed; the former in a nun's veil. A deeper awe of life and death and God existed in the "dark ages" than in a later epoch of universal history.

It is the year 1462. In the eastern wing of Henry IV's royal palace at Madrigal in Castile, where the queen's apartments were situated, there prevailed since peep of day a discreet though excited coming and going. At an unusually early hour, the queen had sent for the king's surgeon and from that moment the ladies-in-waiting, at regular intervals, rushed from the queen's apartments to those of the king and back again. Less frequently, they hurried to the queen-dowager who, with her children, Alfonso and Isabella, was residing in the western wing of the palace.

Suspense ended at noon when, throughout the royal palace, news spread that the queen had been delivered of a girl. The ladies-in-waiting did not hesitate to add that

the newly-born bade fair to become as handsome as the queen who was renowned for her beauty.

Inside the palace, these tidings were received with mixed sentiments. And no wonder! The birth of this princess was bound to arouse rivalries in regard to the succession to the throne of Castile. The position of Henry IV's step-brother, Alfonso, and in certain circumstances that of his step-sister, Isabella, who had hitherto been the accepted claimants, was now precarious. They were the legitimate children of the Castilian king, John II, the father of Henry IV, by a second marriage.

Henry IV's court could not deny the fact that in 1454, their liege lord had been divorced by papal dispensation from his first wife, the ill-fated Blanche de Navarre, on the ground of "*impotentia respectiva*". This had earned him the name of "*The Impotent*". Now, all of a sudden after seven years' wedlock with his second wife, during which time she had given birth to no progeny, the soubriquet seemed pointless. But those who knew the king most intimately thought otherwise.

The public never doubted that the newly-born was illegitimate. The scandalous interest the young and beautiful Juana of Portugal had taken in Beltran de la Cueva still lingered in the popular memory. The young man was one of the most attractive cavaliers at the court of Castile. When Juana made her solemn entry into Castile to attend the festivities given in honour of her nuptials, she had shocked all Spain by the wanton behaviour she exhibited and the obvious affection she bestowed on this charming knight. For his part, the magnificent and vain Beltran was nothing loth to reciprocate such a provocative flirtation. Nor was it forgotten that a little later, Beltran de la Cueva wore at a tournament near Madrid the colours of his king's consort, his own heart's queen, and had won the prize. The king made this scandal even more distasteful and conspicuous by founding a monastery in commemoration of the tourney and in honour of the queen's defender. Furthermore, Beltran had become the king's favourite and the queen's paramour. The influential and witty archbishop of Toledo, a man as sagacious as he was impetuous, acidly

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remarked upon the strange motive for founding a monastery: "The king is doing penance for the sins committed by another".

Vox populi vox dei!—the tag may have flashed through the mind of Alfonso Carillo, archbishop of Toledo, when in his capacity of primate and chancellor to the kingdom of Castile, he explained to the king that it was out of the question to acknowledge the baby princess as a legitimate offspring, for were this done the invalidity of Henry's first marriage on the ground of *impotentia respectiva* would, from the viewpoint of canonical law, become null and void. The archbishop himself had persuaded the pope to declare Henry IV's marriage with Blanche de Navarre invalid after it had lasted twelve years without producing any issue and this could only be done on the pretext "*por impotentia respectiva*", for the canonical laws of the Catholic Church were extremely rigorous in this respect. If the supposition should now prove to be unfounded, then the king's second union was canonically speaking invalid since the first wife was still alive. She lived in her sister's custody at that time, but was later killed by poison for reasons connected with the succession to the throne of Navarre.

Henry IV categorically refused to accept the archbishop's contention and forthwith proclaimed Joanna the lawful heiress to his throne and demanded, according to an old custom for such occasions, the oath of allegiance from the infant's vassals.

Carillo was not the sort of man to abandon his convictions. He placed himself at the head of a faction of Castilian nobles who, at an assembly in Burgos, solemnly proclaimed their resolution not to take the oath of allegiance demanded of them, emphasizing their reluctance by telling the king that they considered Joanna to be an illegitimate child and therefore unworthy to ascend the throne of Castile. At the same time, they required the king to proclaim his step-brother Alfonso, then aged eight, successor to the crown or in the event of the boy's death, his step-sister Isabella, a girl of eleven, should be acclaimed the heir to the throne. Among the energetic archbishop's supporters were such men as his two nephews, the mighty Pacheco, marquis de

Villena, Don Pedro Giron, Grand Master of Calatrava, and the counts Placencia, Alcantara, Benevente and Paredes.

Henry IV was backed by no less an imposing array of Castilian nobles. They were led by Beltran de la Cueva, the putative father of little Joanna, and the king did not feel willing to yield to the archbishop's request. By way of compromise, Henry agreed to entrust the further education of his step-brother Alfonso to the archbishop of Toledo's care. When in a difficulty, compromise was Henry's favourite resort and through this method of dealing with thorny political situations he led his country almost to the verge of ruin.

Carillo determined to make the best use of public opinion which, for the moment, was favourable to the cause of Alfonso and Isabella. The municipalities of Toledo, Córdoba, and Sevilla had already refused to take the oath of allegiance to Joanna, who was soon referred to as Joanna Beltraneja.

In furtherance of their purpose, the archbishop's party staged a public spectacle which was so incredibly bizarre that I shall quote the relevant passage from Prescott's *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic* to show that there is no exaggeration. It took place in 1465.

"In an open plain, not far from the city of Avila, they caused a scaffold to be erected, of sufficient elevation to be easily seen from the surrounding country. A chair of state was placed on it, and in this was seated an effigy of Henry IV, clad in sable robes and adorned with all the insignia of royalty, a sword at its side, a sceptre in its hand, and a crown upon its head. A manifesto was then read, exhibiting in glowing colours the tyrannical conduct of the king, and the consequent determination to depose him, and vindicating the proceeding by several precedents drawn from the history of the monarchy. The archbishop of Toledo then, ascending the platform, tore the diadem from the head of the statute, the marquis de Villena removed the sceptre, the count de Placencia the sword, the Grand Master of Alcantara and the counts Benevente and Paredes the rest of the regal insignia; then the image, thus despoiled of its honours, was rolled in the dust, amid the mingled groans

and clamours of the spectators. The young prince Alfonso, at that time eleven years of age, was seated on the vacant throne, and the assembled grandees severally kissed his hand in token of their homage; the trumpets announced the completion of the ceremony, and the populace greeted with joyful acclamation the accession of their new sovereign".

It was not long before the Castilian people realised that this ludicrous display was far from farcical. Though the majority of Castilian nobles and particularly the grandees remained loyal to their king, the populace, the towns of Burgos, Toledo, Córdoba, Sevilla, together with the southern provinces, joined the party of the rival "king". This faction resolved to acknowledge Alfonso from henceforth the sole and legitimate sovereign of Castile.

Thus poor little Joanna's birth threw Castile into two inimical camps and the outbreak of civil strife seemed inevitable. King Henry was well aware that, despite the support of Beltran de la Cueva and the influential family of Mendoza, he could not sustain his position for long without the aid of foreign allies. A suitable ally was the king of Portugal who was Queen Juana's brother and therefore by implication, whether Joanna were legitimate or not, the child's uncle. Alfonso V of Portugal was of a romantic disposition and he deemed it his duty to intervene on behalf of his sister and his niece. Moreover, Alfonso's counsellors were of opinion that Portuguese interests would best be served if the crown of Castile came to the offspring of a Portuguese princess rather than to the Castilian Alfonso and his sister Isabella. This attitude was all the more intelligible since it was common knowledge that the king of Aragon favoured the policy of those gathered round young Alfonso and Isabella.

Another clever move on the part of Henry IV was to play upon the mutual antagonism felt by him and Louis XI of France for the king of Aragon. An embassy, headed by the court favourite, Beltran de la Cueva, went in procession to Bayonne there to conclude a solemn treaty of alliance. Contemporary historians wax sarcastic in their descriptions of the ludicrously pompous pagentry of the Castilian

envoys, telling that the sails of Beltran's ship were made of gold, his and his companions' garments bedecked with jewels, and his Moorish bodyguard so gorgeously apparelled that they put the French delegation into the shade.

These were not the only methods by which Henry endeavoured to secure his position. Seeds of dissension could be sown among the confederates and this he set about doing. He knew that neither threats nor bribes would ever shake the archbishop of Toledo out of his political views, and Carillo was the spirit which inspired the whole movement. On the other hand, Don Pedro de Giron, one of the archbishop's nephews, was more vulnerable. He was a man of paltry character and yet he wielded a good deal of power. Formerly Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of Calatrava, he was now Grand Master of the still more mighty Order of the Knights of Alcantara and exercised undeniable influence on the confederates. This was mainly due to the exalted position he held in spite of the well-known fact that he was addicted to every form of vice. Taking matters by and large, Henry did not think it would be difficult to win Giron over to the royal cause and thus inflict serious damage on his opponents.

He proposed to bait his trap with his step-sister Isabella, who was now a girl of fifteen. Ever since her brother Alfonso had been chosen by the confederates as the king of Castile, Isabella had been treated more as a prisoner than as a royal princess and she was even more closely confined since the confederates were openly preparing to wage war on Henry IV. Don Pedro swallowed the bait. He secretly stole away from the confederates' camp to join Henry and wed Isabella who was living with her mother in the royal palace at Madrigal. But neither the king nor Don Pedro had reckoned with Isabella herself.

No sooner did she learn of Don Pedro's treachery and the ignominious part she was destined to play, than she locked herself into her apartment in company with her girl friend Beatriz de Bobadilla and went on hunger strike. Neither her mother's entreaties nor her step-brother's threats could induce her to revoke the resolute "never" by which she had refused to marry this man. She was in the bloom of her

maidenhood, passionate and proud, self-confident and strong; her equally passionate and very romantic friend Beatriz proved as resolute as herself; both girls agreed to die rather than countenance so disgraceful a marriage. Beatriz called on heaven to be her witness and ecstatically cried: "God will not permit it!" She swore to thrust a dagger into Isabella's heart and then into her own should the king venture to force the princess into Don Pedro's arms.

And God heard her prayer. The night after his escape from the confederates' camp, Giron suddenly fell ill of a fever ascribed to a cold drink following upon his hard ride. He died within four days at the small village of Ciudad Real. Contemporary historians attribute his death to poison administered by a companion in order to prevent him from reaching the king's court. Thus did death put a stop to Henry's intrigues in this case, but it failed to avert the outbreak of hostilities between him and his rival.

While these activities were brewing, the king of Portugal had not been idle. At the head of a large army, he marched to his brother-in-law's assistance and joined forces with him. The combined armies of Henry IV and Alfonso V made contact with those of the confederates on the field of Omedo where, twenty-two years earlier, John II, Henry's father, had fought his rebellious subjects. Though Henry was greatly strengthened by the addition of the Portuguese troops and outnumbered the rival body of men, his army lacked the fighting spirit and the skilful leadership which the confederates enjoyed.

Henry IV was as calculating a general as he was a prince, and Alfonso of Portugal, though courageous, had no knowledge of the military art. Consequently, the gallant Beltran de la Cueva who had recently been honoured with the title of duke of Albuquerque, was entrusted with the task of devising a plan of action. True, he excelled in valour and had proved his courage on many an occasion, but he was no general. Again he showed how fearless a knight he was. A message from the archbishop of Toledo reached him to the effect that he had better not risk his life on the battlefield since no fewer than forty knights had vowed to kill

him. His answer was a detailed description of the dress he intended to wear during the encounter so that it would be easier for the bloodthirsty knights to recognise him in the *melée*.

The confederate army was led by the archbishop of Toledo who proved himself as mighty a fighter in an earthly cause as he was in championing that of God. Bellicose efficiency held its own against superiority in numbers and when this bloody battle came to an end at night, neither party was victorious and neither was defeated. From the political point of view, however, the confederates held the advantage.

The prolonged quartering of Portuguese troops on Castilian soil irritated the populace and a great many of the nobles; this led to increasing dislike for Henry IV and his party. Doubts as to the legitimacy of Joanna combined with doubts as to the legitimacy of Henry IV's cause. The smouldering fires of revolution had existed long before the battle of Omedo and now they burst into flames of anarchy and fury unprecedented in the annals of Spanish history. Old feuds between various noble families, rivalries between the nobility and commons, between townships and individuals caused a veritable conflagration. Everyone seemed to be involved in mutual enmity. Foreign troops and foreign money added grievance to grievance. France and Portugal supported Henry IV; Aragon and Navarre backed Alfonso, the rival king. At the height of this chaotic civil war, there occurred one of those incidents which human fantasy likes to attribute to the intervention of Providence—or to the devil or to destiny or to the sins of man. On the morning of July 5, 1468, young Alfonso was found dead in his bed.

Many rumours soon spread. Some ascribed the unexpected death of so young a boy to poison supposed to have been administered at Henry's instigation, in a trout the prince had eaten at supper the night before; the archbishop of Toledo attributed his death to the plague which, in addition to civil war, was at that time raging in Castile.

With sagacity and foresight, Alfonso Carillo lost no time in proclaiming Isabella queen of Castile in her brother's stead. He liberated her and her mother from the seclusion in which they had been kept at Henry IV's command and

had them brought to the confederates' camp. But young Isabella was too judicious and too pious to take any personal responsibility in a war which threatened to bleed Castile to death and she refused the archbishop's proposal resolutely.

History is fond of repeating itself. Just as Isabella refused to accept the alluring offer of a crown against the rights of her brother Henry IV, so a century later did Elizabeth of England refuse the suggestion to be installed in royal sovereignty after the death of young Edward VI against the prior rights of her step-sister Mary Tudor.

Isabella followed her better judgment in declining the offer made by Carillo who was only too willing to fight in her cause. She preferred to place her trust in God, rather than in the fortunes of war. Moreover, she relied on the reluctance of the Spanish people and the cortes to acknowledge Joanna Beltraneja as lawful heiress to the throne of Castile. She may also have been alarmed at the tutelage which the rather tyrannical archbishop of Toledo, who was so much older than herself, might impose on her. Time and again she had witnessed the disrespectful demeanour of some members of the archbishop's circle towards her brother Alfonso. Not long before his death, the young prince had remarked plaintively: "I must endure this patiently until I am a little older". Such submission was wholly alien to Isabella's proud disposition.

Though only eighteen years of age, Isabella already showed remarkable prudence and political maturity. On reflection, she decided it were best for her mother and herself to remove from the confederate camp where they had resided since quitting the royal palace. The convent of Avila gave them sanctuary from the well-intentioned but selfish political environment of the confederates. By choosing this abode, she made it clear that she had no intention of taking any other than a neutral attitude so far as politics were concerned. It was an astute move on her part, for it greatly facilitated the realisation of her desire to come to terms with the reigning monarch of Castile.

Henry, too, wished to make a compromise with his step-

seemed just the man for the purpose. He was known to be ambitious and if he could become Joanna's recognised betrothed he would doubtless be an energetic champion in her cause—not so much for the princess herself as for the likelihood of his own advancement. Even should Henry die while Joanna was still a minor, the duc de Guienne could rightly put in a claim to the crown of Castile.

Henry IV of Castile and Louis XI of France had long been on friendly terms; they had political interests in common; both disliked Aragon. The French king's aversion to Aragon sprang from a lengthy struggle for the possession of Perpignan; now a fight for Navarre was impending. Louis XI's interest in the small kingdom of Navarre derived from his friendship with Gaston de Foix whose wife, Eleanor, acted as regent. Gaston de Foix tried to substitute himself in this capacity and was forcibly prevented from achieving his aim by the king of Aragon. Eleanor had ascended the throne with bloodstained hands, having murdered her sister Blanche, Henry IV's first wife; the struggle for this tiny realm had caused enmity between France and Aragon.

Charles, duc de Guienne, was twenty years Joanna's senior and in addition extremely ugly and of a bad disposition. Henry IV chose to ignore these disadvantages in the man Charles; all he saw was the brother of the mighty king of France. He considered the duke a suitable fiancé for his little Joanna because by this matrimonial union Charles might be expected to become a welcome adherent of the royal cause. Thought was followed by action; the duc de Guienne was publicly and lawfully affianced to Joanna.

France, from the wings, played an important part in the development of the tragedy concerning Joanna Beltraneja; a century later, she played a similar part in the historical tragedy of Scotland's Mary Stuart and Elizabeth of England. Again and again this part was to be repeated. How many parallels are to be found in the course of history!

The engagement between Joanna Beltraneja and the duc de Guienne undoubtedly poisoned the atmosphere of recon-

ciliation in Castile. The ever alert archbishop of Toledo, perceiving the danger, made haste to apply a suitable antidote. Princess Isabella should marry young Ferdinand of Aragon the heir presumptive to the throne of Aragon. This prince was younger by a year than the Castilian princess, but he was reported to be of pleasing appearance and chivalrous demeanour. He had proved his courage and cleverness in many a fight for Perpignan; his mother, by this time for many years deceased, had always cherished the hope that he would wed Isabella. The auguries were very pleasant and the plan, if successful, would bring grist to the archiepiscopal mill; but what was far more important to Carillo was that the populace of Castile would in all probability hail this marriage with enthusiasm since it would join two insignificant kingdoms into one mighty whole. It was mainly for this reason that the prelate pressed forward arrangements for the solemnisation of the marriage. The Castilian nobility showed so much antagonism to the plan that it was almost frustrated.

Don Juan de Pacheco, marquis de Villena and nephew to the archbishop of Toledo, had gone over to the royal side and was now Henry IV's minister. No sooner did he receive intelligence of the prospective marriage between Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, than he made up his mind to thwart it at any cost. The Mendoza family of grandees was with him heart and soul. Intrigues were instantly set agoing. The archbishop of Burgos, a nephew of the marquis de Villena, was chosen to kidnap Isabella, who at that time lived at Ocaña with her mother. She was to be brought to Madrigal and kept in custody. The scheme succeeded in so far that Isabella was carried off to Madrigal, but she managed to send a message to the archbishop of Toledo telling him of her plight and begging his assistance. Alfonso Carillo rescued her and Isabella betook herself to Valladolid where she received an enthusiastic welcome from the citizens.

Both the archbishop of Toledo and Isabella deemed it expedient to press forward with arrangements for the wedding. The first thing to do was to persuade the reigning king of Aragon to draw up a marriage settlement; then a

portrait of the young prince must be painted because Isabella wished to see what Ferdinand looked like before she committed herself. She rightly considered that her marriage was a concern of the heart as well as a political manoeuvre.

In due course, both the marriage contract and the portrait were sent to Isabella. The archbishop of Toledo was satisfied with the contract while Isabella was equally pleased with the portrait. The contract was signed on January 7, 1469, and arrangements were immediately put in hand so that the nuptial ceremony might be performed at Valladolid at the earliest moment. Further, it was decided that since Henry IV had infringed the pact with Isabella, he should not be informed of the event before it had actually taken place.

Preparations for Ferdinand's journey were instantly made. Unfortunately, Don Pacheco, the reigning monarch's minister, got wind of what was afoot. To prevent the prince from reaching Valladolid, he ordered that all the roads leading from Aragon into Castile should be patrolled by royal troops whose business it was to keep a check on everybody entering Castile. But love will find out a way and the prince overcame all obstacles by his ingenuity. Since he could not cross the frontier as a prince, he disguised himself as a muleteer. Thus Ferdinand of Aragon travelled in a company of supposed merchants carrying textiles from Barcelona to Castile. He played his part with such consummate craft that none suspected who he was. He tended the mules and slept in the stables while he and his princely escort crossed the border.

After a strenuous journey, the company of merchants and their muleteer arrived at a small place called Bugo, just over the Castilian frontier. There they were met by an armed escort sent by Isabella which accompanied them to Dueñas outside Valladolid. When the archbishop and Isabella received news of Ferdinand's arrival, the prelate hastened to Dueñas to discuss details anent the wedding ceremony which was to be performed by the archbishop himself.

The princess insisted on meeting her future husband face

to face before the wedding. She felt dubious as to the authenticity of the portrait submitted to her and cared not to make a mistake. The interview took place at the archbishop's and the princess was agreeably surprised to find that the painter had by no means exaggerated Ferdinand's good looks; for his part, Ferdinand was delighted with Isabella's extraordinary beauty, outstanding intelligence and charming behaviour.

On October 19, 1469, under the auspices of Alfonso Carillo, archbishop of Toledo, and before a vast assembly of notables, the marriage ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Valladolid. With this wedding, a new page was turned in the history of the world.

When the Church's blessing had been given to the nuptials, a messenger was dispatched to inform Henry IV of what had taken place. Since the Church had already accorded its sanction, the king was faced with an accomplished fact. Naturally enough, Henry and his court seethed with rage at having been outwitted by Isabella and the archbishop. The ruse had completely baffled them. Moreover, they felt anxious as to the implied danger to their own cause and that of Joanna Beltraneja. The political bearing of the union between Ferdinand and Isabella did not escape them, for they fully realised that with this marriage Ferdinand had brought a splendid dowry to his spouse and that in the end the two kingdoms of Castile and Aragon would be amalgamated.

Though the odds were against him, Henry did not throw in his cards. His handsome consort used all her wiles, Beltran de la Cueva his innuendos and Don Juan Pacheco his political acumen. The king must be persuaded to resume negotiations for the marriage of the duc de Guienne and Joanna and to press the matter forward with expediency. In October 1470, a pact was signed between France and Castile in a small village in the Vale de Lozoya not far distant from the French frontier. Joanna, aged eight, was formally betrothed to the duc de Guienne. By the terms of the contract, Joanna was to be regarded as sole and lawful heir to the throne of Castile whilst the pact of September 1568 between Isabella and Henry IV was now pronounced

invalid. Henceforward, Isabella could make no claim to the crown of Castile. In a codicil, the king and his consort Juana swore that Joanna was a legitimate child of their union. The codicil was strange enough in itself and all the more strange because two years earlier Henry had vowed as solemnly to Isabella that the girl was illegitimate.

The pact of Lozoya was indeed a heavy blow to Isabella and her cause. It not only legalised Joanna's claim to the throne of Castile, but also secured the powerful assistance of France in her favour.

Dark clouds loomed on Isabella's political horizon. In view of the profound significance of the treaty of Lozoya, a number of nobles who had hitherto supported Isabella's party considered the moment propitious for a transference of their allegiance to Henry. A majority of the clergy, too, following the papal policies, threw in their lot with the royal party. Even Alfonso Carillo, the archbishop of Toledo, though still remaining true to Isabella, found it difficult to ignore the pope's political trends.

Bad as Isabella's situation was, it was aggravated by the hostile relationships between her spouse and her staunchest protector the archbishop of Toledo. Both men were to blame for the estrangement. The extremely self-confident Carillo took it amiss that so young a prince did not show him sufficient respect, and Isabella had to admit that Ferdinand on many occasions ignored the prelate's counsel. The prince was a man of resolute character and heartily resented "to be put in leading-strings like so many a Castilian sovereign". This outburst was brought to the archbishop's ears by a meddlesome and jealous courtier and contributed to the archbishop's ill-feeling towards Ferdinand. In these circumstances, Isabella had not only to shoulder a grave political situation, but had again and again to pour oil on troubled waters in order to appease Carillo.

Isabella's greatest asset at this time and at a later period of her reign, was her immense popularity: the citizens in the towns and the peasantry in the country remained unswervingly loyal to her and her cause. There was every hope, too, that the cortes, a powerful body representing the Spanish Estates, would rally to her succour as occasion

demanding. The cortes was still in the hey-day of its strength and only in after times did its powers decline under Charles V, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, who became Charles I of Spain. Then its functions became debased and it sank into insignificance. The cortes' predilection for Isabella's cause was also influenced by the disgust everyone felt at the licentious behaviour of Henry's court and the frivolity of the queen and her lovers. They greatly appreciated the archbishop's wise statesmanship and prudence, as well as Isabella's practical common sense, fortitude and piety. These qualities predestined her to work for the weal of the Castilian people.

The steady attachment of the people played no small part in effecting Isabella's final triumph. Here again a parallel can be drawn between the historical events which raised Elizabeth of England to the throne. The English queen's ultimate success was largely due to the support of the English people.

The cortes, fired by the mettlesome spirit of the archbishop of Toledo and supplied with plenty of money and weapons, determined to equip a strong body of horse which in numbers was imposing at that epoch. The existence of this troop and its potential threat to Henry IV deterred the king from taking forcible measures against Isabella and her adherents. It was formed exclusively of Castilian nobles and when it first took the field the issue was not directly concerned with Henry, but was on behalf of the king of Aragon whose situation had become critical. The French were again attacking Rousillon and Cerdagne; on Isabella's advice, the Castilian body of horse was sent to the rescue of her father-in-law. Led by young Ferdinand, this body of horse gained a glorious victory over the French.

This victory had a twofold effect: it undermined esteem for the French in general and, consequently, the alliance between Henry IV of Castile and Louis XI of France; it enhanced Isabella's and Ferdinand's prestige and popularity. Great feats of arms on the battlefield surround the victor with an aureole in the popular imagination and attract affection for the victor. So was it now.

Another event helped to clear the horizon. In May 1472,

the duc de Guienne died suddenly, two years after signing the treaty of Lozoya. The world and his wife imputed his death to poison administered at the instigation of his royal brother. Deprived of France's support and threatened by the troops the cortes had at their disposal, Henry realised that his position was precarious. He had recourse to his old panacea, to originate dissension among his opponents.

He was not very original in thought and applied the same means as before in the hope of splitting up the confederate camp. Joanna must be married to a prince whose position and character suited of Seborgue. This amazingly arrogant, conceited and ambitious man was a cousin of Ferdinand of Aragon. The idea of becoming affianced to Joanna flattered his ambition, for he saw the possibility of reigning as king of Castile at some future date. He lost no time in presenting himself at Henry's court so as to be affianced to twelve year old Joanna. But his haughtiness was unbearable and roused the most furious dislike among the Castilian courtiers who themselves were not lacking in arrogance. On the very day of his arrival, his manner was so outrageous that quarrels ensued and they continued unabated during the whole time he was there. Henry was at pains to smooth the tempest and to mediate between the duke and the courtiers; he warned Seborgue to hold his temper in leash; he admonished his courtiers to show more consideration. Nothing availed and, after many duels, the duke withdrew discomfited and without achieving his aim.

Henry's other purpose—sowing discord among the confederates—needed no instigation from him. It arose spontaneously. The focus of the trouble was the discordant views held by Ferdinand and Carillo respectively. They could not get on together and their antagonism was assuming dangerous proportions. Henry knew of these dissensions and was pleased at the turn of events, but they could not wholly dispel his anxiety. In his distress, he took a rather musty-dusty intrigue out of its pigeon-hole. The scheme was to make sure of Joanna Beltraneja's succession to the throne of Castile by marrying her to her uncle Alfonso V of Portugal. Though the Portuguese king had suffered bad times some years ago when he had come to the aid of his brother-

in-law, Alfonso still recalled his sister's entreaties to which he had yielded. After long deliberation and hesitation, he consented to the plan and became affianced to Joanna who was now in her thirteenth year.

There can be little doubt that this new move cast another shadow across Isabella's path; and there were other shadows as well. The tension between Ferdinand and the archbishop of Toledo had reached breaking-point. Both were men of intractable character and their quarrels never ceased. To this state of affairs was added a fresh cause for grievance on the part of the archbishop. Ferdinand did not disguise his preference for Don Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, archbishop of Sevilla and cardinal of Spain, an old opponent of Alfonso Carillo, the archbishop of Toledo. To pile yet more troubles on Isabella's already overburdened shoulders, Louis XI of France was making preparations for the resumption of hostilities against Aragon. This time, the French might prove more successful than in the past, and the loss of Rousillon and Perpignan would undermine the prestige and power of the king of Aragon and, by implication, that of his heir Ferdinand who was Isabella's husband. Isabella was not the sort of woman to allow a crown to slip through her fingers. The clouds which encompassed her might be gloomy, but she never lost heart. Once again fortune favoured her and brightened the skies.

On the night of December 11, 1474, Henry IV of Castile died after twenty years of dismal and degrading ignominy. He was the last male of the House of Trastamara and what was to come came rapidly: the war of succession between Isabella and Joanna Beltranaja.

Immediately after the tidings of Henry's death reached her, Isabella had herself proclaimed queen of Castile at Segovia where she happened to be in residence. The coronation took place two days later and was attended by all the pomp and circumstance habitual at that time. A large assembly of her partisans took the oath of allegiance; the inhabitants of Segovia hailed their new queen ecstatically and in their wake came all the cities of Castile. The cortes and the majority of the nobles attached themselves to the new queen of their country. The clergy alone remained

aloof on account of the pope's unconcealed reserve regarding this arbitrary solution of the problem, and also because of the rift between the archbishop of Toledo and his confrère the archbishop of Sevilla.

As chance would have it, the very pressing and embarrassing financial difficulties with which Isabella was faced, suddenly vanished into thin air. The passionate and devoted friend of her youth, Beatriz, had married Andreas de Cabrera, an honourable and excellent knight whose abilities had earned him the post of commander of the fortress of Segovia, where the public treasure was stored. At the request of his wife, Andreas de Cabrera handed over this treasure to Isabella and by so doing furnished his new sovereign with the means to carry out her measures. A contemporary historian valued this timely aid so highly that he asserted: "Cabrera had it in his power to make either Isabella or Joanna Beltraneja queen of Castile and, thanks to Beatriz, he chose Isabella".

Isabella was now able to levy a large number of mercenary troops for the impending and to all appearances decisive conflict against her rival Joanna Beltraneja. The public treasury proved far more potent an asset than the Grand Seal which Joanna had inherited from Henry IV and with which she had set her stamp to the proclamation of her accession to the throne.

In those portentous days, two events occurred which are worthy of mention. Joanna Beltraneja's mother died in May 1475, thus surviving her husband by a mere six months. Neither Castile nor the world at large mourned her passing, though Joanna herself was grieved to the heart by her mother's death. The other event was the final severance of relations between the archbishop of Toledo and Isabella's court. This rupture filled Isabella's entourage with glee and justly so, for it soon became apparent that Carillo was now prepared to throw his weight on the side of Joanna and her party and to make her cause his business. Those who knew the archbishop's character took it for granted that he would henceforth be as ardent and competent a defender of Joanna's interests as he had formerly been in those of Isabella.

The death of the queen-dowager would not have raised any particular interest among historians had it not been for the choice of the sepulchre which connected her name with the memory of Tamerlane, the dreaded ruler of the Mongols and the bugbear of the world. This firebrand's ambassador to Spain had a splendid mausoleum built for himself, but soon after its completion he was recalled and never returned. The monument had remained untenanted ever since. Now, since no sepulchre worthy to house the mortal remains of a queen was available, this mausoleum was remembered. Here the frivolous queen, wife and widow of Henry IV of Castile, sister of Alfonso V of Portugal, mother of Joanna Beltraneja, was laid to rest

Alfonso of Portugal had meanwhile zealously pressed on with his preparations for the protection of his bride's rights and claims to the crown of Castile. Early in May 1475, these preparations had reached the point when he deemed it proper to invade the kingdom of Castile at the head of a mighty army. After crossing the frontier, he solemnly declared to the people that his sole purpose in thus entering their land was to protect the legal title of his bride to the crown, and he called on the nobles and citizens to rally round him and their lawful sovereign.

Alfonso's words did not fall upon deaf ears. Isabella's former adherents and a little later the archbishop of Toledo himself together with Beltran de la Cueva and other pillars of the royalist party and numerous troops gathered round the king of Portugal, thus considerably strengthening his army.

On May 12, 1475, niece and uncle met for the first time. Joanna was publicly affianced in the presence of the grand army and the royal pair were proclaimed the legitimate sovereigns of the kingdom of Castile. All would have gone well for the bridal couple had not a certain detail been overlooked. According to canonical law, the marriage of consanguinious persons could not become effective without a special dispensation from the pope. The marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile had been arranged in a more circumspect manner. They were first cousins and, therefore, the archbishop of Toledo had issued a Bull

annulling any impediments to their marriage arising from consanguinity. The archbishop had made himself personally responsible for this Bull of dispensation which in later years was replaced by a genuine document from the Holy See. But in Alfonso's case, it was only after the official betrothal had taken place that the king remembered the strict ruling of the Catholic Church and sent an envoy to Rome to procure the necessary dispensation. Precious time was wasted while the envoy journeyed to the Vatican and back to Castile.

It would have been expedient for Alfonso to push forward and attack the enemy but, instead of seizing his chance, he loitered in the vicinity of Arevalo, and then slowly surrounded and occupied the fortress of Toro. So vacillating and irresolute was he that before the campaign had actually begun he toyed with the idea of terminating it by means of negotiations. Such prolonged inactivity deprived him of the advantage he had undoubtedly possessed in the earlier stages of the campaign, when Isabella's position was so gravely imperilled by the defection of the archbishop and his adherents.

Alfonso's irresoluteness served Isabella and Ferdinand well, for it gave them time to strengthen their militia. This accomplished, Ferdinand led his troops to the attack on Toro in July 1475. But he had underestimated the strength of the enemy forces whilst overestimating that of his own. He found his armaments deficient, his provisions short, and the fighting spirit of the men under his command unequal to the task. His troops mutinied, threatened his life, and withdrew ignominiously.

Thus a marvellous opportunity was given Alfonso to rout his foes. Again he missed his chance in spite of the archbishop of Toledo's urgent appeal to pursue the retreating army. Ignoring the prelate's advice, he remained quietly at Toro. There ensued another lengthy period of inactivity which was harmful to the morale of his troops and derogatory to his own political position. Moreover, the inhabitants of the frontier region occupied by the Portuguese soldiery were beginning to grumble at the hardships they had to endure. Soon this grumbling turned to active hatred.

For his part, Ferdinand took the retreat from Toro to heart and learned by his experience. He exerted himself to the utmost in order to raise sufficient troops, to have them well equipped and trained. Isabella seconded his every endeavour. Supported by an excellent levy made by the cortes, Ferdinand thought he was now in a position to resume operations. In February 1476, he made a second attempt to seize Toro. After furious and bloody fighting, he remained master of the field. This was an outstanding victory. Alfonso and Joanna had barely time enough to reach safety at Zamora, so impetuous was the onslaught.

Ferdinand's success at the battle of Zamora—for so it is referred to by historians—proved decisive. The Spanish towns which had formerly declared themselves in favour of Alfonso and Joanna, now proclaimed their allegiance to Ferdinand and Isabella. Most of the Castilian nobility did the same. But Alfonso Carillo, archbishop of Toledo, who had once used the full weight of his position to support Isabella in her claim now stood unwavering at Joanna's side. In the end, however, when it became clear beyond a doubt that the king of Portugal had no intention of resuming the struggle, even this obstinate prelate felt he could resist no more. At last, Alfonso V and his bride Joanna withdrew their armies to Portugal. This meant the finish to all Joanna's party had hoped for, and they relinquished the idea of triumphing over the rival queen Isabella. The war of succession seemed for the moment to have been decided against Joanna.

Unequivocally and unanimously, the Castilians declared after the victory of Zamora that Ferdinand and Isabella were their rightful sovereigns. Deserted by his adherents, the archbishop of Toledo retired to a monastery where he died a few years later. His successor to the See of Toledo was Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza.

The defeat he had suffered was as a thorn in the flesh of Alfonso, and disturbed his peace of mind. Hoping that the tables might be turned in his favour, he approached Louis XI of France, begging this monarch to intervene once again. But the French king was far more interested in annexing Burgundy to his kingdom than in helping Alfonso

and Joanna to the crown of Castile. The ruler of the duchy of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, had recently been killed in a conflict with his Swiss neighbours, and this seemed a splendid opportunity to add this jewel to the crown of France. Besides, after the victories in Rousillon and Perpignan, Louis had concluded a peace with Aragon and was about to do the same in regard to Ferdinand and Isabella. In 1478, this latter treaty was signed at Saint Jean de Luz: Louis XI recognised Ferdinand and Isabella as lawful sovereigns of the kingdom of Castile. This blighted for ever any hopes that might have been entertained by Alfonso and Joanna. They were obliged to acknowledge the treaty as a formal and legitimate instrument. On September 24, 1479, at the court of Lisbon the ratification took place between Alfonso V of Portugal for the one part and Isabella and Ferdinand for the other part: Alfonso was to abandon all claims to the throne of Castile and to dissolve his betrothal to Joanna Beltraneja.

The unfortunate Joanna, now seventeen, was given no option but to quit Portugal and wed the infant son of Ferdinand and Isabella or to retire to a convent. She was given six months to make up her mind. Forsaken by kith and kin, disgusted with her royal environment and the world, Joanna indignantly refused to enter into the farce of becoming the bride of a baby even though he was the son of a king and queen. Without more ado, she declared herself ready to take the veil and soon afterwards she entered the convent of Santa Clara de Coimbra where she died in 1530 at the age of sixty-eight.

From the very beginning of her life, Joanna Beltraneja had been a focus of political intrigue, but she never made a personal appearance on the stage of Spanish history except when she was ceremonially affianced to Alfonso V of Portugal. Even then, she merely took the rôle of super. She had held herself aloof from the vicissitudes of the persons who went to make up her environment and from the events which ran their course around her. She looked upon herself as a puppet in the hands of a weakling father—if Henry IV of Castile were her father! The unhappy girl was, indeed, too young to play a leading part in the drama of her suc-

cession to the throne of Castile. When she grew to womanhood, she was already a nun and she devoted her days to prayer and good works.

Joanna Beltraneja was still alive in her nunnery when Catherine of Aragon, the youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, married the Prince of Wales. She was still alive when Catherine's second consort ascended the throne of England as Henry VIII. She was still alive when this same Catherine, the daughter of her rival in earlier days, received a mortal wound to her self-esteem when her spouse transferred his affections to one of her ladies-in-waiting, Anne Boleyn, the mother of the illegitimate girl Elizabeth who later became the queen of England.

In Isabella's youth a fratricidal war had been waged, in the course of which legitimacy gained the victory over illegitimacy: Joanna Beltraneja was the victim. In the days of Isabella's grand-daughter, another war of rival claimants was fought: here illegitimacy—in the person of Elizabeth—triumphed over legitimacy: Mary Stuart was the martyr . . . The Spanish "Mary Stuart" was avenged.

CHAPTER THREE

Jiménez, the Iron-Chancellor of Spain

THE primate of Spain, Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, lay dying. During those mournful January days of 1495, not only did the king and queen and peoples of Spain look with deep anxiety towards Guadalajara, but the whole diplomatic corps at the court of Madrid felt a genuine sorrow at the passing of a man they all revered and loved.

For many years, Isabella had been wont to confer with her chancellor on the lesser as well as the more important affairs of state. She now removed her residence to Guadalajara so as to be near him in his last illness. Day by day, she visited him and sought his advice as she had done for nearly two decades. Mendoza had proved himself a competent statesman and had exercised a great and beneficent influence on Spanish politics. He was universally spoken of as "the third of Spain", and his acts had earned him this nickname.

Since the abdication of Alfonso Carillo from the archiepiscopal see of Toledo, Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, who had succeeded him, devoted himself to the upbuilding of a magnificent and powerful kingdom upon the foundations laid down by his predecessor. At the time when Isabella was fighting against Joanna Beltraneja for the crown of Castile, the archbishop of Toledo, Alfonso Carillo, had supported her claim with all his wisdom, might and influence; whereas Mendoza had loyally supported Henry IV of Castile and his illegitimate daughter. But since Henry's death, he had attached himself to Ferdinand and Isabella and had become in due course their most trusted and reliable adviser and chancellor.

In the gloomy days of January 1495, Isabella's thoughts no longer dwelt on the time when Carillo was her enthu-

civil strife had not yet abated; there was bloodshed on all hands; treason, theft and robbery were of daily occurrence; it was not safe to travel on the highways or in the open country . . .

Isabella and her cardinal-chancellor deemed it their first duty to pacify and to restore order throughout the land. To this end, the *Hermidad* or "Holy Brotherhood" (an ancient Castilian institution) was reorganised. It formed a permanent body of guards, the recruitment and maintenance of which fell upon the towns. Their duty was to preserve public order throughout the kingdom; their pickets and vedettes, subjects to their sovereign's orders, patrolled the towns and the open country. Within a few years, the streets, roads, highways and open country became safe, and the turbulent nobility was held in check.

With the *Hermidad* to back them, the queen and her chancellor felt that the government was strong enough to protect the people against feudal exactions and to enforce the return of certain crown properties filched from Henry IV by his courtiers. Thus, the revenues of the state were again placed on a sound foundation. Furthermore, owing to this increase in the royal revenues, Isabella found that she could repay the loans which had been raised during the war of succession. Such a gesture was unknown in the earlier annals of Spanish history. Although the *Hermidad* proved its efficiency there were limits to its activities for, in the long run, no government can administer justice by means of such an institution. Valid laws alone guarantee the proper administration of justice. Among the reforms introduced by Isabella and the chancellor was the codification of the laws, and this may be regarded as a reform of the highest significance.

Before Isabella's time, the administration of justice in Castile had fallen into desuetude; nobody bothered much about such deficiencies in the judicature. There certainly existed a Code, but it was obsolete and dated from the eleventh century when Alfonso XI of Castile had it compiled. It was based on an ancient body of laws introduced by the Visigoths and contained a few of the principles laid down by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Apart from being

obsolete as a whole, this old Code had in the course of centuries been added to haphazardly, so that it was a patchwork of statutes and ordinances superimposed on the earlier work. It lacked clarity, uniformity, completeness and was at times incoherent and ambiguous. What wonder, then that the jurisdiction of Castile was hampered and confused?

A learned doctor of laws, Alfonso Diaz de Montalvo, was charged with the difficult task of revising, compiling and standardising the laws of Castile. From 1480 to 1485, this eminent jurist laboured and produced a new Code which was to be the authoritative guide in matters judicial. When Diaz submitted the final draft to Mendoza, it aroused the admiration of the experts on the judicial commission. This Ordenances Reales, as the Code came to be known, was in later years applied to the whole of Spain.

Legal proceedings were to be impartial and trustworthy, legal protection was to be at the disposal of everybody, there was to be equality before the law, and finances were to be regulated. These were the prerequisites if commerce and trade were to prosper and culture and the arts to flourish. Such were the foundations of a sound government as conceived by Isabella and her chancellor. A radical reform of the monetary system was also needed, for this had become disorganised during Henry IV's regime. Thus, poverty-stricken Castile was given a chance to recover her fortunes.

First of all, the standard of legal tender had to be fixed; rigorous measures were taken against the misuse of the mint; severe penalties were imposed for any infringement of the new currency laws. A quite revolutionary act for that epoch was the passing of a fiscal bill cancelling the Spanish nobility's privilege to be exempt from taxation.

These reforms in the financial system worked extremely well. Within a few years, commerce and trade revived. Merchants and tradesmen could use the roads in Castile for the safe transport of their wares to Portugal in the west and to Aragon in the east, or to Navarre and France in the north and to the barbarians in the south. Now that public credit had been re-established, the importation of goods

became once more possible. The general comfort of the country was assured and the royal and public revenues greatly increased.

The "Three Kings of Spain", Isabella, Ferdinand and the cardinal-archbishop, after fifteen years' hard labour, felt themselves to be in a position to undertake the greatest of their desires, the conquest of Granada.

The Moorish kingdom of Granada was situated in the most beautiful and fertile corner of the Iberian peninsula. It was beautiful by nature and fertile on account of the Moors' industry and skill in the art of husbandry. But it formed a stronghold of the Crescent in the midst of the blessed might of the Cross. Eight centuries ago the tidal wave of Moorish occupation had flooded the whole of the peninsula, but now the waters had receded. Still, quite a number of Moors who had been pressed back into the Pyrenees and the Asturian and Estremadurian mountains, had returned to settle in the south-east part of the peninsula and had held their own in this sunny region of the pomegranate. Granada, with its dazzling Alhambra, was like a diamond in a rich setting. It shone amid such pearls of beauty as Andalusia, Almeria and Malaga. And over all this splendour the Crescent held sway, challenging the pious Christians of Spain with their Catholic king and queen.

The first skirmishes between the Moors and the Spanish lords took place in 1481 and served merely as a prelude for what was to come. Inevitably, in the course of time, the zeal which possessed the souls of the Three Kings of Spain would flare up and light the torch which would bring about a war against the infidel. In 1492, the standard of the Cross was raised, and on the second day of combat Granada opened her gates to the triumphant Christian fighters. Among many proud days in Mendoza's life, this was indubitably the proudest. With his own hands, he set up a cross on the Alhambra, and was the first Spanish bishop to enter the pompous halls of the Moorish palace. For the sake of Christendom and his queen and king, he had subdued the Moorish bulwark. The Three Kings of Spain saw their ambitious dream nearing realisation.

The outlines of a Greater Spain were clearly visible, but

it needed a good deal of striving on the part of its creators to tune the heterogeneous details of this grandiose work into a harmonious entity. The fusing of the various provinces was an arduous undertaking, for it meant that a spirit of solidarity must be infused into all Spanish subjects irrespective of their ancestral traditions. In their zeal to reach the goal, the Three Kings were led into paths which were both cruel and reprehensible, for they resorted to the expulsion of the Jews and the persecution of the Moors.

Ferdinand and Isabella were now sovereigns over the kingdoms of Castile, Aragon and Granada, and governed a population of about fourteen million. The little kingdom of Navarre, with a population of approximately half a million, was not incorporated into the Spanish realm until the year 1513, many years after Isabella's death.

The population of Castile and Aragon was about eleven million and among these lived nearly a million Jews and from half to one million Moors. In Granada, with its population of approximately three million, the large majority were Moors. The Jews and the Moors were regarded as aliens by the Spaniards; both communities seemed unwilling or incapable of assimilating Spanish national customs and—what counted still more—the Christian faith. But the antipathy of the Spanish people towards the Jews was not rooted in such vague notions. A disproportionate number of Jews were very prosperous, and this caused envy and indignation. The wealth of a good many Jews was ascribed to the practice of usury, whereas canonical law strictly forbade any Christians to accept interest on loans. Moreover, the sons of Abraham were accused of taking such high interest that many peasants and nobles felt irked by the abuse whereby the development of a sound political and economic régime throughout Spain was alleged to be endangered. These were the motives, real or false, which prompted Isabella and Ferdinand to sign the edict of March 13, 1492, for the expulsion of the Jews from Spanish territory. According to the provisions of this edict, all unbaptised Jews, irrespective of age or sex, had to quit Spain within six months. They were given the alternative

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of being baptised and received into the Catholic Church. The majority preferred to leave Spain for ever. They were allowed to take their goods and chattels (excepting gold and silver), but this proved a hollow pretence in prevailing conditions, for by the time the Jews had sold their properties and had made the transfer of gold and silver coins into bills of exchange these had become practically valueless.

In the same year, which had seen the conquest of Granada and the expulsion of the Jews, another important event took place. Christopher Columbus set sail in search of the New World. For many years, the "Genoese adventurer", as Ferdinand called him, failed to find favour or encouragement at the court of Madrid for the promotion of his scheme. But at long last, Mendoza recognised its possibilities for the aggrandisement of Spain, and he spared no pains to win Isabella's approval. Once the queen decided to give her patronage to Columbus' enterprise, preparations were made for its realisation. At the eleventh hour before the enthusiastic explorer had put to sea, his expedition was almost wrecked on account of his demand that he should be raised to the position of admiral and created viceroy of any territory he might discover; further, he wished to receive one tenth of the income and profit which might derive from the exploitation of such territories. Ferdinand was enraged at so arrogant a request on the part of "a foreigner", but Mendoza stepped in and made it clear to Isabella that "pettiness often blackened the memory of kings" and that it would, indeed, be a mark of pettiness should Columbus be denied his just claims. Isabella yielded to her chancellor's persuasions. Columbus sailed and discovered America. The immense harvest which this discovery brought to Castile was due to Mendoza's foresight and to Isabella's intelligence.

Passing in review all that Mendoza had done for his country's progress, the dying chancellor might well be proud of his achievements. But he knew that much remained to be done if Spain were to be a really great country. A strong and skilful hand was needed to guide Spain through the storms and stresses ahead of her. The Spanish nobility, though held in leash for the moment, would, at the first

favourable opportunity, try to regain power over the cortes and its influence with the king and queen; also the defeated Moors, peaceable enough now, still harboured an insurgent spirit and a desire to achieve their liberty and independence.

Threatening though these internal dangers appeared to be, Mendoza was even more perturbed by those brewing abroad. There could be little doubt that Spain's envious and suspicious neighbours, Portugal and France, looked askance at Spanish progress and consolidation. Portugal had never accepted defeat at Isabella's hands when the war of succession between herself and Joanna Beltraneja caused Alfonso V to relinquish his bride and yield to the demand that she become a nun. Moreover, it was current talk that the court of Lisbon was endeavouring to obtain a papal absolution from her conventual vows, with a view to Joanna marrying a French prince and renewing the war of succession to the throne of Castile with the aid of a Franco-Portuguese alliance. The hostility of France was sufficiently proved by her persistent intrigues in Navarre and Perpignan.

The menace from the west in Portugal and from the north in France were further exacerbated by those which lurked in the south. The Ottoman empire, after conquering Byzantium in the east, had been gaining ever greater influence in the coastal regions of North Africa. Though some contemporary historians considered that the conquest of Granada in 1492 fully compensated the west for the loss of Constantinople in 1453, nevertheless the growing power of the Turks in the lands on the southern shores of the Mediterranean could not fail to be regarded as a potential threat to Spain's security.

Isabella fully appreciated the vulnerable points of Spain's position and, quite rightly, considered the question of a successor to the post of chancellor as one of vital importance to herself and her realm. Relying on Mendoza's keen judgment, she repeatedly asked his advice regarding this matter. He refused to mention the name of the man whom he considered best qualified to undertake the task, contenting himself with earnestly warning Isabella against entrusting so high an office to one of the grandees. He had good reasons

for assuming that Ferdinand harboured the thought of appointing his illegitimate son, Alfonso, a young man of twenty-four who had already been raised to the archiepiscopal see of Saragossa, to the chancellorship. Avarice and greed for power were supposed to underlie the motives which urged Ferdinand along this path, for the see of Toledo (which in those days was inseparably linked with the chancellorship of Castile) was the wealthiest in the whole of Spain and was worth 80,000 gold ducats a year. The see of Saragossa, on the other hand, brought in no more than 20,000 ducats. If young Alfonso became archbishop of Toledo, this rich prebend would benefit Ferdinand or at least his family. The king's thirst for power would be slaked if his son combined Toledo's see with the chancellorship, for the young man would be instrumental in strengthening and extending Ferdinand's influence in Castilian affairs of state. By the terms of the constitution, the king of Aragon exercised no legal title to interfere in the external or internal policies of the kingdom of Castile. Any influence he might exert was due to his marriage with Isabella and was, therefore, a purely private one as between husband and wife.

Cardinal Mendoza had no animosity against the youthful archbishop of Saragossa, nor did he underestimate Alfonso's abilities. He rejected Ferdinand's project solely on the ground that the Spanish administration needed a politically riper and more experienced and independent head of state than the king's protégé. Spain's future was his deepest concern, and it was for this reason that to the last he tried to convince Isabella of her grave responsibility in the choice of the new chancellor. Three days before he left this world for ever, Mendoza proposed Alfonso Gonzales Jiménez de Cisneros, a Franciscan and the queen's confessor to the post. This unexpected and rather alarming suggestion perplexed the queen. Was her father confessor, a lanky, hawk-like, hard, ascetic, ecstatic Franciscan friar to become her chancellor?

Jiménez was exceptional both in appearance and demeanour, resembling a tall bronze statue, save that he possessed a pair of unearthly and radiant eyes. He was a scholar and

had great strength of character. His career was no less exceptional than he himself.

Alfonso Gonzales was born in 1436 of parents who, though they belonged to an old and honourable family, were in poor circumstances. They lived in the small town of Torrelaguna not far from Madrid and had destined their son for the priesthood. He studied at Alcala, and at the age of fourteen was admitted as student to the university of Salamanca where his diligence, quick apprehension, and astounding versatility attracted the attention of his teachers. He specialised in theology, civil and canonical law, and languages. After taking three separate degrees at the university, the young priest went to Rome for further studies which he zealously pursued for six years. At the end of his stay in Rome, Paul II issued a Bull as a token of appreciation in which he was promised the first office to become vacant in the diocese of Toledo

After his father's death, Jiménez returned to Castile, there to await the office granted him by the pope. He had no ambition, but a will hard as steel, uncompromising, unrelenting. The expression in his eyes alone told you that he would suffer nobody to interfere with his religion, because piety undiluted was embodied for him in the Catholic faith. His thirst for knowledge was due to an irresistible desire to know good from evil. Jiménez was not the sort of man to attract sympathy and friendship, though true greatness emanated from his chiselled features and his remarkable austerity. In the year 1473, when Alfonso Carillo, the autocratic, intrepid churchman and bold fighter in the cause of Isabella, still held the see of Toledo, the incumbency of the archdeaconry of Uzeda fell vacant and young Jiménez entered into possession of it on the strength of his papal Bull.

Archbishop Carillo, however, had no intention of yielding up the ecclesiastical independence of Castile and he was entitled to choose his own archpriests. The kings of Castile had extorted this privilege from the papacy some years previously. It was for this reason, and not on account of any personal animosity against Jiménez, that Carillo refused the archdeaconry to the young priest and offered him another office appropriate to so learned a man.

Headstrong Jiménez was a match for headstrong Carillo and he refused to give up an office granted him by the pope himself. He also disregarded an express order from the Spanish sovereign to leave his incumbency at Uzeda. The upshot of such disobedience to the royal command was inevitable. If Jiménez did not voluntarily leave his office, he would be forced to do so. He was imprisoned in the fortress of Uzeda. Though his personal liberty was shamefully restricted, his pride and his will remained unbroken, for neither could be bent by human power. He never ceased repeating that he would not leave his prison unless he was reinstated in his rightful position as abbot of Uzeda. For six years he remained in custody. Then he was released and appointed to the incumbency of Uzeda. But he voluntarily withdrew from this post in 1480 at the age of forty-four. In its place, he filled the modest post of chaplain at Sigüenza, thus clearly demonstrating that he had acted on principle and not through ambition when he had insisted on his rights. As chaplain, he had time and leisure to devote himself with characteristic zeal to the study of Hebrew and Chaldee, which enabled him in later years to publish his great Polyglot Bible, a standard work of inestimable value.

At that time, the bishop of Sigüenza was Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, who later succeeded Carillo to the see of Toledo. Mendoza possessed a profound knowledge of human nature and it did not take him long to discern the outstanding qualities of Jiménez. He entrusted the young man with the entire administration of the diocese of Sigüenza and appointed him vicar. Owing to Jiménez' thoroughness, zeal and ability, the bishopric of Sigüenza soon became one of the best managed in Spain. This success attracted the attention of the grandee family Cifuentes, the head of which was Don Juan de Silva, count of Cifuentes. Don Juan had fallen into the hands of the Moors who kept him in captivity. Thus it came about that Jiménez was charged with the management of the family's vast estates.

Neither the wholehearted admiration he earned through these activities nor the annual income of 2,000 gold ducats satisfied Jiménez, who longed to devote himself exclusively

to ecclesiastical and spiritual tasks. His austerity and bigotry were almost excessive, and he resolved to end his career as priest and enter the friary of San Juan de los Reyes, the strictest Franciscan order in Spain. Here he lived a life of ecstatic piety which conformed to his natural disposition. He slept on the bare floor, never wore linen, and no mortification, fast or anything seemed too hard for him to bear. His prior warned him that such excesses were liable to shatter his health. His self-sacrificing and self-tormenting service to heaven pierced the friary's thick walls and his reputation for sanctity spread to the world without. Priests and others hastened to San Juan de los Reyes in Toledo from far and wide, wishing to consult the friar Jiménez. This was not at all to the holy man's liking, for he detested any interruption in his devotions to God. In order to escape this evil, he asked permission to retire to a hermitage in the depths of a forest not far from the convent of Our Lady of Castañar. His request was granted. Here, with his own hands, Jiménez built a small hut in which he dwelt for three years, absorbed in prayer and feeding on wild berries and water. He would undoubtedly have continued this existence had it not been for orders from his superiors which compelled him to move to the convent of Salzeda where he was appointed guardian. Though averse to the kind of work imposed on him, he fulfilled his obligation with the utmost devotion. As with Sigüenza many years ago, so now Salzeda soon became a model of good administration and reflected Jiménez' extraordinary diligence and capability.

After the conquest of Granada in 1492, the queen's confessor, Fray Fernando de Talavera, was raised to the bishopric of that city, a see which was created immediately upon the occupation by the Spaniards. Mendoza was hard put to find a new father confessor for Her Majesty. He knew that Isabella was a devout Catholic and took it as a matter of course that she should make of her confessor a true confidant, one whose judgment and advice could be depended on in every contingency. Talavera had been an excellent choice, dedicated to his queen's service, but likewise maintaining his ground. As an illustration of his upright char-

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acter, a contemporary tells the story of Talavera's first encounter with his royal penitent. While Isabella knelt to make her confession, Talavera was seated. The queen angrily questioned him as to why he failed to kneel down as her former confessor had always done. He calmly observed: "I am following God's law in my capacity of Your Majesty's confessor; I am, therefore, your judge and as such it is proper that I should be seated in your presence."

Mendoza did not ignore the fact that the queen's confessor could, if he would, exert a certain influence on affairs of state by bringing his spiritual authority to bear on Isabella herself. This called for great deliberation in the choice of a new confessor. He would have to be a priest of unquestionable religious conviction and reliability while at the same time he must be free of any special interest in politics. After prolonged cogitation, Mendoza resolved to nominate the Franciscan friar Jiménez who had acted as his vicar at Sigüenza. True, Jiménez was a fanatical monk, but he had proved himself to be equally fanatical in the execution of any task confided to him. The purity of his life was obvious, his intellect outstanding, his knowledge profound. In addition, and this counted high in Mendoza's estimation, he was totally unworldly and therefore could be supposed not to be interested in the crooked ways of politics.

Having once made up his mind, Mendoza did not hesitate to inform Jiménez himself and to ask the prior of the Franciscan order to release him from the monastery. Friar Jiménez, whose soul was wholly absorbed in service to God, shrank with horror from the suggestion. Yet he soon realised that this was no mere suggestion, but a definite order from his archbishop and cardinal. He had to obey.

At the magnificent court of Isabella and Ferdinand, the spiritual and ascetic friar made a deep impression on all who came in touch with him. His resolute and dignified demeanour, together with his straightforward, clear and unhesitating replies to the queen's questions, captivated her own piety. Shortly after his first appearance at court, Jiménez was officially appointed to the post of the queen's confessor. It was not long before he grew aware of the fact

that his new position placed him in a situation of influence and, for the sake of the Church to which he was devoted heart and soul, he meant to use this influence.

While going about his work as a minister of religion, he had noticed the moral laxity of the secular clergy and the monastic communities; he was horrified at what he saw. Austerity, chastity and abstinence, which he considered essential to the religious life of the priesthood, whether among the highly placed in the hierarchy or in more humble positions, seemed to him to be on the wane. Reform was imperative if the Catholic Church was not to lose its true significance, its majesty and the respect of its congregations. The queen's confessor decided to restore discipline among the clergy and when Jiménez, the zealot, made up his mind there was no resisting his iron will. His first task was to see with his own eyes to what extent corruption had crept into the various religious communities of Spain. The queen lent a favourable ear to her confessor's plans for a personal inspection of every ecclesiastical institution throughout the land, and Jiménez set off on foot and clad in the habit of the order to which he belonged.

On his return from the tour, he gave the queen a grim report as to the conspicuous lack of discipline and virtue in every part of the realm; there prevailed a lust for worldly riches and luxury within the clerical hierarchy, both secular and monastic. His final words were: "This inveterate vice must be burnt out if the Church is to be saved".

Isabella upheld her confessor in every stage of his reforming zeal. Moreover, Mendoza, who coming of a grandee family was far from being an ascetic himself, considered that reformatory measures must be taken against the Spanish clergy were it only in the interests of Spain.

Though both Isabella and her chancellor were in agreement with Jiménez in principle, they felt that reform should not only come through enactments passed by the cortes—as Jiménez had in mind—but that the papacy should be appealed to so as to avoid any subsequent protestations on the part of the pope. Since the pope at this time was Alexander VI, whose election as pontiff was mainly due to the laxity prevalent among wide circles of Church dignitaries

and who was far from being distinguished by a life of austerity and virtue, papal objections to reform were highly probable. Nothing daunted, Isabella applied to the pope to get his sanction for the reforms required by Jiménez, and received a Bull in 1494 granting full papal authority to Jiménez to embark on his work. Armed with the authority of his sovereign and the pope, Jiménez started his reformation work with his accustomed energy and ability.

He began with the monasteries. Unrelentingly, he forced the monks and their priors strictly to observe the rules laid down by the founders of the various orders. The Franciscan order, to which Jiménez himself belonged, was not spared in this general purge. Contrary to the ideas of St. Francis, this order had accumulated riches instead of observing the vow of poverty. Now the friars were to divest themselves of all this wealth.

It was not to be wondered at that a storm of indignation and opposition arose among the higher clergy on account of the decrees which affected the financial situation of tens of thousands. Opposition soon turned into open hostility against Jiménez, and the leading rôle was played by the superiors of the Franciscan order. Both regular and secular clergy became increasingly antagonistic to Jiménez' sweeping reforms. Since most of the princes of the Church belonged to the nobility, Jiménez had also to reckon with the latter. But what cared a man of Jiménez' character for opposition, resistance and hostility, from whatever source it might spring, when immorality and abuse were rampant within the very precincts of the Holy Church?

His mission was only half performed when Mendoza, feeling his end approaching, wrung from Isabella the promise to promote Jiménez to the archbishopric of Toledo, and with that office to combine that of the chancellorship. On January 11, 1495, the cardinal-chancellor Mendoza breathed his last.

His final injunctions to the queen were: "Jiménez and no one else is the chancellor Your Majesty and Spain need. Promise that you will make him chancellor and my successor, and I shall die easy". And, in spite of the many difficulties which beset her, Isabella kept her troth. She had

first to confront Ferdinand's objection, since he still hoped to see his illegitimate son created chancellor of Castile. Once successful in this direction, she then applied to the pope to issue a special Bull consenting to the nomination of Jiménez to the archbishopric of Toledo. Knowing the obstinate nature of her chancellor elect, Isabella took this step without Jiménez' knowledge. But when the papal Bull reached her, she delayed no longer. Summoning her confessor, she handed the document to him and asked him to read it aloud. Jiménez, who had taken the name of Francisco on entering the order, reverently pressed the papal seal to his lips and began to read: "To our venerable brother Francisco Jiménez de Cisneros, archbishop elect to the see of Toledo . . ." In a rage, Jiménez dropped the Bull to the floor and hurriedly left. Isabella picked up the parchment and read the opening phrase herself. Archbishop elect . . . But would Jiménez accept this election? The queen felt no resentment towards her confessor's unseemly behaviour, but her courtiers and ladies-in-waiting were deeply shocked. After waiting a while for Jiménez' return, she sent one of her courtiers to fetch him back.

Meanwhile, the infuriated Jiménez, without a moment's hesitation had shaken the dust of the court off his feet, and was on his way to the Franciscan friary at Ocaña. It was here that the queen's messenger found him and did his best to persuade the recalcitrant man to return, pointing out that he was in duty bound to do so as the queen's confessor. Reluctantly, Jiménez returned to the court which, in his estimation, was full of traps to beguile a man. Yet no arguments and no person could induce him to accept the post of archbishop of Toledo. Calmly, and with deliberation he declared that it was his intention "to pass the remainder of my days in the quiet practice of monastic duties". Moreover, he was in his sixtieth year and felt neither the vocation nor the inclination to shoulder so immense a responsibility as that of the chancellorship for which he was neither worthy nor capable.

Not many months had passed before he received another Bull from the pope ordering him in no uncertain terms to accept the high post for which he had been chosen. He could

not disobey such a command—for command it was. Thus the ascetic friar Jiménez became the most princely and the mightiest ecclesiastic in Spain.

Surrounded by magnificence and splendour, he had now to discharge the manifold duties of his office; but his character remained unchanged, pure and sincere; also, he continued the practice of personal austerity, though he had to don sumptuous robes and precious furs at the representative functions of his exalted state. On such occasions, he continued to wear under his gorgeous dress the hair-shirt to which he was accustomed. Contemporary historians relate an incident which well illustrates his abstemious habit of life. On a certain Sunday, when the primate-chancellor, in full canonicals, accompanied the king and queen to hear a sermon delivered by a Franciscan friar, the latter deemed it a good opportunity to scoff at his confrère's detestable reforms of the clergy, adding in the most cutting language that the high dignitaries of the Church, while clothing themselves in silks and ermine, thus disregarding their vow of poverty, yet demanded of their humbler brethren the strictest observance of these same vows. The whole congregation were outraged at such an abusive sermon which they felt to be directed against their archbishop, the erstwhile Franciscan friar Jiménez. But the chancellor did not move a muscle. When the service was over, he called the preacher to his episcopal apartment. There he showed him the truckle bed next to the episcopal room. It was the bed on which he lay nightly. Then he took off his costly ermine coat and silken robe, showed the man the hair-shirt he was wearing as usual and dismissed the discomforted friar without saying a word.

On his rise to the archbishopric of Toledo, whereby he became at once the primate and the chancellor of Castile, Jiménez applied himself with his customary diligence, energy and will to the task before him. Three objectives lay ahead of him: the prosecution of ecclesiastical reforms which he meant to extend beyond the field of betterment in the clergy's moral and ethical conduct and improvement in the standard of education among the clergy in general and among the secular arm in particular; the creation of a

Jiménez, being fundamentally sure of himself, of the legality and urgency of his reforms and, moreover, relying on Isabella's wholehearted support, imperturbably continued on his way irrespective of the papal Bull. The queen, being more astute a diplomatist than her chancellor, did not wish that matters should go to such lengths as an open breach with the pope, so she begged Jiménez to hold his hand for the time until she had brought the pope to a better understanding. In this she succeeded. Her extremely able envoy in Rome, Garcilasso de la Vega, a man well versed in the arts of diplomacy, persuaded Alexander VI to write a holograph letter in which he said that his "faithful and well beloved son Jiménez" had full power to consummate his reforms, "which are pleasing to God", and to do so in whatsoever way he considered best suited to the purpose.

Having now the necessary authority to accomplish the task he had set his mind to, Jiménez did not delay and soon the reforms were carried through. For this deed he earned the gratitude of Spain and the Vatican, more especially since the religious question was settled in Spain well before anything was done in other countries. Some decades later, the Church reformers, such as Luther, Calvin and Huss, caused a profound agitation throughout Europe.

Though the wearisome task of Church reform exacted the utmost from Jiménez' energies, he had not neglected his other great projects. He devoted much time to the salvation of the Moslems in Granada which had been annexed to Christendom and to the Spanish crown. To incorporate this people spiritually into the Spanish community lay close to Jiménez' heart. He was resolved that no unconverted Moslem should dwell in Granada. It never crossed Jiménez' mind that compulsory conversion of the Moors was persecution pure and simple. He was of too fanatical a nature to realise that. For him, the baptism of infidels meant the salvation of their souls from eternal damnation. In addition, should he succeed in converting the Moslems, Spain would be entirely free from heresy.

Fernando de Talavera, first Christian bishop of Granada, also regarded the conversion of the Moors living in his

diocese as his foremost task, and he ardently endeavoured to fulfil this by gentle persuasion and Christian tenderness and charity. He was bent on proving himself a model of all the Christian virtues. Though he was well on in years, he studied Arabic so as to be able to speak to the Moors in their own tongue and to teach them the blessings of the Christian faith. He also supervised the translation of the Bible and the catechism.

Such delicate methods produced no results. The Moors had been guaranteed in the treaty they signed with the Spanish conquerors, full liberty to practice their religion and their laws. They were unwilling to renounce their rights or their ancient beliefs. King Abu Abdallah, also called Boabdil, with a few dignitaries and others left Granada, after its fall into Christian hands. A large majority of Moors, however, continued to live there and to practice the rites of their faith. Talavera's slow and pacific methods of converting the Moslems to Christianity were not to Jiménez' liking. He was neither patient nor tender, but filled with active energy to clear the Church and Spain of the Moslem evil.

In the autumn of 1499, Jiménez betook himself to Granada in order to see to it that less consideration and more aggressiveness, less generosity and more strength should be employed in dealing with the Spanish Moors. He himself undertook the task of converting the Moslems. It very soon became clear to the Moors that their fate was in the hands of an impetuous man of action.

Jiménez' rule with the iron hand did not prove as effective as he had expected; it was, therefore, replaced by a reign of terror; the fanatical fighter for Christianity got the better of the learned priest. Either the Spanish Moslems were to embrace the Christian faith or they must perish. To achieve his aim, Jiménez issued orders, and soon the prisons were full of Moslem martyrs. But the number of converts certainly increased, because brutality proved a good argument in proselytising the Moorish people. On the other hand, it must be admitted that not a few Moors, especially those who belonged to the intelligentsia and the nobility, became truly convinced Christians mainly owing

to Jiménez' superlative gifts as a preacher. Of course, there was a considerable increase in the numbers who fled the country. Those who, in spite of threats, remained true to their Mohammedan faith and stayed in the land of their birth working and toiling, were driven to despair and at last to revolt. Violent disturbances were of daily occurrence. A rising of armed Moors nearly cost Jiménez his life. A tumultuous mob overpowered his guard and besieged him in his residence where he defended himself courageously until help arrived. On this occasion, Jiménez proved himself as fearless as he was devout. When the captain of the guard saw that Jiménez' life was endangered, he advised the prelate to flee from the palace to the Alhambra where he would be safe. Jiménez refused to go, saying: "God forbid that I should save my skin when so many gallant Christians are in such imminent danger. I shall stay where I am and, if such be God's will, I shall suffer martyrdom in this very place".

The Moorish rising in Granada was soon quelled. Jiménez continued his work of conversation in so ruthless a way that another serious rebellion broke out. A battle between the insurgents and the royal troops ensued, and on March 18, 1501, the Spaniards suffered a tragic reverse at Rio Verde. Their losses were immense. Among the many slain was the commander, Alonso de Aquillar, a model of Spanish honour and chivalry. His youthful son, though wounded, was saved. Now Ferdinand resolutely took the matter in hand. He arrived with a great contingent of troops and, hurling these on the Moorish rebels, crushed them completely. Had it not been so, the Spanish collapse at Rio Verde would have proved disastrous to the subsequent history of Spain.

The terrible losses inflicted on the Christian army in this struggle, determined Jiménez to make a clean sweep of Islam in Spain. All the unconverted Moslems were expelled, while those who had embraced Christianity were allowed to remain within the pale of the Catholic Church.

As soon as Jiménez' ambition to convert the infidel within the orbit of the Iberian peninsula had been gratified, he turned his eyes to doing the same among the heathen

on the other side of the Atlantic, in the regions discovered by Columbus. One of Isabella's most cherished ideas was also the conversion to Christianity and the civilisation of the inhabitants in that greater Spain beyond the ocean. In addition to this missionary work, Jiménez aimed at utilising to the best advantage the discoveries made by Christopher Columbus. Just as in the past Jiménez had proved himself an excellent administrator of the bishopric of Sigüenza and the estates of the count of Cifuentes, so now he showed his skill in managing the Spanish colonies in the New World which had been acquired by the audacious seafarer whose expedition both he and the queen had so wisely sponsored. In order to open up the rich, but so far undeveloped, resources of the New World, Jiménez organised a special board, the Indian Department, which was charged with the administration and exploitation of the Spanish American possessions. Licences were issued to private contractors already in 1499 and these proved very useful. Such individual licences encouraged private enterprise and were far more lucrative than the sluggish functioning of officialdom of those days, for they stimulated competition among traders and thereby increased commercial relations. Competition, as always, proved of advantage to the individual and to the people at large. Jiménez rendered an appreciable service to Spain's overseas' trade by centralising the whole of her foreign commerce in the port of Sevilla and creating a special department in Alcazár whose task consisted in the regularising, arranging, and budgeting of all Spanish colonial affairs. In later years this scheme lost a great part of its importance, for trans-oceanic commercial intercourse developed by leaps and bounds which could not at that time have been foreseen.

Owing to Isabella's and her chancellor's wise principles of colonial policy, Columbus' discoveries which were followed by those of Amerigo Vespucci, Fernando Cortéz, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, Leon de Ponce, Francisco Pizarro and others, proved of great advantage to Spain. The Spanish pioneers were granted a well regulated governmental administration and lucrative commerce with the mother country.

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Jiménez was no less circumspect in his foreign policy than he was in his colonial policy. Once Spain had been internally consolidated, his conception of the part Spain was to play in world politics was clear-out. His views as to the path Spain was to pursue in this field so as to maintain her predominance in Europe, was not wholly shared by Isabella and differed widely from Ferdinand's ideas.

Ferdinand was an Aragonese through and through, and from early youth had always looked upon France as the arch-enemy. He could never rid himself of this notion which, though quite applicable to the relations between Aragon and France, did not coincide with the best interests of Castile and still less with those of a united Spain. Such names as Rousillon and Perpignan were engraved in Ferdinand's heart, for he had fought there as a boy of fourteen at his father's side and again in later life. With eyes turned to the north, Ferdinand was hypnotised by France and nothing but France. The French had to be fought and, if the Pyrenees were too strong an obstacle, the enemy would have to be attacked elsewhere.

Jiménez, too, considered the Pyrenees a formidable barrier, but one which constituted a natural protection to the northern frontier of Spain. His mind was occupied with the word "Mediterranean" and not with "France". In the Middle Sea lay the future of a mighty, blessed, and beneficent Greater Spain. The visionary and fanatical crusader for Christendom saw Constantinople, Greece and even Jerusalem freed from the Moslem yoke; the statesman saw the Spanish flag hoisted on the southern and the northern shores of the Mediterranean and on the ships which ruled its waters.

Had Jiménez been free to direct his foreign policy exclusively towards the Mediterranean, the course of Spanish history and that of the world in general would have been very different. Spanish blood would not have been squandered on the Netherlands, nor would Spain's "invincible armada" have been sent to the bottom of the North Sea, had Jiménez' ideas been allowed to prevail, and the power of Islam been broken by a Spanish fleet entering the Bosphorus to hurl down the Crescent from Saint Sophia.

But Ferdinand took a hand in the direction of Spain's foreign policy and this predominated over any schemes which Jiménez had in mind. It went without saying that Ferdinand wished to protect and strengthen the Catholic Church in Spain, but his other thought was to hem in France. To achieve this latter aim, both Isabella of Castile and her spouse Ferdinand of Aragon considered the prospect of political marriages between their children and those of suitable foreign countries.

One son and four daughters were the issue of the royal pair. John, christened after his grandfather John II of Aragon, was born in 1478; Isabella, the eldest daughter, was eight years older than her only brother; the three remaining daughters, Joanna, Maria, and Catherine were all younger than John.

Isabella, being the eldest child, was the first of the royal children to be given in marriage. Jiménez furthered this particular union because it coincided with his own plans. The bridegroom was the heir to the throne of Portugal. Thus the two kingdoms would become as one nation, not only on account of the solidarity between the two peninsular realms, but also because of their respective colonies—those of Spain in the far west and those of Portugal in the far east, which had been discovered by the bold adventurer, Vasco de Gama. But all these castles in the air vanished into the blue when, a year after the marriage, the heir to the Portuguese throne died, leaving the widowed Isabella to return to her mother country. When she was older, this unhappy princess was given in wedlock to her husband's younger brother, Emanuel, who had meanwhile succeeded to the throne. But a malignant fate seemed to dog Isabella's footsteps, for she died in giving birth to a son, Miguel, who in his turn died at the age of two.

In defiance of Jiménez, Isabella and Ferdinand deemed it expedient to marry their only son, John, the prince of the Asturias, to the archduchess Margaret, daughter of Maximilian of Hapsburg and emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. At the same time, they engineered the wedding of Joanna to Maximilian's only son, the archduke Philip, surnamed "The Beautiful". This double marriage was a master-

stroke. Should Philip of Hapsburg die without issue, then John of Spain would become heir to all the Hapsburg possessions in Austria, Flanders and Burgundy, with the possibility of being nominated successor to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire. On the other hand, were Joanna to marry the archduke Philip he would, in the event of John's death without issue, have no claim upon the throne of Spain because, according to the law governing the succession to the crown of Castile, Joanna's elder sister, Isabella the widow of the Portuguese heir at the time of the younger girl's marriage, would inherit the throne of Castile.

The problems had been thoroughly investigated and solved, but an unlucky star seemed to govern these political marriages and all Ferdinand's and Isabella's plans went awry.

John was barely twenty years of age when, on October 4, 1497, he died. His consort, Margaret, gave birth to a son a few months after his death and the child lived for some hours. Margaret, therefore, returned to her father, the emperor Maximilian.

The second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, Joanna, who had been wedded to Philip of Hapsburg, was pursued by a similar doom. On February 24, 1500, she gave birth to Charles who was destined to become emperor of the Holy Roman Empire as Charles V and king of Spain as Charles I. Already before the child was born, Joanna showed symptoms of mental derangement, and was subsequently to become known as "Joanna the Mad".

Death had robbed Ferdinand and Isabella of their eldest daughter and their only son, thus bringing to nought their schemes for the future of Spain.

While their grandson, Miguel, lived, Ferdinand and Isabella and Jiménez spared no effort to secure him the right of succession to the throne of Spain. Since there was no Salic Law in Castile, objections could not be raised in regard to Miguel's succession. But it was otherwise in Aragon, where females were debarred from succeeding to the throne. Now, since Miguel was the son of the late Isabella, princess of Spain, a special dispensation had to be procured so that

the boy could assume the crown of Aragon together with that of Castile. On September 22, 1498, the Aragonese cortes assembled and passed a law whereby young Miguel's rights were assured. The recognition of Miguel as successor to the throne of Aragon was all the more important since already before the child's mother had died, the ambitious Philip of Hapsburg had proclaimed himself and Joanna the legitimate heirs to the throne of Spain immediately after John's death. But, as was said before, Miguel died in infancy, and with his death all hopes of a confederation between Spain and Portugal were frustrated. To all appearances, there now remained no other heir to the throne of Spain than the Hapsburg archduke, Philip the Beautiful and his consort Joanna the Mad, and their son Charles.

One policy remained to Ferdinand and Isabella. About the time of Miguel's death, after prolonged negotiations, the youngest daughter, Catherine, was wedded to Arthur, Prince of Wales. This marriage lasted barely a year, being terminated by the young prince's death. Henry, who was subsequently to become the king of England under the title of Henry VIII, assumed the position of his brother and was married a few years later to Catherine. This union, too, was doomed and ended in a human tragedy which contained the germ of world-shaking events. But, so far as Spain was concerned, this particular marriage implied no complications with regard to the Spanish heritages.

Maria, the third daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, married her brother-in-law, the king of Portugal, and their lives ran a happy and uneventful course.

The most important of Spain's foreign problems lay in the policy to be adopted towards the kingdom of Naples. In this matter Ferdinand and Jiménez saw eye to eye.

The kingdom of Naples had been conquered by Alfonso, the younger brother of John II of Aragon. Since Alfonso died in 1458 without legitimate issue, the crown should have automatically gone to John II of Aragon and, after his death in 1479, should have passed to his son Ferdinand. But Alfonso's will in which his illegitimate son, Ferdinand, was nominated successor, had the approval of the nobility and the people of Naples.

When his brother, Alfonso V of Naples, died, John II of Aragon was not in a position to uphold his rights to the succession for two very good reasons. Aragon's strength was at that time greatly exhausted by her unsuccessful defensive war against France. Also, John II's domestic affairs hindered him from taking much trouble about outside events. His second Consort, Juana Henriques, was not of the blood royal, but she was ambitious. She never ceased from harassing John about the succession, wishing that her own son Ferdinand should be heir to the throne in lieu of the first-born boy Charles by John's first wife. Disregarding every right and law, John complied and had his son Charles removed by means of poison. Thus Ferdinand, the spouse of Isabella of Castile, the son of John II by Juana Henriques, became heir-apparent to the throne of Aragon. To ensure a satisfactory outcome of this intrigue, Blanche de Navarre, John's second daughter by his first marriage, was, probably at Juana Henriques' instigation, put to death likewise by poison. The chroniclers tell us that, shortly before the hour of her own death, Juana Henriques said to her son Ferdinand, who at that time was ten years old: "You cannot imagine, my son, how many crimes I have committed for your sake"

King Ferdinand of Naples had already been thirty-five years on the throne without interference from anyone. He was neither very prudent nor very gracious, but at least his reign had so far been peaceful. But when he was in his seventieth year, Jiménez turned his eyes to Italy which had always been of great interest to Spain. The chancellor considered it expedient to raise anew Aragon's claim to the kingdom of Naples. Circumstances seemed to favour the chancellor's idea of reviving the old claim, for not only had Spain conquered Granada but by Columbus' discoveries in the New World a considerable increase in Spanish territory had ensued and added to Spain's prestige. For her part, Aragon could make her contribution to Spain's expansion if she annexed Naples. Furthermore, the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily would have to be brought under Spanish sovereignty if Jiménez' project of dominance in the Mediterranean were to be realised.

But Ferdinand had to solve a thorny problem before he could enter his claim to the crown of Naples. What plausible pretext could he invent after so many years of tacit recognition of the present king of Naples? The Deus ex machina appeared just at the right time to give him the solution to his problem. A papal envoy was sent to the court of Spain.

Louis XI of France died in 1483 leaving the throne to his son Charles, then a lad of twelve. He was a bad character and uncouth in manner with no sense of moral rectitude. Moreover, he suffered from megalomania which, of course, he could not indulge till he came of age. But no sooner was he old enough than he gave full rein to his lust for power. He pretended that he had purchased a claim to Constantinople from a descendant of the last emperor of Byzantium. This was fantastic, but at least inoffensive. Quite different was the aspect of affairs when he made claim to the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily on the ground that Charles of Anjou had conquered Naples in 1266. In this claim, he was goaded on to action by Lodovico Sforza, a man of perfidious nature, who acted as regent over the duchy of Milan for his nephew—a boy who was the legitimate grandson of Ferdinand, the reigning king of Naples. The old king, realising that the regent intended to seize the duchy of Milan, intervened on behalf of his grandson, the rightful heir to the duchy. Lodovico Sforza nipped the quarrel in the bud by murdering the young duke. At the same time, intent on safeguarding his own position, he incited Charles of France to assert the ancient claim of the House of Anjou to the throne of Naples.

Charles VIII lent a willing ear to these suggestions and, after securing the neutrality of Henry VII of England and the emperor Maximilian, he was ready to march upon Naples so long as Spain did not interfere with his campaign.

Spain was approached, and French and Spanish diplomats became busy. Ferdinand and Jiménez, on the whole, felt relieved at the thought that they would have no hand in so disreputable an enterprise as overthrowing their old ally, Ferdinand of Naples; nor did either of them mean for a moment that Charles should profit by his victory—if victory there should be for the French expedition. With this mental

on land and sea were pushed forward vigorously throughout Spain and, in December 1494, an imposing Spanish armada and a well-equipped and well-trained army set sail from Alicante to Sicily.. The naval commander was the Count de Trevento and the military were led by Gonsalvo de Córdoba.

It was a clever move on the part of Spain to choose Sicily as the destination for her military and naval forces. The advantages were twofold, Alfonso of Naples could be made to believe that the Spaniards were come to protect him and Sicily was so distant from the scene of operations that an immediate clash with the French was not likely to occur. Meanwhile, there was time to enter into negotiations with Charles VIII.

At about the time when Gonsalvo de Córdoba was disembarking his troops, a Spanish embassy reached Rome to inform Charles that the Spanish government considered itself absolved from the neutrality clause in the treaty of Barcelona which expressly recognised Spain's right to intervene in defence of the Church, should Charles persist in advancing on Naples. It was only natural that the French monarch should be furious at what he termed "Madrid's perfidy" and he refused to discuss any objection raised by Spain. A dramatic scene ensued. Charles bellowed in improper language while the Spanish envoys paid him back in his own coin. Finally, one of the Spaniards tore up the original treaty in front of Charles and his court

Force of arms had now to speak War between Spain and France for Naples and Sicily began. It was a savage war which lasted for twenty years.

Charles VIII, at the head of his grand army, had little trouble in overcoming the feeble forces of the kingdom of Naples. On February 22, 1495, he made his triumphal entry into the city. Here, he assumed the title of "King of Naples and Sicily" and, in addition, called himself "King of Jerusalem". He boasted that he would enforce his rights to Constantinople and to the whole of what once had been Byzantium.

While the young king of France was preening himself on his victory, the Spanish diplomats and Gonsalvo de Córdoba were at work to wrest the spoils of war from the conqueror.

These manoeuvres were both efficient and ingenious. The Italian principalities, alarmed at the French occupation of Naples and at the outrageous behaviour of Charles and his soldiery, united in an endeavour to oust the invaders. Garcilasso de la Vega unflaggingly spurred the Italians on to form an effective coalition. Moreover, this very able diplomat hoped to win support from the emperor Maximilian. His efforts were rich in results. The "League of Venice", embracing all the Italian principalities including Milan, Venice, Rome and backed by Spain and Austria, was created on March 31, 1495. This powerful coalition against France which was meant to last for twenty-five years, though actually it held together for a much shorter period, was the first great defensive alliance in modern history. Its object was to secure the independence and rights of the confederates and particularly those of the pope. Its first task was to drive the French out of Italy and back over the Alps.

The kingdom of Naples itself, in existing circumstances, could give but little aid though it was the bone of contention. It disposed of very few troops and, moreover, it lacked an authoritative sovereign, for Alfonso had abdicated and fled to Sicily in a panic leaving his son of twenty-five to rule in his stead.

Consequently, the Spanish army and the Venetian fleet had to bear the brunt of the conflict on which the League of Venice was engaged. The confederation faced no easy task. The French king, unconscious of the dangers threatening him, had returned to France, taking with him all the works of art which he had stolen from Naples. He had also, very unwisely, withdrawn half his army. Still, there were considerable forces yet to be reckoned with. It was estimated that no fewer than 10,000 troops remained and among these were the famous Swiss mountaineers with their long pikes and the excellent French regiments of horse. Furthermore, the French artillery was at that time far superior to any other. The Spanish army consisted of approximately 600 horse and 2,000 infantry.

Gonsalvo de Córdoba, better known to history as The Great Captain, was not discouraged by the fact that his

army was vastly outnumbered by the French. On May 26, 1495, he and his men crossed the straits of Messina and landed on Calabrian soil. By the middle of 1496, they had by small but successful skirmishes occupied the whole of Calabria. Here Gonsalvo possessed an excellent base from which to undertake large-scale actions and to display his brilliance as a strategist. From victory to victory, he led his troops until, on July 31, 1496, the French army unconditionally surrendered.

The French, defeated and humiliated, were now ripe for almost anything the Spaniards might ask. They yearned for peace. But an unexpected event completely changed the political situation. Charles VIII died in April 1498. His cousin, Louis XII, succeeded him and this king's policy took an altogether different trend from that of his predecessor.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the Spanish government was more embarrassed than gratified by Gonsalvo's remarkable victory over the French in Naples. Ferdinand of Aragon and the chancellor Jiménez had aimed, not so much at reinstating the king of Naples, as at securing a stronghold for Spain in that little kingdom.

In the meantime, Ferdinand II of Naples had died and was succeeded by his uncle, Frederick II, a sedate, benevolent and amiable prince who was not likely to raise any political difficulties. But dissensions arose in another quarter. The League of Venice had broken up long before the appointed time and this was due to the treacherous Lodovico Sforza who had signed a separate peace between Milan and France. Spain was faced, therefore, with the alternative of continuing the war in Italy against France at her own expense and run the risk of a French attack on Aragon or of coming to terms as soon as possible with the ancient foe.

Ferdinand and Jiménez decided that a peaceful agreement with France would best suit their purpose. On May 5, 1498, a treaty was signed by Spain and France at Marcoussis and this settled their grievances for the time being. One of the provisions of the treaty was the partition of the kingdom of Naples between the high contracting parties, which partition was to be put into execution at a favourable future

and the southern part of the Neapolitan kingdom should come under Spanish suzerainty, whilst the capital and the northern parts were allotted to France. Though this treaty obviously aimed at robbing the king of Naples of his entire kingdom, yet it did not define in so many words what was to become of the king's person.

Frederick of Naples, the helpless victim of two rival powers, abandoned by his relatives and his so-called ally Ferdinand of Aragon, applied to the Turkish sultan Bajazet, the "bugbear of Christendom, for succour in his distress. It goes without saying that Ferdinand of Aragon and Jiménez made the utmost use of such unchristianly behaviour as a pretext for their inexcusable proceedings against the king of Naples. Adroitly confusing cause and effect, they put the gloss of a crusade on their attack against the "anti-christian" Frederick and the sultan Bajazet. The alliance between Frederick and Bajazet turned out to be both ideologically and materially beneficial to Spain, for Venice, the arch-enemy of the Moslem, now formed an alliance with Spain. Thus Gonsalvo had the splendid Spanish army and the excellent Venetian fleet at his disposal.

Louis continued his advance through Italy and, on June 28, 1500, occupied Rome. He then crossed the frontier into the kingdom of Naples and victoriously entered the capital without meeting any resistance. Frederick had no alternative but to surrender and accept the French offer of a safe-conduct to France where he died in 1504.

While the French army was conquering the north, Gonsalvo consolidated his position in Calabria and at about the time when Louis occupied Naples, Calabria fell to the Spanish. The only place in the province which offered serious resistance was the port of Taranto which suffered a long and nerve-racking siege and had in the end to surrender to Spanish arms.

Though the treaty of Granada had recognised the rights of partition between the contracting parties in regard to the northern and southern regions of the kingdom of Naples, dissension soon broke out as to the division of the central part about which the treaty had been vague. These quarrels would have been less serious had it not been for the fact

mediator. The chancellor was filled with foreboding. All he could do was to limit Philip's powers in respect of a treaty between France and Spain, stipulating that the terms should be strictly observed.

Philip grossly transgressed the instructions of the Spanish government, but a treaty between Louis XII of France and Philip acting as proxy for the Spanish government, was in fact concluded and ratified at Lyons on April 5, 1503. Among its provisions was a clause to the effect that young Claude and the yet younger child Charles, betrothed only in the imagination of their parents, were to be crowned hereditary sovereigns of Naples and that Philip was to act as regent during their minority with a French viceroy who was to administer that part of the kingdom which, according to the treaty of Granada, accrued to France.

Ferdinand, Jiménez and Gonsalvo were thoroughly dissatisfied with this pact, for should it be put into execution, Spain would be deprived of all the fruits of her victories over France. The mere idea of abandoning what he had gained during his triumphal march through the kingdom of Naples seemed to Gonsalvo de Córdoba so absurd that he bluntly refused to obey Philip's order to cease hostilities against the French forces in Naples and to allow those which were on their way from Genoa by sea to disembark in the Neapolitan port without attacking them.

Moreover, the Great Captain felt certain that Jiménez, with whose policies Gonsalvo was well acquainted, would never comply with Philip's demands in spite of the fact that the Hapsburg had been recognised as the lawful successor to the thrones of Castile and Aragon. Only a few days elapsed before Gonsalvo received instructions from the chancellor not to cede a foot of Neapolitan ground. Gonsalvo, far from yielding a foot of the territory he had won, defeated the French at Cerignola and occupied the capital on May 14, 1503. Thus, in spite of the treaty of Lyons, neither Louis XII nor Philip of Hapsburg achieved their aim and failed to take possession of the kingdom of Naples.

As was to be foreseen, the Spanish government's disregard of the Lyons' treaty raised a storm which raged

fast and furious between Madrid and Paris. It stirred Philip to deadly enmity against Ferdinand of Aragon and Jiménez—indeed, against anything “Spanish”, judging by his subsequent behaviour.

The first effect of the repudiation of the treaty of Lyons was very serious for Aragon. To redress the political rebuff, defeat on the fields of Naples, the loss of prestige, Louis determined to attack Aragon, regain Rousillon, and invade Catalonia. Simultaneously with an attack by land, Louis arranged for another by sea. Three mighty armies were thrown into the fray while strong fleets from Marseilles and Genoa went sent to the coast of Catalonia in support of the French land operations.

Aragon was now in a better position to resist the French onslaught than she had been in the days of John II and this was mainly due to the alliance of Aragon with Castile and to a wellfilled treasury which had been assured by Jiménez’ timely fiscal reforms. In almost no time, Ferdinand and Isabella were able to raise and arm a strong army. Under the command of Ferdinand himself and with the assistance of the duke of Alva, this army set forth to fight the French who had already entered Rousillon and were besieging the fortress of Salsas which was bravely defended by Pedro de Navarro. After successful skirmishes and the relief of Salsas, Ferdinand joined issue with the French and drove them far beyond the Spanish frontier. Perpignan, all the provinces of Catalonia, and several places on the French border were occupied by the victorious Spaniards.

This victory was momentous if not decisive. Had the duke of Alva got his way, the Spanish army would have pursued the French as far as Paris. But Ferdinand could not be induced to adopt such vigorous measures. The duke is said to have remarked on this occasion: “Had the king been as good a general as he was a statesman, he might have dealt France a knock-out blow”.

Fortune smiled on Spain and the situation held many a promise. To a less sagacious statesman than Jiménez, the prospect of fully exploiting the French defeat might have been alluring in the extreme. He could have demanded unconditional surrender, submission for ever, annihilation of

the foe. But the chancellor was too much the man of the world not to realise that there is no such thing as "final, unchangeable, perpetual solution" of historical and political problems. He did his best to convince Ferdinand that Spanish power and resources would be wasted if unduly harsh conditions were imposed on Louis XII, for if he indulged in such, a war of revenge would sooner or later ensue. A covenanted peace, on the other hand, might create friendly relations between Spain and France. The chancellor's arguments were wholeheartedly supported by Isabella who, in a letter probably written at Jiménez' instigation, implored Ferdinand "to save Christian blood and to leave vengeance to Him to Whom alone is given such power".

Ferdinand consented to enter into negotiations with Louis XII. The outcome was a treaty to the effect that never again were France and Spain to wage war on one another though the claim they made on Naples was to be settled by the sword in Italy itself. Perpignan, the bone of contention from of old, was to be ceded by France. Louis could not very well do otherwise than agree since that province was already lost to him and the fleet which was to have attacked the coast of Catalonia had been totally wrecked by raging tempests.

Superficially, Ferdinand did not gain much tangible advantage from this treaty, but it gave him a respite which he urgently needed for the prosecution of the war in Italy. Also the Spanish victory over France was so imposing that it greatly impressed Alexander VI who now felt inclined to side with Spain. The pope's attitude naturally had its repercussions on the minor principalities of Italy which likewise showed an inclination to embrace Ferdinand's cause. When Alexander VI died in August 1503, the increased prestige of Spain and the dignified restraint displayed by Jiménez while handling the negotiations for the treaty, had a definite influence on the course of the election of the new pope. Though d'Amboise, the French cardinal, spared no pains in furthering his own plea for the tiara, he failed to achieve his aim. Had he done so, Jiménez' policy would have received an almost mortal blow.

After many disputes, much intriguing, the use of threats

and promises, together with many a clash of arms, the conclave reached a conclusion. Rome feared that the Great Captain would make a descent on the Holy City, for he had assembled a considerable host in the vicinity. The new pope was an Italian and took the name of Pius III. He had barely been elected one month when he died. All the machinery was set going anew for the election of another pope. Again, neither the French nor the Spanish candidate was chosen, but an Italian, a fanatical patriot, was elected. This was Julius II. In a way, his election might be regarded as a success for Spain, since in the prevailing conditions Italy was hostile to France. As soon as the announcement was made, the French army began its march on Naples, pillaging and ravaging the land as it advanced.

The fighting between French and Spanish troops was savage in the extreme. The fortress of Gaeta was subjected to a lengthy siege, but the French garrison held out bravely. At last, the Great Captain's ingenuity led the Spanish army to a magnificent victory. The French losses amounted to thousands of men with all their arms and equipment; Gaeta was compelled to surrender on January 1, 1504. As was his wont, Gonsalvo de Córdoba proved himself a chivalrous knight to the beaten enemy and he allowed the French to return home.

Now the entire kingdom of Naples was in Spanish hands; Rome and the middle regions of Italy were soon liberated from the French yoke. Julius II entreated Gonsalvo to continue his march and to free the northern parts of Italy from French control. Jiménez objected to this plan for political reasons though Gonsalvo himself would have liked nothing better than to make a triumphal march into Milan.

The Iron-Chancellor never lost sight of his chief aim which was to secure Spanish hegemony in the Mediterranean. Nor did he wish to humiliate the French more than was strictly necessary and to pose as the liberator of northern Italy. He felt that the sacred duty imposed on him was to protect Spain and Christianity from Islamic onslaughts and further expansion and influence in the Middle Sea. To further this aim, he had to see to it that Naples and Sicily were safely in Spain's keeping and that the northern shores

of Africa were included in the sphere of Spanish interest, because these territories formed key positions on the route to Constantinople. This was Jiménez' dream; this was his aspiration. Northern Italy was no concern of his.

With this end in view, the chancellor deemed it expedient to come to terms with France rather than continue the war in northern Italy. The treaty which he now concluded with France was ratified at the convent of Santa Maria de la Mejorada on March 31, 1504. This was a very remarkable date in Spanish history, for from that time onwards Spain had to be respected as a great European power. According to the articles of the treaty, the kingdom of Naples became a constituent part of the Spanish crown, whilst Milan remained a French possession.

Naples and Sicily now belonged to Spain. Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile had laid the foundation stone of a Greater Spain by uniting their kingdoms and on this solid structure they gradually built up an imposing centralised state. The two masterbuilders in this undertaking were each of them grandiose in his particular line. Jiménez, the most Catholic, energetic and politically-minded chancellor; Gonsalvo de Córdoba, the most astute and most daring of Spanish generals.

At the time when Naples was incorporated into the Spanish crown, Isabella fell seriously ill. The heart which since her earliest youth had beat so warmly for her native land of Castile, the heart which was filled with piety, Christian charity, love for husband and family, the courageous and ambitious heart now threatened to cease beating for ever. She knew that her days on earth were counted. She knew that in duty bound she must provide for her beloved homeland, her husband and her descendants long after she was dead. So she drew up her last Will and Testament, appointing Jiménez her executor. On November 26, 1504, she breathed her last. She was in her fifty-fourth year and in the thirtieth of her reign as Isabella the Catholic, the life and soul of Spain's greatness.

All historians agree that Isabella was Spain's most brilliant ruler, both on account of her personal excellence of character and her successes. Her historical appellation of

"The Catholic" was rightly deserved, for she was genuinely pious. That she possessed great charm is proved by her indisputable popularity; she was courageous, methodical, self-assured, for had she not been, she would never have triumphed over her rival Joanna and become queen of Spain; sagacious she was in mind and judgement, making her plans, coming to decisions, discerning the desirable and favourable from that which should be avoided; above all, she showed wonderful perspicacity in the choice of counsellors. With the same determination she had displayed when choosing the consort who helped her to win the throne of Castile, she chose her first chancellor Mendoza and, after his death, the Iron-Chancellor Jiménez who aided her in building a united and Greater Spain, and the Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Córdoba, who glorified her reign by his outstanding feats of arms. She invariably hearkened to the advice her chosen ones gave her and in so doing she became the patron of the Genoese seafarer Christopher Columbus to whom Mendoza had drawn her attention and enabled the explorer to undertake his fantastic voyage by placing caravels at his disposal and denuding her own daughter of the marriage dowry to provide him with money. But she was well recompensed for her generosity, for by Columbus' discoveries Spain was enlarged and the queen's glory enhanced. Now the spirit of this superlative ruler and devoted servant of Spain had flitted away and all Spain mourned the departure. Her mortal remains were laid to rest in the Franciscan convent of the Alhambra.

Her Will was a document characteristic of her grandeur of mind and her magnanimity. She decreed that her funeral should be as unostentatious as possible and that, instead of spending considerable sums on it, the money should be distributed among the poor. She provided for a number of charities. Yet she made no provision for one of her most remarkable foundations. This was what might nowadays be called a "field ambulance" and a "field hospital". She was the first who ever thought about the welfare of the men wounded in battles and campaigns. But, alas, after her death these organisations sank into oblivion and were only

revived many centuries later by the Swiss, Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross.

Isabella had worded her political Will with the utmost care and particularly in the matter of the succession. This important and thorny question had no doubt caused a deal of trouble and inner conflict. Loving consort, devoted mother, proud Spaniard as she was, she knew that there was a conflict of interests between Ferdinand, her daughter Joanna, her grandson Charles, and the Spanish state.

In drafting the political clauses of her Will concerning the heritage of the crown of Castile, she had taken into account the fact that Joanna and Philip of Hapsburg together with their son Charles had been legally recognised as heirs to the throne by the cortes in February 1502. Yet she was doubtful as to whether Joanna would be fit to rule seeing that the young woman was of unbalanced mind. Such a contingency had to be provided for in unequivocal language and yet with tact and delicacy. She therefore introduced a clause to the effect that on no account was a foreigner to be appointed governor of the fortress of Gibraltar or to any other administrative office in the kingdom of Castile, thus implying that should Joanna be mentally unable to rule, her father Ferdinand of Aragon was to be sole ruler of Castile until young Charles came of age.

Jiménez was the right man to act as executor of this Will, for he alone could cope with any difficulty which might arise. His own life work would suffer in consequence because Ferdinand was wholly preoccupied with the war against France whom he wished to fight to a finish. The chancellor did not wish that Ferdinand should become regent of Castile, but the queen's will was to him a law and he resolved to do his uttermost to help Ferdinand to the regency in conformity with Isabella's desire.

The first step was to proclaim Joanna queen of Castile without mentioning her consort, Philip of Hapsburg. So long as they lived abroad, Ferdinand's regency in Castile could not be disputed and no difficulties arise. But in fact, difficulties did arise as soon as Ferdinand assumed the reins of governance. So ambitious and vain a man as Philip of Hapsburg did not care a snap of the fingers for Isabella's

Will or his wife's intentions or for his father-in-law's dignity. He sent Ferdinand a dispatch couched in arrogant terms ordering him to resign the regency without delay, never again to claim any right to this regency, and to quit Castile forthwith.

In order to make his categorical demands on Ferdinand more imposing and imperative, while at the same time undermining Jiménez' influence, Philip conspired with the Spanish nobility against Ferdinand and the chancellor whom he rightly regarded as his most dangerous opponent and whom he could not depose because, according to Castilian law, the chancellorship went hand in hand with the archbishopric of Toledo which he could not touch. Supported by Don Juan Manuel, the Spanish envoy at the court of the Holy Roman Empire, and led by the marquis de Villena and the duke de Najara, a strong faction of Spanish nobles was formed. Invoking the authority of Philip, they presented themselves before Ferdinand of Aragon demanding his immediate resignation of the regency and, in default, informed him that he would be forcibly ejected from Castile.

On the surface, this rebellion of the Castilian nobles might seem astounding, but it was based on very good reasons which went back to the days when Mendoza introduced his reforms and the nobility were deprived of their privileges and were drastically reduced in power, influence, and wealth. The arrogant and greedy Castilian nobles had never forgotten or forgiven the cortes and all that body stood for. These representatives of the Estates played a far greater part in the administration and in public affairs relating to the kingdom than did the nobles. The latter had been kept in check by Mendoza and his successor Jiménez. Also the queen's personal charm had mitigated their rancour. Now they felt eager to seize the opportunity of regaining their former influence and exalted position.

In his distress, Ferdinand tried to get in touch with his daughter Joanna who had given birth to a second son, Ferdinand by name. But she lived in Flanders and Ferdinand's letter fell into Philip's hands. He did not hesitate to keep his wife under detention and to have the envoy executed.

In order to lose no time in getting Ferdinand out of Castile, Philip entered into negotiations with Louis XII of France, his friend and ally, to secure the latter's assistance if need arose. He also enlisted the aid of Maximilian and endeavoured even to entice Gonsalvo de Córdoba to his side. But Gonsalvo had been raised to the dignity of viceroy of Naples and Sicily and refused to collaborate.

Ferdinand was thus faced with a formidable coalition comprising the emperor Maximilian, the archduke Philip, Louis XII and the Castilian nobility. Though Ferdinand could rely on active support from Jiménez, the Castilian cortes, and the viceroy of Naples and Sicily, his position was by no means strong enough to venture a bold stroke against his adversaries. In these calamitous circumstances, Jiménez, with his powers of penetration, his calm deliberation, and his firm resolve, considered it expedient for the nonce to accede to Philip's demands. But Ferdinand was on the horns of a dilemma, for he was not inclined to heed Jiménez' advice nor was he able to think of any alternative that would put an end to the trouble. He allowed despair to master common sense and at last did the unexpected. Without consulting Jiménez, he turned to Louis XII determined to come to terms with him at any cost. He suggested to Louis that the French king should keep Philip away from Castile or, should this prove impossible, to help by fighting against Philip. To win Louis' favour, Ferdinand went so far as to pay court to His Majesty's young niece Germaine and became betrothed to her. Since, as the phrase goes, "one good turn deserves another", Louis XII condescended to sign a treaty with Ferdinand of Aragon at Segovia on October 16, 1505. Though the terms were humiliating to Ferdinand, he accepted. France promised to observe a benevolent attitude in regard to the dispute between Philip and Ferdinand. This was all Ferdinand desired in his predicament, but he had to pay Louis 1,000,000 crowns as compensation for French expenses in the Neapolitan war, to reinstate all French nationals and supporters of France in their former positions in the kingdom of Naples, to marry Germaine who was to have the throne of Naples with a reversion to her eldest son or, in the event of her dying

without issue, the kingdom of Naples was to fall to France. Spain showed indignation and hatred towards this vile treaty and blamed Ferdinand for his pusillanimous conduct, accusing him of dragging the memory of the great queen in the mud by marrying again so soon after Isabella had passed away. Germaine was the daughter of Jean de Foix and was far from being an equal in birth and parentage. Moreover, the Spaniards felt their interests had been betrayed by the cession of Naples and Sicily. These manifold objections sorely distressed Jiménez, for not only his late queen's wishes but likewise his own endeavours to create a united Spain seemed on the verge of being foiled. Were Ferdinand and Germaine to have male issue, Aragon with Naples and Sicily would be severed from Castile and should the child be a female, both Naples and Sicily would be under French suzerainty. Thus Spain would be deprived of the fruits of her conquests on Italian soil.

Jiménez' duties as chancellor obliged him to retain the reins of government in his own hands and not to interfere in the critical situation where Ferdinand found himself. Neither could he oppose the rights of Joanna and Philip, whose arrival in Castile was expected in the immediate future. They put into the port of Coruña, on the north-west coast of Spain, on April 28, 1506, and disembarked with their magnificent entourage. They were received with due splendour and ceremony and soon after their ostentatious entry into Castile, Ferdinand resigned the regency. The government gave its sanction to this move, but the way it was carried out and the spot where it took place were unusual.

The meeting between Ferdinand of Aragon and Philip of Hapsburg was in the neighbourhood of a little town called Senabria on the borders of Leon and Galicia. Philip, now king of Castile, was accompanied by a heavily armed escort of 3,000 German mercenaries, about 1,000 Burgundian and Flemish horse, and 6,000 Castilians with a large suite of nobles. His sensational cortège produced the impression of a triumph rather than an amicable meeting between son-in-law and father-in-law.

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simple company, for he came to the interview unarmed, riding a mule and with a few Aragonese and Italian courtiers. The meeting took place in a tent at whose entrance Jiménez stood sentinel. He permitted no unauthorised person to draw near it and witness the interview between Ferdinand and Philip with his queen Joanna. The outcome was a solemn announcement that Ferdinand had ceded all rights to the regency of Castile in favour of Philip and Joanna and was about to quit Castile.

Jiménez, with his habitual circumspection and prudence, and to remove any possibility of future misunderstandings, made it clear to Philip that the crowns of Naples and Sicily belonged exclusively to Aragon as they had in the past, whilst Granada and Hispaniola, as the Spanish colonies in the New World had been named, belonged as exclusively to the crown of Castile.

The rupture of Spanish unity by this complete severance of all ties between Castile and Aragon was self-evident. For many years, they had been a united whole through the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella to the great advantage of Spanish subjects and the weal of Christendom. True to type, the Iron-Chancellor did not waste time lamenting the wound dealt his beloved Spain, though he realised that such a wound must bleed away unto death the grandeur of the country. He concentrated on staunching the wound. He knew this would be an extremely arduous task yet, though he was seventy, he felt sure it was not beyond his strength. He foresaw the dangers ahead and his presentiments came true. Not long after Philip's accession to the throne of Castile, things went from bad to worse. The nobles, presuming upon their traditional privileges and putting no restraint on the king's ostentatious display or his extravagance and dissipation, resumed their oppression and exploitation of the peasantry, the townsfolk, and the cortes. The treasury which, under the careful administration of Isabella, Mendoza, and Jiménez, had become so remarkably enriched, was now depleted by the prodigality of Philip and his court, the Burgundian and Flemish entourage. Jiménez took note of the menace threatening Spain from abroad, for Portugal, France, and England regarded with

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jealous eyes the prosperity and development of the Spanish colonies in the New World.

Ever since Isabella had called him from his Franciscan cell, Jiménez faced the danger of France whose might and prestige were high among European states. He always felt that a successful and Greater Spain could only be attained by the inclusion of Naples, Sicily and the northern coasts of Africa in the Spanish crown. Isabella was no longer present to shield Spain from harm; she lay peacefully in the vaults of the Alhambra. But he, Jiménez, was still alive, his will was strong, his heart clad as it were in coat-of-mail, his mind acute. He would have to be Spain's buckler.

It was the year 1506. On the throne of Castile there sat a foreigner, a Hapsburg, a man of royal lineage, but still a foreigner who could not even converse with the dignitaries of state in their native language but had recourse to French. How could such a man be expected to think, to feel, to act like a Spaniard? He and Joanna were crowned at Valladolid on July 12, 1506, and though the queen was of Spanish birth, rumours spread that she was incapable of ruling the country. Whether mad or not, she was a woman of no importance or influence in Castilian affairs. In a trice, the court of Madrid threw off the dignified, pious, highminded character imposed by Isabella; it became free, easy, luxurious, and lived in such a style that immense sums were consumed. Money had to be raised from every conceivable source; taxes were increased, offices of state sold at exorbitant prices; flourishing industries were bartered away to the highest bidder who, often enough, was a foreign nobleman. On one such occasion, when the illegal assignment of the income from the silk industry was on the point of being transferred to a Flemish courtier, Jiménez tore the king's order to shreds and bluntly reproached Philip for countenancing so inexcusable a measure. No little indignation was aroused among the Castilian dignitaries by Philip's so-called reconstruction of governmental affairs. Every holder of a more or less important office of state or army post was to make way for a Burgundian or a Flemish favourite of the king. Even Fernandes de Cabrera, com-

mander of the fortress of Segovia and husband of Isabella's bosom friend Beatriz de Bobadilla, was ejected. The people of Castile had no reason to love or to trust their new king. It is possible that had his reign endured, revolution and civil strife would have broken out. Happily for Castile, Philip breathed his last on September 25, 1506, two months after his coronation. He was only twenty-eight at the time of his sudden death which was due to a chill followed by fever.

Joanna was struck dumb. Her beloved, her handsome consort had left for ever. She could not believe this, could not understand it. This miserable world contained nothing of interest to her for evermore . . .

Philip left the state of Castile in confusion and disorder. One man alone should be counted on to deal with the critical situation, for he was mured and was capable of doing the job. No sooner did Jiménez learn of the dangerous illness from which the king suffered, than he hammered into shape a scheme for the rehabilitation of Castilian fortunes. Quick-minded and resourceful as ever, he summoned some influential, trustworthy and clever Castilian personages to the archiepiscopal palace in order to acquaint them of his plans. With impressive words, he sketched the extant condition of Spain and suggested the formation of a provisional council which should assume the functions of regent in the event of Philip's death. The council's main duty was to maintain law and order throughout the land, to carry on the government with impartialty and so avoid political provocation. His outstanding and irreproachable character, his exalted position as archbishop and chancellor, won the assembly's consent. In his wisdom, he stressed the "provisional" nature of the regency council which should act under his presidency and was to be of short duration to allow time wherein to settle the question of a legal and constitutional government. The issue was complicated by the fact that the lawful successor was a minor of six years. He was Charles, the eldest son of Philip and Joanna, grandson of Ferdinand of Aragon. His mother was pronounced incapable of ruling. Jiménez, very diplomatically, suggested Ferdinand as regent, for Isabella in her Will had appointed

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him to this post for the duration of Charles' minority. The provisional council of regency was to be formally and legally acknowledged and its governmental measures were to be ratified by the cortes until Ferdinand of Aragon came home—for he was absent at the moment from Spain. As the night drew on, Jiménez made all these suggestion, adding that he could think of no one more suited to the post of regent than Ferdinand. Moreover, if he became regent, Spain's four kingdoms would be reunited and would add to Spain's glory. Yes, undoubtedly, Castile, Aragon, Granada, and Naples-Sicily would be an asset... Jiménez finished his address, but his thoughts were far away. His highest aim, Spanish dominance in the Mediterranean, occupied his mind. The scheme was taking on ever clearer proportions and pointed to the conquest of the northern shores of Africa.

Directly Philip was dead, the provisional council of regency was formed. It consisted of seven members among whom were the Grand Constable, the High Admiral of the Castilian navy, and Jiménez as president. In its proclamation of the late king's death, the council announced its responsibility for the government of Castile till December 31, 1506.

Since the council of regency had resolved in principle to recall Ferdinand of Aragon to Castile, they informed him of Philip's death, of the formation of the provisional council, and of the fact that Jiménez was acting as its president. Further, they promised to function as a government until such time as Ferdinand himself returned and took over the regency in person.

Jiménez would not have been playing to type had he let the grass grow under his feet till Ferdinand made up his mind to leave Naples where he was residing with his French wife. The chancellor, as uncrowned regent, had to think about many affairs which brooked no delay and which required his energy and wisdom to put into train. The formation of a council of regency and its speedy action had saved Spain from civil war, yet the nobles who opposed Ferdinand's return managed to stage a few sporadic outbursts of disorder. They were even more antagonistic to Jiménez' political trend and tried to regain their rights by organising

Patriotism played its part in driving Jiménez de Cisneros to strain every nerve in order to achieve his goal. But patriotism was backed by a glowing faith and an urgent desire to save Christendom from the Moslem. The ascetic friar, the hermit, the man who had mortified his flesh and fasted while studying the books of wisdom, the archbishop who had rooted out laxity among the Spanish clergy, the statesman who had swept Islam from the soil of Granada by such ruthless and effective means, was now hard at work to qualify for the positions of army leader, of strategist, of general. His amazing gifts, his energy, his diligence, his manly strength, his calmness, his thoroughness, his systematic preparations, his clear planning were all linked with fanatical zeal. He was determined to crush out Islam root and branch in North Africa. Every hour he could spare from his duties as chancellor, Jiménez spent in acquiring the basic principles of tactics and strategy from Gonsalvo de Córdoba who was now living on his estates near Granada. He studied the art of war just as eagerly and exhaustively as when he was a youth conning the vocabularies of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages at the university of Salamanca.

Ferdinand, to whom Jiménez submitted his rough plan for the invasion of Oran, was not in the least interested in the grandiose enterprise and whenever the chancellor referred to the matter, the regent bluntly refused to countenance such a bold attempt at taking the field on behalf of Christendom against the infidel. The reasons for this refusal on the part of the king were that the treasury was depleted and that he did not wish to see Gonsalvo de Córdoba again at the head of the Spanish army. It was quite true that the treasury was almost empty owing to Philip's extravagance; also it was common knowledge that Ferdinand disliked the Great Captain. Moreover, Ferdinand's thoughts were far more engaged with Louis XII of France than with the sultan of the Ottoman empire.

The cardinal-chancellor could not wantonly ignore his king's wishes, but far weightier reasons than those advanced by Ferdinand would have been needed to dissuade Jiménez from a project the realisation of which meant sal-

vation and blessing to Spain and Christendom. At whatever price, he must cleave to his plan. Since the treasury was exhausted, he himself would defray the expenses of the expedition. His was the wealthiest archiepiscopal see in the whole of Spain. What better use could he make of his revenues? And if Gonsalvo de Córdoba did not please the king as commander-in-chief of the armies which were to fight against Islam, then the chancellor himself would act as generalissimo. Thus the expedition took shape.

Preparations were carried out carefully and thoroughly. Gonsalvo, while keeping in the background, furnished the prelate with expert advice. Pedro de Navarro, who had distinguished himself on more than one occasion by his satisfactory mining operations in the previous wars, was selected as troop commander. The bellicose cardinal was ready in the spring of 1509 to take over the high command. On May 16, 1509, Jiménez, now generalissimo, a man of seventy-three years, set sail from Cartagena for Oran at the head of 10,000 infantry and 4,000 horse in ten vessels of the line and eighty smaller craft. He intended to make Oran the base for operations against the Turkish empire and to attack at the earliest opportunity.

Next day, the fleet reached the little port of Mazarquivir which had four years ago been captured by the Spanish when they were rooting out the Barbary pirates who infested the coast. Here he speedily disembarked his forces and formed them in battle array. It must have been a fascinating picture when generalissimo Jiménez, girt with a sword over his archiepiscopal vestments, wearing a cardinal's hat, addressed his men with intent to kindle their enthusiasm for the fights ahead which were to win them award in heaven and rich booty on earth. That same evening, Jiménez marched his army from Mazarquivir towards Oran, the place he coveted. His entourage entreated him to refrain from actually riding at the head of the army, so he entrusted that post to Pedro de Navarro who instantly took command. At dusk, they crossed hilly ground; showers of arrows greeted them, for the Moors had already caught sight of the oncoming foe. Navarro wished to postpone the assault on Oran until the morrow, but Jiménez overruled

naries to which libraries, chapels and refectories were attached. In fact, he contemplated the foundation of university colleges of a kind which later were perfected at Oxford and Cambridge.

Once Jiménez had conceived an idea, it was certain to find realisation in fact. Alcalá, where the primate had studied himself as a youth, was selected as the most suitable place for experiment and, helped by competent architects, the gigantic scheme began to take shape in 1500. On the banks of the river Henares, magnificent buildings were erected until in 1508 the whole design of the university town of Alcalá was completed. This truly grandiose work was devised, furthered, and supervised by Jiménez himself. When, in later years, Francis I visited Alcalá, he was filled with admiration at the cardinal's achievement and remarked to a Spaniard of his entourage: "Your Jiménez has brought into being more than I should have ventured even to conceive. He has done with his single hand what in France has taken a whole succession of kings to accomplish".

Having relinquished the chancellorship, Jiménez was in a position actively to participate in the administration and instruction. He lectured, participated in the students' discussions, took endless pains to attract famous scientists to Alcalá, and kept in touch with leading intellectuals abroad. Above all, he endeavoured to improve and perfect educational methods and the institutions of his university.

This was not the only or even the principal task of Jiménez when he retired from the political arena. His main occupation was the production of the great "Complutensian" polyglot Bible, the Scriptures in four different languages. This work alone would have sufficed to make Jiménez' name immortal in the annals of Spain and in the whole world of learning.

Besides his natural endowments, he could never have accomplished so immensely difficult a task had it not been for his iron will-power and industry. When he was a student at the university of Salamanca, he not only acquired a profound knowledge of theology, canon and civil law, but also of the Hebrew and the Chaldaic tongues. These he brought to perfection during the six years of imprisonment

imposed on him by the archbishop Alfonso Carillo. Thus he possessed the preliminary conditions for compiling his polyglot Bible. The idea of doing this work had first come to him when in his early studies of exegesis he was startled to find so many errors and mistakes had crept into the text in the course of centuries. Now he could delve into the magnificent library he had founded at Alcalá. From among the scholars of his university, he selected a group of co-workers who were to discuss with him every dubious passage and questionable translation. At his own expense, he collected rare and precious parchments which might prove of use to the work he had in hand. He also ordered the careful transcription of all available ancient Bibles, those in the Vatican collection, in other Italian libraries, and in almost all the other European libraries. Spain supplied him with precious editions of the Old Testament which were for the most part taken from the Jews when they were expelled from the peninsula. Furthermore, he had brought with him from Oran some Arabic parchments. He did not stint money on his purchases, since he disbursed 4,000 gold crowns (an enormous sum in those days) on seven manuscripts from England. The pursuit of this systematic and co-ordinated work is portrayed by the fact that each of the nine men who helped him had to specialise in a particular subject and was expected to toil at that throughout the day, and worked two at a time at the same language. When night fell, they foregathered under Jiménez' presidency to talk things over, to debate contested points, and to give the finishing touches to every single sentence of Holy Writ in its Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaic versions. At times these commentators, fatigued by the day's labour, would beg of Jiménez to slow down the pace, but he paid no heed to their supplications, saying as Prescott has it: "Lose no time, my friends, in the prosecution of our work, lest in the casualties of life, you should lose your patron, or I have to lament the loss of those whose services are of more value in my eyes than wealth and worldly honours".

Years elapsed in this painstaking labour. The volume containing the New Testament was completed in 1514. It was the fifth volume of the whole work, but it was the first to

be printed. The previous four volumes contained the Old Testament, and the sixth was a dictionary of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages. This last was finished in 1517, a few months before the cardinal's death. Since the art of printing was still in its infancy, Jiménez sent for German master-printers who were at that time the most skilled in the new discovery. He published his polyglot Bible in a superb edition, the make-up of which was from his own sketches. The price fixed for the sales was at a low figure (six and a half ducats), in order to bring it within the purchasing power of the learned in Italy, France, England, and Germany.

When he received the first copy of the fifth volume, Jiménez summoned all his co-workers and held a solemn thanksgiving service. Then turning to the friends who had helped him, he exclaimed: "Of all the acts I have done in the course of my life, there is none more valuable than this, the accomplishment of which I owe to you".

The polyglot Bible was still in hand when the old prelate conceived the idea of editing Aristotle's works in Greek, Latin and Spanish. But fate stepped in and Jiménez was never able to do as he wished.

The retired statesman, absorbed in scientific pursuits, was called forth from his studies by political affairs and he had once again to become regent. Spain needed him.

After Jiménez left Oran, the fortune of war did not smile on Navarro who had to shoulder full responsibility of action in northern Africa. Though at the outset he subjugated Tripoli, he later suffered an overwhelming defeat at Yerba. His army was decimated, his fleet terribly mauled, and he had no choice but to return to Cartagena. Oran and its garrison alone held out against the Moors. There, the fighting spirit which had inspired Jiménez outlived his departure. Legend has it that long after the old man's death, he shielded Oran and encouraged the garrison whenever the situation looked critical. He would appear in the sky, an immense figure clad in the garb of a Franciscan and wearing his cardinal's hat on his head.

Spain's foreign policy was in a worse plight than the situation in Africa. Ferdinand, albeit a man well versed in

diplomacy, perhaps the best king Spain ever had, lacked the grand style of the ex-chancellor. Jiménez was a veritable master of diplomacy. Ferdinand still suffered from the obsession of crushing France, treaty of peace or no treaty. But he was of too mercurial a temperament to keep his objective constantly in mind. Moreover, he had a downright passion for intrigue, especially since, during his regency, his intrigues had for the most part turned out well, be they never so numerous and heterogeneous. But ever since he had lost his good genius Isabella and had deprived himself of his wise chancellor and his gallant general Gonsalvo de Córdoba, conditions had changed for the worse.

No historian has denied Ferdinand's surpassing achievements in the handling of Spanish affairs in general, though his vaulting ambition, his cynical disregard of the treaties which he himself had proposed or concluded, his utter lack of scruple, had often landed him in difficulties and even in critical situations. At the time when Jiménez resigned the chancellorship and Gonsalvo de Córdoba had been relieved of his post as viceroy of Naples, Ferdinand was, or pretended to be, on excellent terms with Louis XII and, together with Maximilian, the three monarchs entered into an alliance in December 1508. This had been signed at Cambray under the pretext of fighting the Turks, but with the real purpose of partitioning the wealthy republic of Venice among themselves and the pope, Julius II. In accordance with the terms of this alliance, Louis marched his troops over the Alps in April 1509 and had occupied Venice and Bologna.

The French king's triumph aroused Ferdinand's jealousy, envy, and covetousness and set him on the path of intrigues in which he was up to every conceivable trick. He proved himself a past-master at the game since he succeeded in twisting the alliance with France against Venice and all the minor states of Italy into a league of Italy against Louis.

Backed by Julius II who felt no little alarm at the victorious advance of the French in Italy, Ferdinand ordered his forces to march against the French in the spring of 1512. Though Spain possessed in Gonsalvo de Córdoba an

extremely efficient general who was accustomed to conquer, he was not entrusted with the high command, for he was still in Ferdinand's bad graces. The post was assigned to a certain Don Hugo de Cardona, viceroy of Naples. The man was so gentle and irresolute a knight that the pope nicknamed him "Lady Cardona". He led the troops into battle and suffered a crushing defeat at Ravenna on April 11, 1512. Pedro de Navarro, who commanded the infantry in this rout, was taken prisoner. Avaricious as Ferdinand was, he refused to pay the ransom demanded by the French and this so infuriated Navarro that he offered his services to Louis. Unfortunately for him, he was captured by the Spanish a short while afterwards and, by Ferdinand's orders, was strangled in the castle of Naples which he had gained by force of arms for Ferdinand some years previously.

Though the Spanish defeat at Ravenna was overwhelming, the French did not make proper use of their victory. They had lost on the battlefield their excellent young commander, Gaston de Foix, brother of Germaine, Ferdinand's wife. Eventually, on April 1, 1513, Louis saw that he had to make peace. Ferdinand's prestige had indubitably dropped after the defeat at Ravenna, yet the cynical game he played turned to his advantage in the end. He suffered no territorial loss; quite the contrary. Pretending that the little kingdom of Navarre was endangered by French cupidity, Ferdinand made the necessary preparations for invasion. His army was led by the duke of Alva and, almost without striking a blow Pamplona, the capital, was occupied and the whole kingdom was incorporated into the realm of a united Spain. Castile, Aragon, Granada, Navarre, thus became a mighty monarchy during the regency of Ferdinand the Catholic who was also the king of Naples, Sicily, and Oran.

Ferdinand was in the hey-day of his power, but he was not a happy man. His young queen had disappointed him, since she had no children after the first boy who had died. His dislike for Charles continued, for the lad was being brought up in the Netherlands, educated by a Fleming, and more a Hapsburg than a Spaniard. How was Ferdinand to

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prevent the crown passing to this elder son of his daughter Joanna? She was still the lawful queen of Castile though her mind was unhinged. How much better were it if Charles younger brother, Ferdinand, should mount the throne! The boy was likable, had been born in Spain, and had always lived in Spain. Could he not be proclaimed heir by royal mandate? But the king's council firmly rejected the proposal.

Charles got wind of his grandfather's aversion to the idea of his lawful succession and, in order to secure his rights beyond a doubt, turned for help to his maternal grandfather, Maximilian, and also received support for his claim from Julius II, Louis XII, and the nobles who had rallied to the side of his father Philip.

Ferdinand's health was rapidly declining. He felt increasingly listless and lost interest in affairs of state. Though short of breath, he fancied wandering through the fields and forests and going to hunt as often as his strength would permit. While hunting with the duke of Alva on the latter's estate not far from Plasencia on a December day, he caught cold and fell seriously ill. So acute was this illness that it was impossible to carry him to his residence and he was modestly accommodated in the hamlet of Madrigalejo near Guadalupe. This was his last domicile on earth.

Chroniclers tell us that about ten years earlier a gipsy had prophesied that Ferdinand of Aragon would die at a place called Madrigal. When the king learned the name of the hamlet where he was lying on his deathbed, he felt convinced he would never leave the wretched spot alive. Contemporaries also mention a bad omen. The legendary bell of Velilla had sounded its mysterious peal which foreboded impending disaster for Aragon. On New Year's night, 1516, the inhabitants of Saragossa are said to have heard the ominous toll, this time in prediction of their king's death.

When the tidings of Ferdinand's fatal sickness reached Jiménez' ears, he hastened from his library on the banks of the Henares to the king's sickbed. He had never wavered in his loyalty to his king in spite of Ferdinand's ungrateful behaviour. Rancour was foreign to his nature. He considered

it to be his duty to be near the dying monarch and also to keep a wary eye on anything which might happen on the king's demise which could affect Spain's political future.

The special envoy whom Charles had sent to Castile in order to look after his legitimate interests was cardinal Adrian of Utrecht. This man too made all speed to Madrigalejo when he learned of Ferdinand's condition, but he was not admitted to the king's chamber. Ferdinand remarked sardonically: "He has only come here to be on the spot when I die".

Though the king must have been aware of his approaching end, he did not make a Will until the very last day of his life. Then he summoned his councillors round his bed and asked them to whom he should leave the regency. They unanimously replied: "To the archbishop of Toledo, Jiménez de Cisneros". Ferdinand had reached the moment when the vital spark is about to be extinguished and everyone is disposed to make his peace with God and the world. He made his peace with the old cardinal and stipulated that Jiménez was to be regent of Castile in the absence of Charles the rightful heir.

A few hours after signing his Will, Ferdinand died. He was sixty-four years of age and had spent forty-one of those years in contributing in full measure to the aggrandisement of Spain. He died on January 23, 1516.

His testament might well have been contested, since Joanna was still alive and was the true heir to the throne of Castile. But she had been pronounced unfit to rule owing to the mental malady which afflicted her. It was in these circumstances that Ferdinand had taken over the regency. What right had he, therefore, to bequeath the throne to a person of his choice? It was quite natural that Charles' envoy should enter a protest when he learned that Ferdinand had nominated Jiménez to the regency. Moreover, he produced a decree whereby he was authorised by Charles to assume the regency himself. But Adrian's credentials, though sanctioned by the "heir" to the throne of Castile, were not valid since Charles had no right whatsoever to appoint a regent. At last, it was agreed that Jiménez should act as regent and Adrian as co-regent. When Jiménez consi-

dered it expedient to do so, he arbitrarily thrust aside his co-regent and held the reins of government in his own able hands. In spite of his venerable age, Jiménez carried his point in the vast majority of cases which were of importance to the administration of Castile.

Among the many high-handed ordinances issued by Jiménez during the early days of his second regency was one against the nobility. These folk thought it a good opportunity to regain the powerful position they had enjoyed during Philip's reign. Part of the nobles openly revolted against Jiménez and his régime; another faction tried to use the council of state as a stepping-stone to their aspirations. In order to hold down the nobility, the regent organised at his own expense an urban militia. The story is current that Jiménez invited the nobles to his residence with a view to persuading them that his actions were for the good of Spain as a united whole. They challenged him to say by what authority he held governmental power. To this he replied by pointing to a park of artillery and a corps of urban militia beneath the windows, saying: "There is my authority".

Jiménez resolved to maintain Spanish unity and all the useful measures he had introduced in the course of his chancellorship, a post he had held for twenty-two years. With youthful élan and unbroken energy, he set about the manifold tasks confronting him when he assumed his second regency. State finance had fallen upon evil days and was again completely disorganised; this must be put to rights. Within a few months, he doubled the public revenues—thereby giving a demonstration of his administrative skill. Next he turned his mind to the rehabilitation of the army and navy which had been neglected during Ferdinand's regency. A high standard must be achieved. When a French army invaded Navarre to recover this little kingdom for the king of France, Jiménez put into the field such excellently trained troops that the French were repelled. After the final expulsion of the French from Navarre in the spring of 1516, Jiménez used his seasoned troops against the inner foe—the nobility of Spain. The castle of the insubordinate nobles were attacked and razed to the ground. Circumspect and

far-seeing as ever, he caused strong fortresses to be built in the principal passes leading from Navarre into France.

While dealing with these matters, he gave his attention to the Mediterranean and to the Spanish possessions beyond the Atlantic. A special delegation was sent to Hispaniola to keep a vigilant eye on the wretched conditions under which the natives had to live and to improve these conditions. The pirates of the Barbary coast were again giving trouble and attacking Spanish ships in the Mediterranean. To subdue these, he equipped a flotilla whose specific task was to root out the marauders and to fortify those places still remaining in Spanish hands after Pedro de Navarro's disastrous defeat at Yerba.

He inaugurated bold schemes for the intensification of Spanish trade with foreign countries and to bring prosperity to Spain and her population. Yet with all his iron will and unremitting energy, two major issues eluded him. The revenues continuously exported from the country to keep up Charles' luxurious court in the Low Countries prejudiced Spain's financial equilibrium; the introduction of slave labour into the American colonies, advocated by Charles' councillors, led to tragical and far-reaching consequences. Though Jiménez protested vehemently and constantly against these evils, predicting that immense harm would sooner or later result, he was always outvoted. Posterity has learned the truth of Jiménez' predictions.

As was to be expected from the outstart, Adrian of Utrecht was no match for Jiménez. Though unable to make any headway against the veteran chancellor's resolutions, ordinances, and measures, he thought to serve the interests of his master by protesting and reporting his helplessness to the court of Flanders. Another co-regent was sent to support Adrian so that the twain might outvote Jiménez if need arose. This precaution met with scant success, yet it rendered the regent's difficult task even more arduous. But his stern spirit rose to the occasion.

For nineteen months, Jiménez shouldered the responsibility of administering the affairs of Spain. Then, on September 17, 1517, Charles landed at Villaviciosa in the Asturias. Loyal as ever to his liege, Jiménez had already

proclaimed Charles the lawful king, though he had to overcome a certain reluctance on the part of the four united kingdoms of Spain because the population did not wish to recognise him as the legal heir to their respective thrones. Moreover, as early as August 1516, Jiménez had signed a treaty with Francis I to the effect that France abandoned all claims to the crown of Naples and this ran counter to the stipulations of the treaty entered into by Ferdinand and Louis XII and concluded at Segovia in 1505. Charles, who was the first king of that name to rule in Spain, might well have been pleased with the conditions prevailing in his monarchy and its foreign relations at the moment when Jiménez' regency came to an end.

Young Charles seemed to be frightened at the prospect of a personal interview with the venerable cardinal, for he evaded the encounter by writing a letter to thank Jiménez for the services he had rendered Spain, ending with a passage which for rudeness and shamelessness is unparalleled in history: "Cardinal Jiménez will graciously be allowed now to retire to his diocese there to seek from heaven that reward which heaven alone can bestow on him in full measure".

A few weeks later, Jiménez died at the Franciscan friary of Aquilera on November 8, 1517. The estate he left behind him was Greater Spain and the mourners were the whole population of this same Greater Spain.

Some contemporary chroniclers and later historians, either because they believed that what they wrote was true or because they liked romancing, have tried to convince the world that Charles' detestable and cynical dismissal of the eighty-one year old cardinal was responsible for the veteran's death. This is a trite idea. Such men as Jiménez do not die of a broken heart. The man who, from youth onward, wore the Franciscan habit next his skin, who devoted all his natural endowments and acquired wisdom to God, Spain and Christendom, who felt no personal gratification at his achievements because he attributed them entirely to God in Whom he trusted, who never wished for and never expected an earthly reward or human appreciation, a man such as this does not die because he has received an imper-

minent letter from a youth of seventeen, be that youngster a king or otherwise. Jiménez died in a peaceful frame of mind, pious, and confident to the end in divine mercy.

Jiménez' life-work had been accomplished; the four kingdoms were united into a whole; Spain had become both internally and externally the strongest and most flourishing country in Europe with every possibility of extending her sway in the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic.

But the Hapsburgs, Charles I and Philip II and their descendants squandered this wonderful heritage. They ruined Spain's internal security by disbanding the cortes; they poured out Spanish wealth and blood in the Netherlands and in Germany; the armada which should have gone to Constantinople went off to the English seas instead and was scattered far and wide; the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily together with the Spanish possessions in America were lost. All these losses may be ascribed to human nature, but the laws which govern life apply to nations as well as to individuals.

The Iron-Chancellor's memory and deeds are inscribed in the annals of Spain and will never be forgotten. Spain is still a united whole and her flag still waves over most of the African territory which Jiménez won for her. And still today there are thousands of scholars who are filled with admiration for the Polyglot Bible and its authors. Jiménez' name has found a place in the Pantheon of all great men and his name will live for ever.

CHAPTER FOUR

Don Juan of Austria, the Hero-Admiral

IN the history of the great world and of Spain in particular, there are many pre-eminent names of Spanish generals to be found, but curiously enough no Spanish admirals seem ever to be mentioned. This does not mean that naval heroes are lacking in the history of Spain. Quite the contrary. The annals of the English navy which had so many encounters with commanders of the Spanish fleet in the course of centuries, must be full of experiences showing the valour displayed by the mariners of Spain. The Spaniards did not shine in the realm of naval tactics, but in prowess they had no equals. Still, if an admiral is to excel, he must know all there is to know about naval tactics, for this is it which is decisive in sea fights.

Though Don Juan of Austria was not actually born in Spain, it is just and reasonable to call him an illustrious Spanish admiral, and perhaps we are not exaggerating when we say that he was one of the greatest to be encountered in the whole of history. From its very beginning, his life reads like a romance.

He was the son of Barbara Blomberg, a very young and beautiful girl belonging to a wealthy Bavarian family; his father was the emperor Charles V. Don Juan was born on February 24, 1545—, or possibly 1547, the actual date of his birth is not certain. On the whole, historians seem to lean to the former date, in spite of the fact that a medal struck in honour of the baby's arrival bears the date 1547. It is natural that the birth of an illegitimate child should be shrouded in mystery, especially when the father happens to be so exalted a personage as an emperor already in his forties and the mother the daughter of a respectable middle-class family.

Regensburg in Bavaria was the place of this boy's birth,

and he was christened Geronimo. He was as little honoured in his boyhood as he was to become esteemed when he grew to manhood. A similar fate awaited his step-sister, Margaret, who was also a child of Charles V. She, too, was a bastard by a Flemish girl named Margaret van der Gheenst who, being orphaned of both parents, had been educated at the castle of count Hoogstraten where Charles V met her and fell in love with her when he was twenty and she sixteen. This illegitimate child, Margaret as she had been christened, became in after years the wife of Alexander of Medici, and she played an important part in history as Margaret of Parma, regent of the Netherlands.

Young Geronimo did not attract his imperial father, and was left in his mother's care till he was three years old. Then, by order of the emperor, she married a nobody called Kegel who refused to take the boy into a bargain which brought him in a pension of but fifty florins a year.

Geronimo was now confided to the care of a Flemish family one of whose members was the musician Maffi, then attached to the Spanish court chapel and resident at Leganos, a small village in the vicinity of Madrid. There the little son of Charles V lived in rather poor circumstances and, had it not been for the good offices of a local priest who had taken a liking for the clever boy, he would never have learned to read and write. No one knew of the lad's descent

In 1554, Geronimo was transferred from Maffi's home and placed in the charge of Don Luis de Quijada, one of the emperor's stewards, for further education. His obligations to his natural son seemed suddenly to have dawned on Charles and for this reason it appeared incumbent upon him to give the boy a change of environment. He was, therefore, brought up at Quijada's castle of Villagarcia, not far from Valladolid, but the child was still ignorant of his parentage.

The choice of Don Luis de Quijada and his wife, Donna Madalena da Ullao, as foster-parents for Geronimo, proved an excellent one. The couple were childless so that Donna Madalena was able to devote all her attention to the boy. When Don Luis introduced the youngster into his household, he told his wife that Geronimo was the illegitimate

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child of one of his friends. Madalena naturally suspected that her husband was the father of the child, but Quijada kept his emperor's secret to himself. His wife's suspicions, however, were aroused and a transient cloud darkened their otherwise happy conjugal relationship. But this did not worry Don Luis very greatly. He merely added this small misunderstanding to the many others which his position as the emperor's steward entailed upon him. As time went on, his connubial bliss was restored. Donna Madalena, herself, overcame any prejudice she might have entertained in regard to her foster-son because he was a handsome lad, good-natured and obviously gifted. Thus he endeared himself to the magnanimous, pious, intelligent and highly educated Donna Madalena who set about his education with zeal. Whilst Don Luis taught him the virtues of chivalry, Donna Madalena taught him a proper awe of God and humanity. Geronimo was as attached to his foster-parents as they were to him. He called them "father" and "mother" and was deeply grateful to them for imparting to him the principles of life. He never ceased to love his adoptive parents, and when Quijada died, he kept his memory green. Donna Madalena survived her husband and likewise her "beloved son", leading the life of a saint and devoting herself to works of charity until her death in 1598.

In 1556, Charles V retired to the cloister of San Yuste, after abdicating his throne. May he not in the solitude of his latter days have recalled the many vicissitudes of his life? May he not have remembered the beautiful girl he had loved so dearly and the son she had given him? Once he sent for Don Quijada and handed over to him a generous amount of money so as to secure the well-being of a certain Barbara Kegel who lived in needy circumstances. Another time, he asked whether it were feasible to bring Geronimo to the vicinity of San Yuste so that he might see the youth with his own eyes. Don Quijada, therefore, removed to Cuacos, a small village in the neighbourhood of San Yuste, taking with him his wife and Geronimo. Donna Madalena and her "son" frequently visited the ex-emperor and she found pleasure in doing so.

In the chronicles of the cloister of San Yuste, there is a

heartrending description by the abbot concerning the last talk the sick emperor had with the lovely and vivacious boy Geronimo who was by that time thirteen. The abbot did not know that this boy was Charles V's natural son. The emperor beckoned the boy close to his sick bed and they conversed together for nearly an hour in the most amicable manner. When next Madalena brought Geronimo to the cloister, the emperor Charles V was lying in state in the monastery chapel.

After attending the funeral service which took place on September 21, 1558, Don Quijada returned with his wife and young Geronimo to his castle of Villargarcia.

Charles V's death brought Geronimo to a turning point in his career. In a codicil to his Will, the emperor revealed the secret of the boy's birth and at the same time recommended him to the care of his step-brother, Philip II, the reigning monarch of Spain. In the same codicil, it was suggested that Geronimo should become a monk or, if the boy showed a disinclination to this, he should receive a feudal tenure in the kingdom of Naples and be treated with such respect as became his high descent.

Before Philip could take a decisive step, rumour was already rife that Geronimo was the emperor's natural son. The gossip may have arisen on account of Geronimo's unusually frequent visits to the emperor at San Yuste, for it was well known that Charles as a rule displayed no partiality towards children. Indeed, he had not long before his death sternly refused his daughter's request to take charge of his rather recalcitrant grandson, Don Carlos, the only son and heir of Philip II. It was thought that the old man might exert a favourable influence on the youngster's character.

Shortly after Charles V's death, Philip went abroad to see for himself how conditions in the Netherlands were developing. The political situation in this part of his domains was in a critical state. During his absence, his widowed sister, Juana, acted as regent in Spain. In view of the fact that she was the late emperor's daughter, she considered herself obliged to show an interest in Geronimo's welfare. In the first place, she wished to know the boy better

and suggested to Donna Madalena that she present him without delay. After some display of reluctance on the part of the foster-parents, the introduction to Juana took place at a public function. This was before a tribunal of the Inquisition with its gruesome *auto da fé* of alleged heretics, held on May 31, 1559.

Contemporary historians declare that Juana recognised Geronimo at first sight as the son of her father owing to the striking resemblance the features of the boy bore to those of Charles V. She embraced him and kissed him heartily in the presence of the vast concourse of people assembled around them. It is recorded that the multitude were enthusiastic beholders of this touching scene and gave the boy a rapturous ovation. Surely this was a good omen of what his relations with the Spanish people were to be in days to come!

On his return to Spain in September 1559, Philip determined to execute the provisions of his father's Will and especially to see that his base-born step-brother Geronimo should have a square deal—though this would largely depend on what sort of impression the boy produced on the king.

A hunting party in the vicinity of Valladolid was expressly arranged for the purpose of a meeting between the two by Don Quijada. Geronimo made a favourable impression. It had been agreed beforehand that the boy should kneel before the king and kiss his hand. At that time King Philip II was thirty-two, Geronimo fourteen. The king scrutinised the face of the boy; there ensued a long silence; then the king asked abruptly: "Do you know who was your father?" Geronimo looked obviously embarrassed, cast down his eyes and returned no answer. But from his whole demeanour the king guessed that Geronimo was still ignorant of his high descent and was pleased with the lad's discreet behaviour. Yes, taken all in all, the king was pleased with his step-brother. Raising him from his knees, he addressed him as follows: "Be of good cheer. You are the son of a great man, no less a man than the emperor Charles V. Therefore are we brothers". And it was in this wise that Geronimo learned about his royal descent.

In September 1559 Philip II publicly recognised Geronimo as a member of the royal family. Henceforth he was called Don Juan of Austria, had a residence and court bestowed upon him at the head of which he established his beloved foster-parents, Don Luis de Quijada and Donna Madalena da Ulloa.

Soon he made his entry into the university of Alcalá which had as its founder the famous cardinal Jiménez. Here he remained for three years. Among his fellow students were Don Carlos, the heir to the Spanish throne, and Alexander Farness, the son of Margaret of Parma. Geronimo and Don Carlos were on especially friendly terms. They made a strange trio. Though they were all descendants of the emperor Charles V and therefore belonged to the same royal family, in appearance and character they differed greatly.

Don Juan of Austria was the eldest and also the handsomest and most gifted of the three. He possessed the golden hair and radiant blue eyes of his mother and while he studied at Alcalá he was the cynosure of all and beloved of everyone who came into contact with him—as was the case in later years at Madrid and Naples.

Don Carlos was six months his junior and was in every way the opposite of Juan. Grandson to the late emperor and son of Philip, the reigning monarch, he took after his father. His complexion was sallow, his face expressionless, his chest sunken, one shoulder misformed. From his mother, Mary of Portugal, who had died a few days after his birth, he inherited his frail constitution. Truth to tell, he was a perfect specimen of the results of inbreeding, for the royal houses of Portugal and Spain had been consanguineous for many generations. Both mentally and physically he was a degenerate. Though suspicious by nature, Don Carlos displayed a sincere attachment for his uncle Don Juan, who also was his fellow student, and confided the secrets of his troubled soul to him.

Alexander Farnese was totally different from either of these two young men. He was three years their junior. Margaret of Parma, the bastard daughter of Charles V, and Ottavio Farnese, prince of Parma, were his parents. The

only suitable adjective that might be applied to his mother's life, is "prodigious". As a girl of twelve, she was married for political reasons to Alexander de Medici, duke of Florence, who was murdered within a year of the wedding; for a second time, she was married for political reasons to Ottavio Farnese, whose lost principality had been restored to him in later days by command of the emperor Charles V. Ottavio Farnese was the grandson of the cardinal of the same name who came to the papal see under the title of Paul III. At twelve, he was betrothed to Margaret who was then a young woman of twenty. Six years after the marriage, Alexander Farnese first saw the light of day. Shortly after his birth, his mother and father separated and Margaret with their little son betook herself to the Netherlands where in due course the difficult task of regency was assigned to her by king Philip II of Spain. Then young Alexander was brought to Spain in order to be educated alongside the heir Don Carlos and Don Juan of Austria. Alexander took mainly after the Farneses and very little after his mother. He was small of stature, sinewy, black haired, fiery and impetuous.

While still a student at the university, Don Carlos suffered a grievous accident. He fell down stairs. Concussion, blindness and partial paralysis ensued until a surgeon performed an operation and he slowly recovered. But this accident may account for his periodic accesses of lunacy in later years.

At the close of the years 1564, Don Juan of Austria left Alcalá and removed to Madrid. Soon the hearts of the Medrihans turned towards the handsome, chivalrous young prince, who was then nineteen. Even the envious courtiers of Philip's entourage had to admit that none could surpass him in knightly virtues. Filled with ambition, he wished to earn by imposing deeds the sympathy which he now mostly owed to his comely appearance. Though Philip still cherished the idea that his brother would become a monk, he yielded to Don Juan's urgent desire to win the laurels of a warrior.

An opportunity presented itself when the mighty sultan Solyman the Glorious decided to conquer the "Christian

hornet's nest", the knightly order of Malta, and set up the Crescent in the western Mediterranean.

The siege of Malta by the Turks aroused the gravest anxiety in the Christian world. The far reaching consequences of a possible predominance of the Turks in the Mediterranean were not fully appreciated by the men of that day, but everyone felt that Christendom must be saved at all costs. The loss of Constantinople and the Byzantine empire was still fresh in men's memories.

Don Juan of Austria was resolutely determined to throw in his lot with the heroic defenders of Malta. Not being quite sure of Philip's consent to the enterprise, he left Madrid by stealth with intent to embark with some friends from Barcelona and make for the island. But he was imperatively recalled by the king. In defiance of royal orders, he continued on his way to Barcelona. On his arrival, he found to his regret that the relieving squadrons of the Spanish navy had already set their course for Malta. Nothing deterred, he decided to cross the Pyrenees, make for Marseilles and sail from that port in company with some French knights.

Meanwhile, the viceroy of Catalonia had received instructions from Philip to bring Don Juan back to Madrid and if needs must by force. At the same time, Don Quijada wrote to the young man urging him not to endanger his future career by disobeying the king's orders. Impressed more by his foster-father's petition than by the king's command, Don Juan returned to Madrid. Here, though Philip reproved him for his rebellious conduct, the populace unanimously hailed him as a hero zealous to defend the Holy Faith against the infidel.

Greatly to his disappointment, Don Juan saw himself forced to stay at Madrid and remain inactive. His unhappiness increased as he came to know more about the king's court and the perpetual bickerings between Don Carlos and his father. Father and son at length grew to dislike one another to such a degree that they were hardly on speaking terms. The situation was further involved because Don Carlos still continued to be seriously attached to Don Juan and made him, as at the university, the confi-

dent of his muddle-headed plans. Don Juan repeatedly warned his nephew not to drag him into his fantastic machinations, but Don Carlos insisted on revealing a plot which aimed at killing "that man" at Christmas 1567. Naturally Don Juan interpreted "that man" as being no other than Philip himself. Much against the grain, for Don Juan was the soul of chivalry and hated to play the part of informer, he deemed it his duty to make the king aware of Don Carlos' abominable intentions.

Ever since Philip had married Elisabeth de Valois, Henry II's eldest daughter, who had been betrothed to Don Carlos, the son had borne a grudge against his father for stealing his bride. The flame of rage was kept kindled the more Don Carlos brooded upon his wrong. Matters were made even more unpleasant because, though the young heir was now twenty-two, his father resolutely refused to give him a fair share in affairs of state. Further humiliations were in store for him. Ruy Gomez was appointed governor to the prince. This was a man whom Don Carlos despised. Also his betrothal to Anne of Austria was annulled. She was the daughter of the emperor Maximilian II who proved himself sympathetic to the engagement. It has to be admitted, however, that neither mentally nor physically was Don Carlos a fit man to be joined in wedlock. To add insult to injury, Philip now married Don Carlos' second betrothed after the death of Elisabeth de Valois.

When he received the news of Don Carlos' dastardly plan, Philip had a close watch kept upon him. On January 18, 1568, the king himself arrested Don Carlos, and the unhappy prince never again knew freedom. Considering that Don Juan of Austria would try to put in a plea in Don Carlos' favour, the king had him removed for a while from Madrid. A good excuse served the king's purpose. A punitive expeditions against Algerian pirates must be undertaken as soon as possible. Don Juan of Austria, as was well known, had always been bent on joining the navy and he was now gazetted to the command of a squadron under the supreme command of Don Luis de Requesens y Zúñiga.

The inhabitants of southern Spain had for long been molested by the savage incursions of marauding Moorish

pirates, who from the African ports pestered the inhabitants of the western Mediterranean. They even ventured to attack ports and carry the inhabitants off into slavery. After much pondering, hesitation and postponement, Philip felt he could no longer remain inactive. So he ordered that a punitive expedition be equipped and sent against the Algerian pirates

Admiral Requesens was a thoroughly efficient officer. Under his command, Don Juan of Austria went through his navigation course and service at sea, thus getting full opportunity for practical experience in the routine of naval warfare during the eight months the fleet was engaged against the pirates. Juan devoted much of his time to the study of works dealing with naval engagements and sea-going vessels, became engrossed in the minutest details of earlier encounters, reconstructing mentally and discussing and scrutinising every naval battle with his comrades. On a small scale, he created what might be called "a naval school" which grew into a large-scale "game of war" and served him and later generations as an almost complete military education. He was the first Spanish commander to recognise that valour alone was not enough to obtain victories on the high seas. In Spain more than elsewhere, it had been customary to appoint generals to the post of commander, men who, perhaps, had never in their life set sail and who had not the faintest knowledge of seafaring and naval tactics. We may with justice assume that the crushing defeat the Spanish fleet sustained in its assault on Malta in the year 1560, was in the main due precisely to this curious practice

When every conceivable preparation had been made, the small but excellently equipped Spanish fleet left Cartagena on June 3, 1568. Within eight months, the Moorish pirates were swept from the Spanish coast to the Balearic Isles, from the Balearic Isles to Sicily, and from Sicily to Oran. Dozens of the enemy ships had been sunk and hundreds of the pirates been taken prisoner, placed in irons and made to row the Spanish galleys.

Don Juan returned to Madrid in February 1569 after a successful crusade. He was received with great enthusiasm,

for the people felt relieved of a heavy burden by the happy issue of this punitive expedition and to them Don Juan seemed to have played a glorious part.

Meanwhile, Don Carlos had been assassinated in July 1568. Rumours as to the cause of his death were rife. Some Spaniards and also some foreign diplomats suspected the use of poison. This was almost universally accepted as truth and, since by the king's express orders, no one was allowed to serve Don Carlos' meals save only his governor, Ruy Gomez, this man naturally was taken to be the murderer. Horror seized the populace at such a brutal act and the tension thus caused was greatly alleviated when it was known that their idol Don Juan had returned safely home.

In papal and foreign diplomatic circles, especially the nuncio and certain members of the diplomatic corps who had visited Don Carlos during his detention, the fact had been confirmed that shortly before his death, he had the appearance of one slowly dying of poison. This may have been the very same poison to which Ruy Gomez himself fell a victim in after years when Philip cast loving eyes upon his henchman's wife, the demoniacal princess Eboli whose fascinating lineaments have been left to posterity by the master hand of Titian.

Philip II was by nature distrustful, suspicious, dismal, and bore a grudge against anyone whose ability and effectiveness matched his own. In his heart of hearts, he disliked having so radiant a figure as Don Juan of Austria among his intimates, particularly so since the young victor constantly asked him about the causes of Don Carlos' death which had occurred during the campaign against the Moorish pirates. Accordingly the king sought another opportunity for removing Don Juan from the court of Madrid. Such an opportunity soon presented itself.

Moriscos dwelt in the southern part of Spain that once had been the Moorish kingdom of Granada, and in 1568, roused by the relentless oppression and persecution to which they had for years been subjected, they organised a revolt against their tyrants. Led by Aben Humeya, a youth who was said to be a descendant of the ancient dynasty of the Omeiyadas, a considerable force raided the city of Granada

pirates, who from the African ports pestere of the western Mediterranean. They even v ports and carry the inhabitants off into slav pondering, hesitation and postponement, P no longer remain inactive. So he ordered expedition be equipped and sent again pirates.

Admiral Requesens was a thoroughly Under his command, Don Juan of Austria v navigation course and service at sea, thus g tunity for practical experience in the 1 warfare during the eight months the fle against the pirates. Juan devoted much of study of works dealing with naval engag going vessels, became engrossed in the m earlier encounters, reconstructing mentall and scrutinising every naval battle with h a small scale, he created what might be school" which grew into a large-scale "ga served him and later generations as an i military education. He was the first Spar to recognise that valour alone was not e victories on the high seas. In Spain more t it had been customary to appoint general commander, men who, perhaps, had never sail and who had not the faintest knowled and naval tactics We may with justice a crushing defeat the Spanish fleet sustaine on Malta in the year 1560, was in the ma to this curious practice.

When every conceivable preparation had small but excellently equipped Spanish flee on June 3, 1568 Within eight months, the were swept from the S coast to th from the Balearic Isl , and fro Dozens of the enem been sun of the pirates been tr , placed 1 to row the Spanish

Don Juan return successful crusade.

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for the people felt relieved of a heavy burden by the happy issue of this punitive expedition and to them Don Juan seemed to have played a glorious part.

Meanwhile, Don Carlos had been assassinated in July 1568. Rumours as to the cause of his death were rife. Some Spaniards and also some foreign diplomats suspected the use of poison. This was almost universally accepted as truth and, since by the king's express orders, no one was allowed to serve Don Carlos' meals save only his governor, Ruy Gomez, this man naturally was taken to be the murderer. Horror seized the populace at such a brutal act and the tension thus caused was greatly alleviated when it was known that their idol Don Juan had returned safely home.

In papal and foreign diplomatic circles, especially the nuncio and certain members of the diplomatic corps who had visited Don Carlos during his detention, the fact had been confirmed that shortly before his death, he had the appearance of one slowly dying of poison. This may have been the very same poison to which Ruy Gomez himself fell a victim in after years when Philip cast loving eyes upon his henchman's wife, the demoniacal princess Eboli whose fascinating lineaments have been left to posterity by the master hand of Titian.

Philip II was by nature distrustful, suspicious, dismal, and bore a grudge against anyone whose ability and effectiveness matched his own. In his heart of hearts, he disliked having so radiant a figure as Don Juan of Austria among his intimates, particularly so since the young victor constantly asked him about the causes of Don Carlos' death which had occurred during the campaign against the Moorish pirates. Accordingly the king sought another opportunity for removing Don Juan from the court of Madrid. Such an opportunity soon presented itself.

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and held out successfully against the Spanish troops sent to subdue the rebels. Discord and jealousy among the Spanish high command were responsible for this ignominious failure. Necessity urged king Philip to appoint Don Juan of Austria as commander of the Spanish forces at Granada.

If Don Juan proved successful in a speedy and thorough way, his triumph would automatically increase his fame and popularity. Philip, paltry and envious as ever, considered it expedient to take precautions against any such glory accruing to the young warrior and, therefore, appointed a council of war to act in concert with the new commander. Without the consent of this council, Don Juan was to take no major action. Thus would his power as commander-in-chief be restricted and he would have to share responsibility for the outcome of the campaign whether it proved successful or unsuccessful. On the war council, which may be regarded as a forerunner of the infamous imperial council of war of Hapsburg days, there sat: the grand inquisitor Deza, afterwards cardinal of Granada, one of the most fanatical persecutors of the Moriscos, a man ill-disposed towards Don Juan; also Don Luis de Quijada and the duke of Sessa, a grandson of the renowned Gonsalvo de Córdoba, who were both indubitably fond of Don Juan.

On April 6, 1569, Don Juan took over the supreme command of the Spanish army against the Moriscos. Thus two very youthful foes faced one another on the battle field. On the Spanish side was the son of the emperor Charles V, then twenty-four years old; on the side of the Moriscos was a descendant of the Omeiyadas, a youth of twenty-three.

Both the Christians and the Moriscos were expectantly looking forward to the arrival of Don Juan at Granada; the former on account of his proved efficiency and his luck in war, and the latter because they relied on his well-known magnanimity and consideration to a beaten enemy.

At the very first sitting of the war council, it was obvious that it lacked solidarity of purpose. Mondejar, the governor of Granada, Don Quijada and some others were of opinion that it were better before embarking on hostilities to give the Morisco rebels a change of surrender through media-

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tion. But the grand inquisitor and his adherents pleaded for immediate action and the ruthless extermination of all the Moriscos, man, woman, and child. Though Don Juan was ambitious and yearned to show his mettle on the field of combat, he was of so magnanimous a disposition that he sided with Mondejar and Don Quijada. He reported to Philip II in this strain.

But Philip II was not the man to show clemency. He decided in favour of the grand inquisitor Deze and issued appropriate orders to Don Juan, forbidding him to take any personal part in the coming contest and instructing him to direct every movement of the army under his command from the safety of his headquarters in Granada.

The failure of some of Don Juan's plans placed a Spanish victory in the balance and this compelled him to disobey the king's orders and to participate personally in the fighting. His skill and bravery enabled the Spanish troops to recover the advantage. The Moriscos were driven to retreat from one position to another until only scattered remnants remained in the Sierra Nevada. The young enthusiastic leader of the Moriscos, Aben Humeya, was murdered, and deprived of him they had to fight against overwhelming odds.

Don Luis de Quijada, to the last a loyal supporter of his fosterson, was killed in combat at Seron on February 27, 1570. In mid-November, Don Juan sent a message to his royal brother informing him that the rising of the Moriscos had been quelled. He returned to Madrid in the same month and was hailed as the glorious victor over the insurgent Moriscos, now driven off Spanish soil for ever. Nothing could have pleased the Spanish people better than to learn that the infidel had been defeated.

An even greater task was now allotted to Don Juan of Austria.

Like a tempest, the hordes of the Turkish army were sweeping along towards Belgrade and through Hungary into Austria and Germany, while their armadas were overpowering the Greek islands, Rhodes, and sailing to Italy and Malta.

Solyman the Glorious, the genius who ruled over the vast Turkish realm, followed in the footsteps of his great an-

cestor, Mahomet. He had added conquest to conquest and was now about to crown the achievements of his forefathers and his own by subduing the western Roman empire as a few decades earlier the Byzantian empire in the east had been subjugated.

His janizaries had won the battle of Mohacs against the Hungarians in 1526; in that combat, Hungary's young king and the flower of the nobility had lost their lives. Vienna had been besieged unsuccessfully in 1529 and again in 1532. The whole of the German speaking peoples kept constant watch in eastern Europe against the "Turkish peril" so that the attack on Christendom might be warded off. As soon as Solymán realised that his advance by land was frustrated, he concentrated his attention on his fleets in order to achieve by sea what had been denied him by land.

In 1538 at Prevesa, the sultan's galleys had sent the Venetian fleet to the bottom of the sea and Venice itself fell to the Turks. This was a sad blow to the Venetian republic and to the whole of Christendom. From that time the Turkish fleet had been greatly strengthened by the addition of the carsairs from North Africa and was now ruling over all the coasts of the Mediterranean including those of Italy and Spain. Infidel incursions became increasingly frequent and arrogant. Villages and towns were looted or burned, and their inhabitants carried away as slaves of the infidel. The very existence of Spain, Naples and Sicily—nay, of all Christendom—seemed jeopardised.

It had been Charles V's intention to unite with the Venetians and to pursue an energetic fight against the Turks, but his plans were frustrated by France who actually concluded an alliance with the infidel. By paying a yearly tribute to the Turks, France freed her Mediterranean coasts from being raided by the common enemy. Moreover, by this alliance, the French could count on Turkish assistance against her German and Spanish foes.

As long ago as 1522, the Turks had captured the island of Rhodes and expelled the Knights Hospitallers who had then settled in Malta and been granted this island in "everlasting fief" by Charles V in 1530. Thus was one of the most important institutions of Christendom saved from

destruction and it made the Knights of Saint John and their home in Malta one of bulwarks of Christianity against the inroads of the infidel.

The provinces of Southern Spain and the island of Sicily which was at that time under Spanish sovereignty, suffered repeated and unbearable attacks from the Moorish pirates. After many subterfuges and delay, Philip II saw he must take action, for the peoples of these regions were perpetually upon him to come to their aid. In the spring of 1559, he decided to organise an expedition. The viceroy of Sicily, Medina Celi, was appointed commander of the land army while admiral Doria took command of the fleet.

Medina Celi was mainly responsible for the fact that the expedition took an unconscionable time in getting ready to go to sea. In November 1559, the Spanish forces, numbering 14,000 men, embarked in one hundred ships, among them fifty-four galleys, and sailed from Syracuse intending to make for Malta.

Inclement weather, such as is to be expected at that season, combined with very poor quality of food, reduced both craft and crews by almost one third. On January 10, 1560, what was left of the Spanish fleet reached Malta where supplies and fresh crews were obtained.

While precious time had been wasted by the Spaniards, the Turks had used every means to strengthen themselves. The Barbary pirate Dragut Reis who had recently captured Tripoli was making preparations to defend his new acquisition and also Tunis. But the Spaniards succeeded in taking the small island of Los Gelves (in Arabic this was called Yerbah) near the Tunisian coast. In less than no time the Turkish fleet was upon them and attacked the Spaniards. A vehement sea fight ensued in which the Spaniards suffered a crushing defeat. They lost seventeen galleys, surrendered another twenty-four, and what was left fled to Sicily taking Medina Celi and young admiral Doria to safety. The Spanish garrison at Los Gelves and some fugitives from the Spanish fleet, about 10,000 men, were forsaken and left to their own devices. This handful of troops rallied round Alvaro Sande and for months defended themselves with the utmost heroism. Then hunger and thirst compelled them

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Though the Turks had been forced to raise the siege of Malta, their fleet remained as powerful and ready for action as ever. The enterprise which was now to be undertaken was the capture of Cyprus, one of the main Christian bastions in the eastern Mediterranean. This was to be a preliminary step to creating an extended Ottoman empire with Rome in the west and then the whole of the Mediterranean.

The republic of Venice was on the alert. She knew very well that unaided she could not ward off a Turkish attack and appealed to pope Pius V to help in the formation of a holy alliance with Spain against the infidel. The kingdom of Spain was at that time the only power in Europe capable of entering such an alliance. France had no intention of disregarding the treaty between herself and the Moslems, besides which she had her own troubles at home. Germany had her hands full in defending eastern Europe against the Turkish tide and could not do much in other fields of war.

Negotiations between the Venetian republic, Spain and the pope were very dilatory. Then came the alarming intelligence that Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. This speeded matters up and on May 25, 1571, the threepower alliance was ratified by the high contracting parties. The delay was mainly caused by the Venetian's objection to Spanish demands that the Holy League should not only defend the eastern Mediterranean, but also come to the succour of the western basin where the corsairs from North Africa were constantly harrying the coasts of southern Spain. In the circumstances, Venice had to yield to the justifiable demand of the Spaniards. In the course of time, however, jealousy on the part of the Venetians brought about the dissolution of the League.

Don Juan of Austria, whose laurels were still quite fresh from his victory over the rebel Moriscos, was consumed

to surrender, but not before they had inflicted heavy loss on the Turks in a last desperate sally. The few Spaniards who survived were taken prisoner and became slaves in Constantinople. In that fateful year, 1560, a mighty Spanish armada had vanished from the waters of the Mediterranean and Spain and Christendom had suffered a calamity.

King Philip made strenuous efforts to reconstitute his fleet. When this was ready, it was sent against the infidel in 1562. Twenty-four galleys were dispatched under the command of count Mendoza with ammunition and supplies to the relief of the Spanish fortresses of Oran and Mers-el-Kebir which had been conquered by that great statesman and prelate cardinal Jiménez. But only three of the galleys reached their destination. The others with their men and Mendoza aboard fell a prey either to tempests or to the corsairs. Once again a Spanish expedition against the infidel had come hopelessly to grief.

Though the fortresses of Oran and Mers-el-Kebir did not receive the help they needed, for many months they held out owing in large measure to the outstanding bravery of Don Alonso de Córdova and his brother Don Martin.

Sultan Solyman was proud of the wonderful achievements of his fleets and now he thought the time had come when he should conquer Malta. He feverishly set to work to fit out an imposing array of ships for the capture of the island. On May 18, 1565, this Turkish fleet of one hundred and fifty great galleys and a number of smaller craft with 30,000 infantry, appeared off Malta and started to beleaguer the Christian stronghold. The grand master of the Order of Saint John, Parisot de Valette, appealed to Philip for aid. Again and again he repeated his request, but months elapsed without bringing relief. With superlative gallantry the garrison held out against tremendous odds until, at last, in September 1565, a Spanish relief squadron approached the coast. On December 6th, the siege was raised and Malta was free once more. A sigh of relief went through the whole of Christendom. The Mediterranean had been saved from the infidel.

It came as a great shock to Solyman that his magnificent fleet had been forced to abandon the siege of Malta and

in 1566 the old sultan died. His son and heir, Selim II, at once made it clear that he was determined to continue his father's all-embracing schemes. He appointed Solyman's supreme commander, Mustafa, his own grand vizier, to achieve Turkish supremacy in the Mediterranean.

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with a desire to attack the Turks. He was appointed admiral-in-chief of the combined fleets of Venice, the Vatican and Spain.

Better than anyone else, Don Juan appreciated the sacred obligation of proving Spain's worthiness to carry on the work which the great statesman, cardinal Jiménez had begun, namely securing Spanish hegemony in the Mediterranean. He felt that the mighty deeds initiated by Jiménez and Gonsalvo de Córdoba must now be completed.

Contrary to the policy of the emperor Charles V and of his son Philip II, Don Juan of Austria deemed that Spanish power and prestige were insistently being undermined by constant preoccupation with the affairs of the Netherlands which brought nothing but troubles and sacrifices in men and money. He regarded the Netherlands as a grievous wound in the flesh of Spain, a wound which was consuming her very strength. Were this wound not healed immediately, Spain would perish. On the other hand, both prosperity and greatness might be gained were Spain to be successful in the Mediterranean and in that vaster continent beyond the Atlantic. War to the death against the infidel and the diffusion of the Christian faith throughout the New World were the supreme tasks awaiting the Spaniards. This was Don Juan's creed and nothing could shake it.

Eager to perform his duty as soon as possible, Don Juan set about with ardour to make his preparations. With the precious assistance of his former teacher, Requesens, he devoted all his energies and ability and experience to the forming, equipping and manning of a Spanish armada which was to surpass in efficiency though not in numbers any other powerful fleet. He knew that he could not compete with the strength of the Turkish fleets, but he might get the better of them by superior efficiency, by practical and more manoeuvrable constructions, by stronger armament of his vessels, by thoroughly trained and more adequately equipped men than the Turks could dispose of.

The Spanish infantry was renowned for its discipline and its accuracy of aim. To make the best use of this valuable arm, Don Juan had his galleys so constructed as to give free fields of vision to his best marksmen and provided

towerlike armoured shields to protect them. The Turks, having no such protection, would be at a disadvantage.

Further, Don Juan saw to it that the galley slaves of his fleet should be Christian convicts, for should they fall into Turkish hands, they knew that a worse fate would be their lot and that it would last a life time. Again the Turks would be at a disadvantage, because, without exception, the slaves they put to the oars in their galleys were Christian captives, and if the Spanish proved victorious they could hope to be freed from slavery.

Carefully, circumspectly, zealously and indefatigably the Spaniards worked at the building of their fleet, not only in the ports of Spain, but also in those of the Balearic Isles, Sicily and Naples.

Early in June 1571, a Spanish model armada of ninety great ships of the line and seventy smaller craft, manned by 19,000 picked troops, among them 3,000 from Germany, was ready for action. On June 16, 1571, Don Juan set sail from Barcelona for Genoa, there to take over such of the combined fleet as had been constructed in this part and was under the command of the admiral Doria. From Genoa, Don Juan went to Naples where he passed in review the units contributed by that kingdom. He eventually arrived at Messina on August 25, 1571. As had been agreed beforehand, the contingents from Venice and the Holy See were to join him. The Venetian republic sent one hundred and six great galleys and six especially immense ones, each with a complement of forty canon and, in addition, a multitude of smaller craft. The Vatican contributed twelve great galleys and some smaller vessels. Altogether, the combined Venetian and papal units amounted to one hundred and eighteen galleys with an appropriate number of smaller craft and 10,000 troops. When compared with the Spanish armada, the Venetian and papal units were inferior in quality and the man-power was thoroughly inadequate. Don Juan, therefore, saw that he must detach Spanish and Neapolitan men to replenish the Venetian vessels—a measure requiring the utmost political tact.

Taking it all in all, the armada which assembled at Messina was an imposing one. Don Juan of Austria had under

his command no fewer than two hundred and eight galleys, six huge galleys, a great many small craft, and about 29.000 men-at-arms besides more than 50.000 seafaring men and rowers. He was then twenty-six years of age. The commander of the Venetian units was Sebastian Veniero; that of the papal units, the prince of Colonna; the Spanish admiral Requesens was Don Juan's aide-de-camp.

Apart from the responsibility which young Don Juan had to shoulder, the difficulty which arose from his having to keep his authority as commander-in-chief among such experienced men greatly his seniors, such as the Genoese Doria and the Venetian Barbarigo, was no easy undertaking. Yet Don Juan proved himself capable of overcoming any difficulty which presented itself. And he had to cope with numerous difficulties and incidents. Had not one particular incident been deftly handled, the whole of the Venetian fleet would have seceded. Some Neapolitan men who had been transferred to the Venetian units were, by order of the Venetian commander Veniero, hanged for a minor disciplinary offence. In his indignation at such a step, Don Juan had summarily replaced Veniero by Barbarigo. Veniero protested at so arbitrary an act on the part of Don Juan who stuck uncompromisingly to his decision. Colonna, the papal commander, in the end, persuaded the aggrieved Veniero to content himself with the command of a single galley, for the prince feared grave consequences should Don Juan's orders be defied. Still Don Juan's suspicions of Veniero were not assuaged and, to keep a wary eye on him, he ordered that this particular galley stand alongside his own flag-ship *El Real*.

The whole Christian world now turned to Don Juan of Austria, for on him they relied to save Christendom from the might of the Crescent. The men of his fleet had implicit confidence in him and loved him to a man. Don Juan, too, cared for his men as no other commander before him had ever done.

The Sicilians admired and were fond of the handsome young hero and, even before he set sail, saw in him the liberator of Christianity from the Moslem yoke. Pius V had sent him a sacred banner which Don Juan had taken over

at a solemn Te Deum and had fixed to his masthead as a symbol of the holy mission on which he was engaged. The pope had likewise conveyed a gracious letter to Don Juan in which he implored the admiral to do his utmost to raise the Cross for ever over the Crescent, promising him imperishable glory and an earthly kingdom.

This mention of an "earthly kingdom" as reward for complete success of the crusade was a shrewd move on the part of Pius V. In his wisdom as a spiritual shepherd, he proved that he was also a keen observer of human frailty. From casual remarks of his nuncio, he knew that nothing could have greater power in exciting Don Juan's zeal than the prospect of becoming the ruler of an independent realm. Filled with youthful ambition and a longing for independence, Don Juan frequently asked his stepbrother, Philip II, to appoint him viceroy in the New World. The king, always a prey to envy and jealousy, had not only denied the young man this high honour, but had refused to grant Don Juan the title of "Infante" of Spain. Nay more! Pope Pius V had had to use all his gifts of persuasion and every ounce of his influence to induce Philip to appoint Don Juan of Austria to the post of supreme commander of the fighting forces of the Holy League. Indeed, as the years passed by, Philip II was increasingly prone to look askance at Don Juan. This splendid and chivalrous young man had always been popular with the Spaniards and, after his victory over the Moriscos, he had become an adored hero, not only among the peoples of Spain, but likewise among all who called themselves Christians.

On the strength of his sword, might not Don Juan have secretly cherished the idea of winning a kingdom in North Africa or in the Levant at some future date? And may not the pope have guessed the secret when he proposed as recompense for his services to Christianity a kingdom on this earth? It was tragic indeed that Pius V could merely hold out a hope of Don Juan's ambitions being granted and could not actually help to procure what the young princely Spanish admiral aimed at, for the papal encouragement served only to arouse still further Philip's mistrust and disapproval so that in the end he sought to destroy Don Juan altogether.

Once the conquest of Nicosia had been secured, the Turks set about forming a new and mighty fleet which was meant to blow the Christian powers out of the Mediterranean for good and all. 250 Galleys of the line and innumerable small craft were assembled and manned by 35,000 selected janizaries in addition to 65,000 sailors and rowers among whom were 20,000 Christian slaves. Thus the fleet which the Christians could put into opposition was outnumbered by forty-two galleys and their equipment in men and material.

Ali Pasha, who was Selim II's brother-in-law, took command of the Moslem forces. Though young, he showed himself to be an energetic and gifted leader of men. Mahomet Sirocco, viceroy of Egypt, and the dreaded corsair Uluch Ali, bey of Tunisia joined forces with him.

On September 16, 1571, the combined fleet of the Holy League weighed anchor and headed for the island of Corfu which had shortly before been conquered and occupied by the Turks. This surprise attack completely routed the Turkish garrison which left the island in the possession of the Christian armada. A promising start to Don Juan's campaign!

With his experience in naval warfare to aid him and with his customary prudence, Don Juan had formed a squadron of scouts consisting of fast sailing vessels. These he sent in advance of his main body. From them he learned that the Turks had gathered their fleet in the bay of Lepanto. He summoned a council of his commanders to discuss what the next move was to be. The Genoese Doria and most of the other commanders were of opinion that immediate action was inadvisable owing to the favourable position taken up by the Turks and the unfavourable circumstances of the attacking party. They argued that not only was the Ottoman position vastly superior, but that the Christian fleet was not strong enough to take the initiative. Furthermore, they deemed that the commanders of the Holy League were not sufficiently acquainted with Greek waters. Among those who favoured immediate action were Don Luis de Requesens and the young but ambitious Italian Alexander Farnese. Don Juan was of the same mind.

On October third, the crusaders' fleet, therefore, headed

for Lepanto, passing by Actium, the scene of the famous sea fight at the dawn of history. Then it sailed by Ittaca, the home of Ulysses.

Meanwhile the scouts had reported that the Turks had seized Famagosta, the second largest town in Cyprus. A terrible carnage had ensued and many an outrage committed. These tidings infuriated the men of the Christian fleet and they all yearned to avenge this act. But Don Juan resolved to await better weather before launching his attack on the foe.

From practical experience and from his studies of previous sea fights, Don Juan knew that a successful battle at sea depended on wind and general weather conditions. Also, the knowledge that the enemy fleet was stronger than that which he commanded, decided him to await a more favourable moment. The wind was blowing from the east; it would have to shift before he made a further move when he would have it astern. For three days he possessed his soul in peace. At least, on October sixth, the wind veered and the day of action dawned. Still he waited till the afternoon so as to have the sun at his back, thus adding to his advantages over the foe.

The vanguard of the Turkish fleet had already been sighted when Don Juan called all the captains of his galleys to inform them of his plan of action in its minutest detail; he gave them instructions as to the exact place they were to take up in the fight and what they were to do in the ensuing *melée*. When some of the commanders warned him of the dangers which such an engagement entailed, he observed: "The hour for fighting has struck, not that of arguing".

According to Don Juan's plan, the right flank was to consist of sixty-four galleys from the Spanish, Venetian and papal fleets under Doria's command; the centre was to be composed of none but Spanish units under the direct command of Don Juan himself; the left flank of forty-seven galleys from the Venetian fleet was to be commanded by Barbarigo. A mobile reserve of thirty-four galleys under Requesens was to hold itself in readiness behind the three main formations.

The six huge galleys contributed by the Venetians and mounted with heavy guns was to sail ahead and break through the centre of the Turkish fleet with the utmost impetuosity, maintaining incessant fire and inflicting as great damage as possible. These galleys were of so great a bulk, that having accomplished their task, they could not easily be manoeuvred back into the battle line.

Once the centre had been weakened, there was to be a concentrated attack from all sides. Here, Don Juan felt, would the outcome be decided. The captains of the galleys were instructed to join issue only with the particular Turkish ship opposite them, to grapple and to capture it

Ali Pasha's plan was to attack the flanks of the opposing fleet whilst his centre was at first merely to ward off the foe; then it was to attack the enemy from the rear. The viceroy of Egypt took command of the right wing; the left was placed under the command of the bey of Tunisia; the centre was commanded by Ali Pasha himself

Thus, the viceroy of Egypt was pitted against Barbarigo; the bey of Tunisia against Doria; Ali Pasha against Don Juan of Austria. The infidel forces of the Ottoman commander-in-chief with their superior strength were opposed to the superior intelligence of Don Juan.

During the first onslaught, the viceroy of Egypt seemed to be getting the better of his opposite number, Barbarigo, whose flotilla counted about half the number of vessels under the viceroy. Eight Venetian galleys were promptly sunk and as many again were captured by the Turks. Barbarigo was mortally wounded in this initial engagement and the Venetians were thus deprived of their heroic commander. None the less, the Venetian flotilla continued to fight with unparalleled fortitude and succeeded in sinking the viceroy's galley. Thereafter, the Venetians' fortunes changed. The Turkish units, no longer under a competent central command, were on the point of withdrawing from the fray when the reserves under Requesens were brought up and the right flank of the Ottoman fleet was doomed. Shortly before he died, Barbarigo learned the joyful tidings that his ships had been victorious.

More grim than the fate of Barbarigo's flotilla was that

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of Doria on the right flank. The Bey of Tunisia's fleet not only outnumbered, but was also superior in speed and armament to that commanded by the Genoese. In order to dodge the furious onslaught of the foe, Doria tried to make for the open sea. This manoeuvre disconnected the right wing from the centre of Don Juan's fleet and nearly brought about a critical situation. Again Requesens and his mobile reserve came to the rescue. But many of Doria's superb galleys had been sent to the bottom and many had been captured by the bey of Tunisia, among them the largest one of all, manned by the brave Knights of the Order of Saint John of Malta.

Meanwhile, Don Juan had launched his attack on the centre of the Ottoman fleet. With incredible impetus, his flag-ship had rushed in to attack Ali Pasha's own flag-ship. For a while the two vessels were at grips, the Spaniards endeavouring to grapple the Turkish commander's ship. Bitter fighting ensued between the janizaries, headed by Ali Pasha himself, and the Spaniards. At last the waves separated the two vessels.

In the wake of Don Juan's vessel came the main centre of his flotilla. The full weight of these ships was hurled against the Turks and in the forefront of these came the impetuous Farnese who counted to his score the grappling and capture of five Turkish galleys.

Again and again, Don Juan's galleys assaulted the Turkish armada, defying its murderous fire and disregarding the heavy losses they suffered at the hands of the janizaries. Not a man in the Christian fleet but wished to smash the infidel. *El Real* was invariably to be seen where the bitterest fighting took place, Don Juan himself standing on the conning tower of his ship. A bullet hit him in the leg, but he heeded it not in spite of the pain. He climbed to the top of the mast where the sacred banner waved in the breeze, so that he might be seen of all and thus allay any rumours, his wound, which could arouse panic among his crews.

Then he returned to his conning bridge and directed a fresh assault upon Ali Pasha's flag-ship. This time the impetus of his attack proved irresistible. Crossing the

grappling planks, the Spaniards fell upon the janizaries with lion-hearted courage. They cut a swathe through the ranks of the Turks sowing death and reaping victory. A bullet aimed from El Real struck Ali Pasha's head and brought the Ottoman leader down. His death sealed the fate of the most powerful of his galleys and also that of the whole battle. Only two lads were left alive on the Pasha's galley. These were his sons whom Don Juan claimed as his personal prisoners and brought to safety. He would have preferred to do the like to Ali Pasha himself, but a Basque cut off the wounded man's head before anyone could intervene. For taking the law into his own hands, the fellow was fettered on Don Juan's orders. Carnage is unavoidable in war and battle, but Don Juan loathed any unnecessary cruelty. Still, he could not prevent his crew from exhibiting the head on a long pole so that everyone, including the enemy, might see the trophy. The sight of their leader's head paralyzed the Turks and all their pugnacity oozed out of them; but the Christians rejoiced. The Christian slaves on the Turkish galleys were on the point of revolt and mutiny and this occasioned a feeling of unrest and confusion among the rows of Turkish fighters.

As soon as most of the Turkish ships had fallen to the Christians, Don Juan's fleet strenuously endeavoured to bring the sea battle to a close. A bellicose spirit arose even among the flanking parties which at the outset had suffered such terrible losses. The right flank of the Turkish fleet was annihilated, but the speediest of the galleys belonging to the Ottoman made a partial escape, leaving behind all the galleys captured from Doria's flotilla among which was the splendid galley of the Maltese Knights of Saint John.

After four hours of grim fighting, Don Juan could add to his score one of the most decisive victories in the annals of history. On October 17, 1571, the whole Ottoman fleet was swept out of Mediterranean waters. One hundred and thirty Turkish galleys were captured, over 30,000 janizaries were slain or taken prisoner, more than 12,000 Christian galley slaves were released from Moslem servitude. Don Juan's losses were fifteen galleys and about 8,000 men.

The booty which fell into the hands of the victorious Holy

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League was enormous. Jewels of incalculable worth, silks, all kinds of oriental treasures, and 17.000 gold ducats were found aboard Ali Pasha's flag-ship alone.

With characteristic generosity, Don Juan distributed the whole of his personal share among the sick and wounded men; nor did he forget to recompense those who had distinguished themselves by outstanding bravery. Among the latter group was a young man of twenty who had thrice been wounded during the fight and had his left arm maimed. His name was Miguel de Cervantes. This maimed man was in later years to give his own compatriots and the world a magnificent literary work, no less a master piece than *Don Quixote*.

Against the wishes of the Venetians, Don Juan further proved his magnanimity by releasing the two sons of Ali Pasha, Selim II's brother-in-law. Princess Fatima, the sultan's sister and the mother of the two youths, sent a moving note of thanks. She added that the Turkish envoys who would go to fetch the princes home were commissioned to deliver gifts to Don Juan as a token of her profound gratitude. A list of these offerings showed their immense value, worthy of a sultan's wealth. But Don Juan refused to accept anything whatsoever from Fatima because his gesture was one of Christian charity and nothing more.

His conciliatory spirit and his innate chivalry were further displayed in another direction. Commander Veniero, in spite of the degradation in rank he had experienced at Don Juan's hands, had shown exemplary courage and capacity during the engagement. This found due acknowledgment from the commander-in-chief and Veniero was reinstated in the command of the whole Venetian flotilla.

As night fell on the great day of the victory of Lepanto, a heavy storm threatened and Don Juan decided to seek protection for his fleet in a haven not far distant from the Greek port of Petala. For three days and three nights, the storm raged and the remnant of the Turkish fleet fell a victim to the mighty wind and waves.

While staying at safe anchorage in the harbour of Petala, Don Juan called his captains to a council so as to discuss what the next move was to be. Elated with victory, some

were for pressing on and taking Constantinople. But the older men considered it expedient for the moment to return to their native ports.

So far as he was concerned, Don Juan would have liked nothing better than to pursue his advantage and continue the attack on the Ottoman empire. But his better judgment prevailed over his zeal for conquest and he refrained from undertaking so risky an enterprise. Two factors conditioned his hesitation. First, the naval forces at his command were not strong enough for such a difficult and lengthy action; second, the wintry conditions in the eastern Mediterranean would be very unfavourable.

He therefore thought it prudent to undertake a minor task, namely, to lead his armada to Tunisia and there to destroy what remained of the Turkish fleet under the command of Uluch Ali, the dreaded corsair. At the bottom of his heart, Don Juan cherished the idea of setting up a kingdom of his own in Tunisia.

The Venetians energetically opposed the plan to sail for Tunisia. Long before the Holy League was formed and even before the battle of Lepanto, the Venetians had declared quite openly that they had no intention of using their squadrons to subdue the North African corsairs, since the raids were mainly directed against the Genoese with whom the Venetians were on bad terms.

Under these conditions, Don Juan was left no other choice than to return to Corfu and Messina, whilst the Venetian and papal units made for their home ports.

His bitter disappointment was assuaged by the hearty welcome he and his men received when, on October 21, 1571, a fortnight after the victory of Lepanto, the Spanish fleet sailed into the port of Messina. The inhabitants held a day of rejoicing, which was shared by the whole of Christendom. Everywhere, in the Old World and the Spanish New World, where Christian communities dwelt, there arose the strains of a solemn Te Deum mingled with the chime of bells soaring heavenwards. All good Christians prayed that God would bless Don Juan of Austria who had relieved them from the nightmare of Mohammedan invincibility.

Nor was such jubilation unjustified, for the battle of

Lepanto was not merely a sea fight gloriously won, but it meant that an insuperable barrier had been erected against any further advance of the Crescent into the lands of the Holy Roman Empire. Thus the triumph of Christianity at Lepanto was of immense cultural importance. The political effect of the victory, one of the most decisive in history, was not so outstanding and this was largely due to Philip II of Spain and to the jealousies arising between the signatories of the Holy League. As the spring of 1572 drew near, Don Juan implored his king and allies to resume the war against the infidel, not only by sea but also on land. All his entreaties not to lose the fruits of the victory of Lepanto proved vain.

Don Juan's glory and the idolisation of the people aroused king Philip's jealousy and suspicion. He moved as slowly as was his wont and did not share in Don Juan's lofty scheme of conquering Constantinople. He was not far-sighted enough to realise that Spain's prosperity and greatness lay in the subjugation of the Turks whose attacks on Hungary, Austria and the republic of Venice might imperil his own security. Neither did he agree with the political views of Spain's statesman, cardinal Jiménez, founded in the conquest of northern Africa. King Philip II was concerned in strengthening his own personal power and seeing to the welfare of Spain. Through the Inquisition which was both a religious and a political organisation specifically Spanish in origin, which held the Spanish clergy and nobility on the curb, the king hoped to become master of the Church in Spain and the Netherlands. Herein he failed because in the long run, the Inquisition came into conflict with the papacy and endless quarrels ensued. As to the Netherlands, his position was already jeopardised and even reached the danger point.

Pope Pius V, through his worldly wisdom and acute diplomacy had succeeded in persuading Philip to give his sanction to the expedition against the sultan Selim II and to appoint young Don Juan of Austria of the commander-in-chief. Unfortunately, Pius V who had been the soul of this crusade just as Don Juan had been its brains, died on May 1, 1572. None remained who could persuade Philip to

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grant liberty of action to Don Juan who yearned to come to grips once more with the sultan.

In the hope that matters would take a more favourable turn, Don Juan did all in his power to keep the Spanish units together. Even in this, he was nearly thwarted. King Philip had no intention of using the squadrons lying off Messina for any other purpose than that of subduing the African corsairs. But the Venetians were equally resolved that their fleet should be used against the Turkish sultan and not against the African marauders. They emphatically told Philip that if he refused to take action against the sultan they would secede from the Holy League. In July 1572, the king at last gave his consent. Even then, he did not allow Don Juan to take more than a fraction of the Spanish fleet. This consisted merely of twenty-two galleys and 5 000 men who set sail for Corfu where the Venetian and papal units had already assembled.

Though Don Juan made the best use possible of the time, he only reached Corfu on August 9th. Too late! The Venetian and papal units under the command of Colonna had already weighed anchor thinking that the Spanish contingent would never arrive.

The Turkish fleet, under the command of Uluch Ali, made contact with Colonna's units on the western shores of Greece. But neither commander had the heart to engage, so they ignominiously returned to base.

Now Colonna's squadrons joined those of Don Juan so that the latter were greatly strengthened. He disposed of two hundred and forty-seven vessels among which were one hundred and seventy galleys out of which there were only twenty-two Spanish ships.

Don Juan insisted that an immediate assault on the Turkish fleet should be undestaken and as luck would have it, Don Juan's and the enemy fleets contacted outside the small Greek port of Modon on the anniversary of the battle of Lepanto. But having learned from experience what it meant to encounter an adversary of Don Juan's quality, the bey of Tunisia refused to give battle and withdrew his fleet into the port of Modon where she was well protected by a naval fortress. Don Juan tried to lure this fleet out

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of its safe harbourage by every ruse. Herein he failed. Finally, he determined to essay a landing operation in spite of the difficulties the coast presented. Should this manoeuvre succeed, he planned to storm the fortress and to take the Turkish fleet from the landward side.

The Venetian and papal captains refused to co-operate in such a venture. No argument, no persuasion, no entreaty proved capable of changing their minds. In these circumstances, Don Juan deemed it best to withdraw the Spanish contingent to Sicily.

Towards the close of 1572, rumours spread in certain European countries that peace negotiations were afoot between the Venetian republic and the Ottoman empire and that France was playing the part of mediator. The Venetians vowed to both the pope and the king of Spain that there was no foundation to these rumours. Yet on March 7, 1573, it was solemnly announced that Turkey and the republic of Venice had signed a separate peace.

This was the death knell of the Holy League.

Don Juan could not believe that the Venetian republic had thus betrayed the holy cause. But when the truth was confirmed, he tore down the sacred banner with his own hands and hoisted the Castilian flag at the masthead of *El Real* in its stead.

King Philip II by no means shared Don Juan's indignation at the course of events, for now his hands were free to take action against the African corsairs. Since for the time being, no aggressive action could be undertaken against the Turks, Don Juan of Austria was entrusted with the task of conducting the campaign against the Arabs in North Africa.

As so frequently in the past, Tunisia became the centre of war between Arabs and Spaniards. To check the rapid increase of Mohammedan influence in the coastal regions of northern Africa, emperor Charles V had organised and led an expedition against Tunisia which he had captured in 1535. But some years later, Tunisia was again in the hands of the Arabs who enjoyed the support of the Turks in ever greater measure so that eventually this land became a protectorate of Constantinople.

The fortress of Goletta was not far from Tunis and this

was the only place which the Spaniards had been able to hold throughout the years. It was a thorn in the bey's side.

With the thoroughness characteristic of Don Juan, he set about making his preparations for this new campaign. The people of Naples and Sicily, who worshipped him, rallied to his support in a far more effective and generous way than did Philip II. At the end of September 1573, he put to sea with about one hundred galleys and a complement of 20,000 men.

The strength of Don Juan's armada surprised and frightened the Bey of Tunisia to such an extent that he did not venture to give battle. He did not even wish to risk the defence of his country and his capital city. So, assembling as many of his men as could find shelter in his ships, he made straight for Constantinople.

Young Don Juan of Austria, son of the emperor Charles V, victor at Lepanto, the hero of Christendom, the idol of the Spaniards, thus set foot in Tunisia where, according to cardinal Jiménez' ideas, a world-wide Spanish empire should take birth. As Don Juan entered the town, he who loved Spain and grandeur and independence, saw as in a vision the principality of Tunisia arising with himself nominated as regent.

Bearing in mind the possibility that Tunis might become the metropolis of a North African realm under Spanish suzerainty, Don Juan decreed that the inhabitants were not to be carried off into slavery or expelled or molested or harassed in any way. He was as usual acting with magnanimity and also with forethought.

The decree roused Philip's suspicions anew. He scented danger to his own royal might and authority in the attitude which Don Juan had assumed. He set men to spy on his step-brother's every act and bribed Don Juan's confidant, de Soto, to reveal all Don Juan's intentions. When the reports came in—whether true or otherwise—Philip became alarmed. He considered it imperative to remove Don Juan from North Africa. Royal orders were issued to the effect that the old fortress of Goletta was to be razed and that Don Juan with his fleet and men was to sail for Sicily.

Don Juan felt stunned by this unexpected command which

he thought unreasonable and humiliating. To offer resistance to his royal brother's orders was impossible, for provisions and pay for his forces were entirely dependent on Spain. But he could disregard these orders at least in part. Ignoring the king's instructions, Don Juan not only refrained from dismantling Goletta's defences, but strengthened them. Nor did he deprive the old fortress of its garrison. On the contrary, he increased it by 8 000 men.

Though victorious over the Arabs, Don Juan had been defeated by his king. He sailed for Sicily, where he got an enthusiastic reception from the whole population which hailed him as the victor over the Arabs. Yet Don Juan could not enjoy his ovation to the full because bad tidings had reached him at Palermo. King Philip ordered him to betake himself without delay to Naples leaving his fleet behind. There he was to await instructions concerning a diplomatic mission which he was expected to execute and in the middle of November Don Juan reached his destination no longer admiral of the Spanish fleet.

Still he did not abandon the hope of creating a strong and great bulwark in North Africa as a protection for the Spanish and European Christians. With this view in mind, he tried to interest Gregory XIII, successor to the Holy See on the death of Pius V, in his ideas and he entrusted his confidant Juan de Escobedo with the task of securing papal assistance to achieve his aim.

Pope Gregory, though he understood full well Don Juan's intentions and realised their significance in the cause of Christianity, was fain to support him actively. He was aware of the fact that the Vatican no longer possessed the prestige of former days and was, therefore, not strong enough to procure him the support he needed.

Philip got wind of Don Juan's machinations and resolved to rid himself of Juan de Escobedo at the first opportunity by assassination. As for Don Juan of Austria, he could be kept busy in some minor enterprise which would prevent him from realising his dreams of aggrandisement. Another act of meanness by Philip was the circulation of the report that Don Juan of Austria had no right to the title of "Highness" but merely of "Excellency" as his rank of admiral

permitted. The king hoped thus to undermine the young prince's popularity among the court of Europe and the way he set about this proved effective.

Frustrated on every side in his endeavour to prevent the loss of Tunisia, Don Juan had passively to look on while what he feared actually took place. Tunisia and the fort of Goletta were recovered by the Turks and Arabs. No sooner had Philip ordered Don Juan to withdraw his fleet than Uluch Ali immediately assembled a great fleet and an adequate army to oust the Christians from his land. Sultan Selim II gave the bey his full support. A year had barely elapsed since Don Juan's triumphal march into Tunisia, when Uluch Ali drove the small Spanish garrison out again. Neither could Goletta's gallant defenders repel Uluch Ali's hordes. They fought desperately for many weeks with scant supplies of ammunition, food and water. The garrison held out to the last man . . .

Thus through Philip II's calamitous policy and his envy, jealousy, and ill-will towards Don Juan, were the fruits of victory lost. Moreover, the young prince was forbidden to go to the aid of Goletta's brave defenders. Instead, he was ordered to stay at Genoa on the pretext that Spain's interests needed to be protected while various domestic squabbles within the small republic were still rife.

And so it was that Don Juan's ambitious projects lay buried beneath the ruins of Goletta. Before long, Don Juan received a command to attend the court of Madrid. An eagle in a cage! Maybe, he would never have got out of it, but would have died from one of those mysterious fevers, which came in so handy when persons at that time were not in favour at the royal court, and had to be disposed of. But Philip still had a use for the prince's proved abilities. He was sent to put down revolts in the Netherlands, where Spain's position had taken a catastrophic turn.

Don Luis de Requesens y Zuñiga, who had been ordered to the Netherlands with a view to pacifying the country, had died in March 1576, before he could fulfill his task. Don Juan was now appointed governor-general of the Netherlands in his place. The Netherlands were in revolt against Spanish oppression and the troops sent there to

repress the uproar, having been for some time without pay, had started to mutiny. Holland, Zealand and the southern (Catholic) provinces had, under the auspices of William of Orange, recently concluded a treaty in which the fundamental issue was to cast off the Spanish yoke.

Such was the state affairs when Don Juan arrived. Within a comparatively short time, he succeeded in taking Namur. Then, reinforced by troops under Alexander Farnese, a complete victory for Spanish arms was gained at Gemblour on January 31, 1578. Don Juan's chivalrous and charming demeanour won him supporters from among Catholic circles in the southern provinces.

Meanwhile, Don Juan was convinced that the revolt was largely due to instigations from England, or rather to William of Orange's initiative. He, therefore, informed Philip that Spain should either give up all interests in the Netherlands or deprive William of Orange of his sources of strength by invading England. He drew up an elaborate and detailed scheme for the invasion of the island realm and dispatched it to his king.

Prince William of Orange was always well informed about Spain's intentions and had got wind of Don Juan's plan. He advised Elizabeth of England to take adequate counter-measures. She did her best, but it was open to question whether in existing circumstances any precautions would prove of use. Spain at that time disposed of a magnificent army, an excellent navy, and the most brilliant of admirals—Don Juan of Austria. How then could a Spanish invasion of England be frustrated?

Contemporary historians tell us that an attempt was now made on Don Juan's life, but they are not agreed as to who was the organiser of the exploit. Some ascribe it to an English Catholic; others to Philip II himself. Be this as it may, Philip refused to entertain any idea of an invasion of England and began to show open antipathy to his step-brother. He appointed Alexander Farnese to the supreme command of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands and left Don Juan nominally at the post of governor-general.

Wasting his time and intellect on unimportant administrative duties and pierced to the heart at seeing his every

ambition nipped in the bud, Don Juan's spirit broke and his health gave way. He died of a fever on October 1, 1578 at the early age of thirty-three. Don Juan's soaring dreams of Spain's glory sank down to eternal sleep. He himself lay on a bier at his camp near Namur.

Base-born though he might be, nevertheless he was the son of a mighty emperor. Don Juan of Austria was the hero incarnate, endowed with a radiant appearance, dazzling mental gifts, natural chivalry, brilliant prowess, a man who made himself illustrious by his manifold exploits. He had won the battle of Lepanto, had occupied Tunis and had thus placed Spain in a position of preponderance in the Mediterranean. Yet because of Philip II's petty disposition he had not been allowed to proceed along the path he had paved.

Might not the course of world history have taken a different line if Don Juan's clear-sighted schemes had been realised? The same observation applies to his plan for the invasion of England. Ten years after Don Juan's death, such an invasion was attempted, but it ended in a débâcle for the Spanish armada. The duke of Medina Sidonia was no match for Spain's brilliant hero-admiral, Don Juan of Austria.

But his glory shall never perish because he saved the western Roman Empire from the fate which befell the eastern Roman Empire. Nor shall his victory at Lepanto ever be forgotten. Don Juan of Austria was Spain's Nelson and the victory of Lepanto was Spanish precursor of the victory of Trafalgar.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Last of the Omeiyades

THE pages of history are full of accounts of victories followed by defeat, of triumphs followed by despondency, of the rise of nations followed by their decline. The joyful sun of success is liable to dazzle the eyes of contemporaries and chroniclers of later years, while the people who have suffered conquest lapse into the shade and have to die their weird. Yet as time goes on, history acts as a leveller and the differences between the conqueror and the conquered are gradually effaced. Thus it was with Alexander the Great and Darius, with Caesar and Vercingetorix, and many others. They are now dust and ashes, their empires are things of the past, legends, sagas. We do well, from time to time, to remember that victory and defeat, exaltation and frustration, are but the two sides of one and the same coin which is slowly worn away. The remnant of metal may be precious or semi-precious or base.

Yet it is only natural that man should deplore the tragedy of fall after a great flight; the more so when that fall is concentrated in one historical figure who is the last representative of a noble lineage. Conrad, the last of the Hohenstaufen, was executed at the orders of Charles of Anjou to make a mob's holiday; Guatzemin, the last of the Astecs, was hanged from a gibbet by Fernando Cortés to be devoured by birds of prey; Aben Abu, the last of the Omeiyades, was murdered by his own compatriots for the sake of Spanish gold.

In thinking over such dramatic and tragical concluding chapters of history, we cannot but feel the inexorability of fate and realise that all earthly happenings go down as the sun when the day is ended. Once this chiaroscuro of life has been brought home to us, the victor is no longer over-estimated and the conquered no longer despised.

The Koran promises everlasting bliss to those heroes who give their lives for the Prophet's sake on the battlefield. And it was with fanatical zeal that the whole of the Moslem world went forth to carry the Crescent across the Mediterranean to the western extreme of Europe and to set up a caliphate in the Iberian peninsula. The Saracen warriors swept victoriously over the narrow Straits of Gibraltar from the coasts of northern Africa to the sunny land of Andalusia. There they annihilated the magnificent empire of the Visigoths. With the death of King Roderick and the battle of Jerez de la Frontera in 711 A.D., the Gothic realm ceased to exist. The Moslem Caliphate which replaced it soon became one of the best of Mohammedan Kingdoms, and flourished for many centuries. The light of the Orient shone for hundreds of years in the Occident and the Crescent overshadowed the Cross. Christian Spaniards were ruled by Arabs.

Mohammed died at Medina in 632; two years later his successor, Abu-Bakr, departed this life; Omar, of the house of Omeiyades and one of the most famous Arab heroes, became the leader of the Mohammedan world. The Omeiyade dynasty reigned over the vast regions of the Orient where the faith of Islam had been assimilated. From western Asia, the Arabs extended their realm into northern Africa and thence, in 711, to the Iberian peninsula and northwards to the Pyrenees and beyond as far as Poitiers where they were halted by Charles Martel and thrown back in 732. Though almost the whole of Spain was occupied by the Arab and Berber hordes, there yet remained a few communities of Visigoths in the north-west corner of the peninsula who withstood the enemy. Here, in Galicia and the Asturias—as these provinces were named—the fire of revolt smouldered for centuries, until at last it blazed up and scattered the Moors headlong from Spanish soil.

In the reign of the caliph Valid, the conquest of Spain was accomplished and the first governor of the new acquisition was a member of the Omeiyade dynasty. The rival family of the Abassids succeeded in 750 in ousting the Omeiyades from the Eastern Empire and the governor of Spanish Araby refused to pay allegiance to the usurper.

Thus the Mussulman domain in the Iberian peninsula was converted into the independent caliphate of Córdoba.

The Omeiyades reigned in the Arabian realm of Spain from the middle of the eighth to the close of the eleventh century. The culture, civilisation and prosperity of the Moslem commonwealth in Spain reached a climax during the reigns of Abderrahman III, Alhakem II, and Almanzor. Then rivalries among the emirs and some of the nobles undermined and disunited the numerous provinces and in the end destroyed the realm of the Omeiyades. Gradually the Spanish Christians cleared the northern portion; Córdoba, the superb capital, lost its brilliance; Andalusia alone remained. In 1228, Al Mutawakal, a Moslem nobleman of the ancient house of Beni Hud, seized the regency. But he was not allowed to enjoy the fruits of his conquest for long. He was conquered by a powerful and clever rival named Mohammed Al Ahmar who consolidated the remnant of the once vast Arab empire of Córdoba into the little kingdom of Granada. Yet, restricted as he was, he made his realm a famous centre of science, the fine arts, and prosperity. He did not indulge in dreams of revenge on the Spaniards who had driven him to the banks of the Darro in the course of the last few decades. Wise man that he was, he sought to be on friendly terms with his Christian neighbours. Unfortunately, his son did not follow suit. This Mohammed II took the field against Castile and defeated the Christians. But his victory brought no results of any historical interest. Though there were occasional scraps between the Christians and the Moslems, on the whole the status of the kingdom of Granada remained politically and materially much the same. The peace between Moslem and Christian was very superficial. Under the outer semblance of friendliness, there existed a passionate desire among the Castilians to be rid of Moslem rule in Granada. When no reason for war exists, a ruler intent on strife can always resort to intrigue. The Castilian king John II prepared the way which his successor Henry IV actually trod. Gibraltar and its surroundings were taken by force for the Moors in 1464 and their king, Mohammed X was fain to sign a treaty whereby, for an anual sum of 12.000 gold ducats, the king-

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dom of Granada was to keep its independence. Two years later, Mohammed X died. His successor Muley Abul Hassan, usually referred to as "the old king", kept the stipulations of the treaty with Castile though he had many an opportunity of stabbing Castile in the back during the civil war between Joanna Beltraneja and Isabella. But when Ferdinand and Isabella were proclaimed sovereigns of Castile, the "old king" refused to continue payment of the tribute. He declared categorically that in future Ferdinand would receive steel and not gold from Granada. For the moment, the new Castilian sovereigns had to resign themselves to the inevitable. Yet no one doubted that once order had been re-established in Christian Spain after the disorders engendered by the shattering war of succession, the Moslem kingdom in Spain would have to be liquidated. Towards the close of the year 1481, hostilities started. The Spanish forces were led into combat by Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, more or less in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella. The issue of the conflict between Crescent and Cross was that, after a long and dramatic war, the Moslem kingdom ceased to be and the kingdom of Granada was annexed to the crown of Castile. In 1491, the Moslems lost the grandiose fruits of their victory in 711.

For nearly eight centuries, the Arabs played an important part in the political, cultural and mercantile development of Spain; for close upon three centuries, the Mussulman government in the Iberian peninsula was in the hands of the glorious dynasty of the Omeiyades who embellished the lives of their subjects, raised the standard of intellectual pursuits, and made their realm a centre of learning and culture. As fate decreed, the House of Omeiyade disappeared some centuries before the downfall of the western caliphate of the once mighty commonwealth of the Mohammedans. The other Arab kings, the illustrious and the ignominious, the defeated and the victorious, were buried in oblivion when they had played their part in Arab history. And yet, posthumously as it were, two descendants of the famous Omeiyade dynasty rescued their patronymic, made their great name shine again, and became Arab kings of an imaginary kingdom on Spanish soil for a short time. These two

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last of the Omeiyades, young Aben Humeya and old Aben Abu, true Omeiyades by blood and in spirit, were the last Moslem kings to rule over their brethern on Spanish soil.

Universal history furnished many an example of victories which, though fatal to the vanquished do not particularly requite the conqueror. This was the case with the conquest of Islamic Granada by the Catholic sovereigns of Spain. The Spanish army was never able to bring about a decisive victory, so it was decided to enter into negotiations. A skilful Christian mediator persuaded a helpless, incompetent and fickle Mussulman king to surrender the western caliphate of the Moslem empire. But though the Spaniards achieved their aim, the incorporation of Granada into the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon was a continuous source of danger and difficulty. The Spaniards had to learn by experience that a great dominion which has existed for many centuries, and has a population of valiant and gifted people, can at one stroke of the pen be deleted from the map.

Young Aben Humeya had learned from childhood all the details which had accompanied the long Arab rule in the Iberian peninsula; he had seen the mosques and palaces, the gigantic walls and towers, the beautiful gardens and fountains, which his ancestors had built; their architecture spoke to him in Arabic, the ornamentation of the stone buildings still told the tale of the faith of Islam. Now the Moriscos were expected to acknowledge no other faith but Christianity. Aben Humeya, the youngest scion of the Omeiyade family, felt that his vocation in life was to extricate his brethern from the oppression of the Spanish Christians, to rouse them from their lethargy, to rekindle in their souls the spirit of the ancient Omeiyades, the successors of the Prophet, Mohammed.

The caliphs of Córdoba raised Spanish culture and civilisation to a lofty altitude far surpassing the standard of the other Mohammedan dominions and the Europe of those medieval days. Their names may be forgotten except by a few students of that epoch of Spanish history. But the magnificence of their creations in stone and tiles, dedicated to the "Praise of God, the Eternal, Omnipotent, the Most", can never be forgotten. They still stand today

nesses of Moslem culture, framed against the dark blue skies of Córdoba, Seville, Granada and many other places.

From the fairy capital of Córdoba, a town worthy of a tale from the Arabian Nights, there radiated the blessings of prosperity which in itself is sufficient to promote and protect the liberal arts and sciences. The city was founded by the Omeiyades and soon became the stronghold of erudition to which men of letters flocked from far and wide. English, French, German, Italian scholars came to Córdoba to take advantage of the famous and the most extensive library then in existence in Europe. It had been acquired by Alkahem II and Almanzor, and consisted of about six hundred thousand volumes collected in Greece, Egypt, Persia, India and China.

The caliphs of Córdoba had an enormous revenue which was mainly derived from the profits on agriculture, commerce, industry and mining. A considerable portion of this wealth was spent on education, the erection of splendid buildings, irrigation, and fortification. The caliph's subjects were so superior to the French, let us say, in arts, husbandry, industry, and trade, that it is obvious the Arabs of that day wisely recognised that culture and civilisation need to be financed as liberally as the sinews of war.

Not only did the Arabs build grandiose mosques for the spiritual edification of their people, but they were lavish in the endowment of academies and public free schools for the intellectual welfare of their subjects. Nor was health, cleanliness and enjoyment neglected as is seen by the innumerable bathing establishments which they installed. In the town of Córdoba alone, there were six hundred mosques, a university, eighty public schools and nine hundred bathing establishments for over a million inhabitants who were housed in approximately two hundred thousand dwellings.

From descriptions given by historians, the capital of the caliphate must have been the most marvellous city in Spain. Of the many splendid palaces (among them that of Azahra which is said to have been the most beautiful), with their groves and fountains nothing much remains. The famous mosque of Córdoba, now a Catholic cathedral, gives an idea of the astounding skill of the architects and builders, and

the munificence of the caliphs who financed such undertakings. It was erected at the close of the eighth century, after the Spanish caliphate had thrown off the suzerainty of the eastern empire and had become an independent kingdom under the rule of the House of Omeiyade. The mosque of Córdoba almost outdoes in splendour the parent mosque of Mecca, though it is smaller than either the one at Jerusalem or Mecca.

The Arabs proved to be no less efficient in exploiting the natural resources of the Spanish soil than they were in the domain of architecture. They cultivated the vine and olive and introduced many plants from the east; precious minerals, and especially gold, were mined and exported; the sword-blades made at Toledo were as celebrated as were those of Damascus. The manufacture of silk flourished. Inventions, such as the making of paper from linen in 1006 and cloth in 1009, contributed to the glory and wealth of Arab Spain. It is also affirmed that the production and use of gunpowder were known in the caliphate of Córdoba by the end of the eleventh century. By exporting a large number of valuable articles, such as sugar, fine cotton and woollen goods from the Caliphate, Córdoba became renowned as a centre of commerce and trade.

Of course in the early days of Arab rule all these beneficial things were non-existent. But as the inhabitants settled down after the mighty invasion from the east, swords were replaced by tools for productive work. Gradually Arab and Christian came to understand one another. Under the wise rule of the first Omeiyade governor, the Christians enjoyed a general contentment of mind. They were not expelled from the country; they were allowed to retain their goods and chattels; they spoke their own language and worshipped according to the precepts of their faith; traditional customs and the Visigoth laws could be practised unmolested; inter-marriage between Christian women and Arab men was not only permitted but encouraged. No barriers were erected between the Arab, Christian and Jewish populations and, at least during the reigns of the Omeiyades, everyone lived peacefully side by side. Occasionally some fanatic would raise local riots, but these led to nothing.

Despotism was the form of government; the caliph held supreme power over matters both religious and secular. During the epoch of Omeiyade rule, the danger of party crisis among the Moslems themselves was averted. Such crises arose from time to time from jealousies among the various Arab tribes who had assisted in the conquest and more especially from those Berbers and Moors who immigrated in growing numbers from Africa to take advantage of the flourishing condition of the Mussulman realm. But no sooner had the Omeiyade dynasty been swept away than disintegration of the western empire set in and slowly but surely the empire decayed. When Almanzor died the powerful caliphate of Córdoba broke up into several minor states which, in the long run, were unable to deal with the growing pugnacity of the Christian Spaniards who naturally made the best use possible of the disunity existing among the Mohammedans. In 1137, Catalonia with its capital Barcelona, was reconquered by the Spaniards and not long after, Saragossa, Toledo and Valencia were lost by the Moslems. Some years before, the Spanish had reached the banks of the Tagus under the leadership of Rue Blas, the Cid, whose exploits have been sung in legend and song. Then, in 1236, Córdoba fell to the Christian onslaughts and ultimately Sevilla was snatched from the Moors.

Mohammed Al Ahmar, as man as energetic as he was efficient, contrived to rally the remnant of the Moorish population in the southernmost part of the peninsula; to inspire them with the spirit of enterprise; to create a Mohammedan kingdom round Granada. Though the dimensions of this realm were insignificant when compared with the magnificent empire of Córdoba, it was destined to as great a splendour. The Spaniards came to a halt at the frontiers of this kingdom and Granada remained an independent state for two centuries. In this period it won glory and fame as the centre of the highest civilisation. The first king of Granada, Mahommed Al Ahmar, surnamed the Fair or the Ruddy, made his name immortal by the construction of the Alhambra which he started to build in 1248. It was completed in the reign of his grandson in 1413. What remains of this magnificent palace, impresses us rather by

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the vastness of its red walls than by its architectural beauty. Nevertheless, the interior is like a fairy tale with its marvellous columns, its vaults, its mosaics, its ornamentation. Not a single portion of this huge edifice but testifies to the pre-eminent gift of the Moors for conformity of construction, decoration and architectural design. The walls are inscribed with many a text in exquisite lettering and show eloquently the Moors' humble faith in God: "There is no power or strength but in God", "There is no conqueror but God", short sentences which reveal with pregnant simplicity the vanity of human efforts.

There is no denying the fact that in the "Golden Age" of the Moorish kingdom of Granada it attained so high a cultural, scientific, and commercial standard that, in spite of political and religious antagonisms, it attracted from far and wide, men of great spiritual nobility and also those whose minds were bent to commerce. The university and the library; though not on as grandiose a scale as those of Córdoba, maintained a superlative standard. Fifty public free schools provided for the education of the inhabitants; the population at the beginning of the fourteenth century was estimated at two hundred thousand. Though learning was pursued with avidity, as witness the list of names of famous Arab students and commentators who translated the works of Aristotle and many historians, poetry was also lovingly fostered. Arabic ballads exhibit the charm of romantic sentimentality clad in the figurative and metaphorical diction so dear to the hearts of the Moorish world of thought and feeling. These works have had their influence on Spanish literature.

The fertile and well cultivated plain to the south of the capital brought in rich products as did also the silk industry and many other undertakings. The ports of Almeria and Malaga shipped cargoes to Genoa, Venice, Tunisia and Egypt, thus bringing much wealth to the small kingdom. An authenticated statement as to Granada's public revenues gives us some idea as to this wealth. It amounted to 1,200,000 gold ducats a year—an astounding sum when we recall that the total population of the kingdom was about three million. The abundance of financial resources at the

disposal of the Moorish king contrasted greatly with the poverty-stricken condition of Castile. It permitted the kings of Granada to indulge in luxurious courts and general lavishness which aroused the covetousness of the Spanish Christian states. Can it be wondered at that, apart from ideological motives, the Spanish Christians should wish to make all this abundance their own?

Mohammed the Fair, was eager to be on good terms with his Christian neighbours in Castile, but he was a prudent man and resolved to leave nothing to chance. He protected his realm by constructing a great many strongholds and fortresses along the frontiers and kept a well-trained and well-equipped standing army always in readiness against possible aggression. The fighting strength, the fighting value, the fighting spirit of the Moorish forces of Granada were, for that epoch, of the highest standard. The most brilliant arm was the cavalry. On the plain outside the southern gate, many a tournament between Arab horsemen and Christian knights displayed admirable horsemanship. The Moorish infantry was also very efficient; its skill with the cross-bow and harquebus was recognised even by the enemy; the martial fervour of the mountaineers from the Alpujarras who were for the most part Berbers, became proverbial. Taking them all in all, the forces of the kingdom of Granada formed a powerful instrument against aggression and made for security even against numerically superior armies. For more than two centuries, the little kingdom of Granada, surrounded by deadly enemies, managed to hold its own and keep the foe in check. Even when the fatal time came, it took nine long years to subdue the small kingdom.

The kingdom of Moorish Granada tells a vivid tale of the ceaseless struggle of an able people, endowed by nature with power and a creative mind, against its own decadence and the implacable enemy without the borders. For many a decade this courageous community laboured under the illusion that they could be victorious on both these fronts, since time and time again they were successful. But these successes were of short duration and, in the end, their own decadence and their foreign enemy ruined them.

Whereas in that small part of the Iberian peninsula where

the Mussulmans were still in power, the arts, sciences, commerce and general prosperity held a higher place than anywhere else in Europe, the Christian Spanish were at loggerheads and had brought their independent kingdoms into a state of chaos. Incompetent rulers and bloody civil strife had reduced the largest of these kingdoms, Castile, to the verge of ruin. But when Isabella triumphed over her rival, Joanna Beltraneja, and was crowned queen of Castile, she set about resolutely, methodically and successfully to bring order out of chaos. Reforms in the administration and the restitution of law were her first consideration. Prosperity was in the air and the spirit of national unity made a promising debut on the stage of Castile which had been joined to Aragon by Isabella's marriage with Ferdinand. Now the hour had struck when the great national work of incorporating Granada into Christian Spain must be energetically undertaken.

In those days, Muley Abul Hassan, whom chroniclers and poets refer to as "The Old King", was the ruler of Granada. He had succeeded his father, Mohammed X, in 1466 and refrained from any raid on the neighbouring territory of Castile. Yet at Christmas, 1481, the Old King suddenly gave vent to his hatred of the Christian neighbours by storming and ravishing the Castilian frontier-fortress of Zahara. He slew the garrison and dragged the women and children into captivity.

The royal court at Burgos were indignant at this savage deed and thirsted to avenge it. But the Castilian forces were neither strong enough nor ready enough to take immediate action. For the time being, revenge was entrusted to the famous nobleman, Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz who was known to be eagerly awaiting an opportunity to deal with the detestable Moor. He hastily raised some troops and marched towards the wealthy and important manufacturing town of Alhama which lay not far from the city of Granada. Though the citizens offered desperate resistance, he forced a passage into it and the town surrendered. Rivers of Moorish blood testified to the fact that the Christians were no less cruel than the Moors.

The Marquis of Cadiz hastened to strengthen his position.

Tidings of the capture of Alhama were received with jubilation throughout Christian Spain though the reaction among the Moors was naturally anything but joyful. The Mussulmans instinctively felt that the disaster at Alhama was not only a deplorable loss of a town, but a heavy blow which shook the whole kingdom of Granada. A poignant ballad by an Arab contemporary expresses the melancholy which fell upon their spirits. Lord Byron made a translation of this poem and the English refrain "Woe is me, Alhama", conveys a vivid picture of the desolation.

Abul Hassan, far from allowing himself to sink into despondency, resolved to show the Spaniards and his own subjects that he was in a position to pay the foe back in his own coin. A few days after the place had been taken by Ponce de Leon, he set his troops to seize the garrison. Again and again they stormed to the attack. Though the Moorish forces greatly outnumbered those of the Spanish commander, Abul Hassan saw that he was at a disadvantage owing to the lack of artillery without which this strongly fortified town could not be taken. He, therefore, resorted to a blockade. By completely cutting off the water supply of Alhama, he thought to overcome the enemy's resistance. Scarcity of provisions soon made itself felt, but the Marquis of Cadiz kept the morale of his troops at a high level and refused to surrender. He awaited a relief force under the command of Alonso de Aguilar and though this expeditionary corps never arrived, he did not lose hope. At last his perseverance was requited by the approach of powerful reinforcements under the Duke of Medina Sidonia. In spite of an old feud between the two men, Medina Sidonia raised a quite respectable contingent at his own expence to relieve the Spanish at Alhama.

The King of Granada had expected an easy victory over the small Spanish Garrison and had by now brought up his train of artillery. But when he learned of the approach of a considerable relieving army, he was seized with panic, knowing full well that he risked being attacked in the rear. He withdrew the whole of his army from Alhama to the capital. Thus the Moors lost the second battle of Alhama.

Meanwhile, the Spanish sovereigns had raised a small

army which was under the command of Ferdinand of Aragon himself. When on the march to Alhama, he received news that the siege had been raised, he halted at Córdoba in order to see how events would develop before proceeding further. Soon he was on the march again, for the king of Granada began operations to recover Alhama. Again Abul Hassan was obliged to abandon the attempt in view of Ferdinand's approaching army. Without meeting any opposition, the Spanish king entered Alhama with great pomp and ceremony and then returned to Córdoba.

On July 1st., 1482, Ferdinand marched towards the fortress of Loja. Before he had completed his arrangements for the storming of this stronghold, the Moorish garrison made an unexpected sortie and inflicted such terrible losses on the Spaniards that the troops were thrown into disorder. Ferdinand was obliged to retreat, but not without heroic fighting by which he managed to rescue a part of his scattered army. Nevertheless, this defeat was a grave one both as regards losses and the effect it had on the morale of the Spaniards.

They had barely recovered from the wound inflicted upon them at Loja, when they saw themselves destined to experience even more bitter reverses. Early in March, 1483, the Spanish sovereigns resumed the fight against the Moors in Granada and took the field near the port of Malaga. Alfonso de Cardenas, Grand Master of the knightly order of Santiago, and the Marquis of Cadiz were entrusted with the command of the Spanish units. Disaster befell them. Their excellent divisions, while slowly forcing their way through the winding passes of the mountains to the north of Malaga, were fiercely attacked by a body of Moorish troops led by El Zagal, Abul Hassan's brother. Grim and bloody fighting ensued. The Spaniards faced tremendous odds and were at length overcome by despair. They were slaughtered or captured though by a miracle the Marquis of Cadiz and Alonso de Aguilar managed to escape. In the wild defiles of the mountains, four hundred corpses of Spanish knights were found, the flower of the Castilian nobility; more than two thousand Spanish warriors of other ranks bore silent witness to this calamitous debacle.

Evil omens gathered on his way: the point of his lance knocked against the arch of the gateway through which he was passing and broke off; a fox crossed the road in front of the king and slunk away unhurt; in Arab eyes these portents were enough to condemn the campaign from the outset and for once, superstition was confirmed by facts.

Before the Arabs could reach their first objective, an improvised Spanish army attacked the marching columns and dispersed them into groups. Valour on the part of the Moors was no match for superior strategy and when Ali Atar, the best of the Moorish commanders fell and the king was taken prisoner, the Moslem soldiers, lacking tactical guidance, surrendered. The count of Cabra won the day and, moreover, held a hostage of great political importance, no less a man than the king of Granada himself. His Majesty was treated with the customary chivalry by his captors, but naturally an enormous ransom was asked for his release. The Spaniards got the price they asked for: a king's ransom and the surrender of a kingdom.

Consternation prevailed in Granada when the news of the lost battle was brought by Moorish fugitives from the field and this was enhanced when the people learned that their king had been captured. Repercussions were bound to take place. The Old King had been waiting for an opportunity to come from his retreat and resume the reins of government. The Sultana paid the ransom and the defeated and humiliated young king was returning to Granada. With the aid of those Arabs who had remained faithful in their allegiance to the Old King, Abul Hassan occupied the Alhambra and turned the sultana and her adherents out of the capital. The Little King or Boabdil, as the Spaniards nicknamed Abul Abdallah, went with his mother and their followers to the port of Almeria. Though Abul Hassan and his brother, El Zagal, took energetic and intelligent action to stay the process of corruption within the borders of the state of Granada, they were unable to achieve much. With two inimical parties within so small a state, both the king-father and king-son were at a disadvantage. It is doubtful whether in existing circumstances of political confusion among the Spanish Moors, even a man inspired with the ancient spirit

his brother El Zagal, took over the reins of government. His was a lion-heart, his was a brain of powerful intelligence, his were fists of a mighty strength; yet no heroism, no wisdom, no strength could avert the doom of the kingdom of Granada, crushed as it was between two foes: civil war and the enemy without. El Zagal's first move was to deal a blow to the rival party gathered round Abul Abdallah and his mother. But he evidently underestimated the strength of his countrymen, for the armed encounter at Granada city took the form of violent street fighting which endured for many weeks and in the end turned to El Zagal's disadvantage. He saw himself obliged to come to a compromise with his nephew and rival, Abdallah, on the basis of partitioning the Moorish capital between them: one party was to possess the quarters on the north side of the river Darro while the other party was given the rest. Thus any possibility of a united effort against the inroads of the Spaniards was gone for ever.

While the Moors were shedding Moorish blood and the Furies of hate and vengeance raged within the precincts of the city of Granada, the forces raised by Ferdinand and Isabella were penetrating deeper and deeper into the state of Granada which, once so full of romance, music and gay laughter, was now staging a tragedy. The advance of the Christian forces was retarded by the heroic resistance offered by El Zagal's men, but nevertheless the Spaniards steadily approached the coasts of Granada. In April, 1487, Velez, the key to the port of Malaga, was captured by Ferdinand. Remained Malaga itself to be conquered. The first assault failed, and failed badly. Grim were the losses inflicted on the Spaniards by the Moorish defenders. No second assault was ventured, for the Christian aggressors realised that this place, well protected by its geographical position and its strong fortifications, adequately manned and sufficiently provisioned, could only succumb to a blockade by land and sea. Moreover the city was defended by keen warriors under the command of that remarkable Arab knight, Hamet Zeli. The land blockade was inaugurated by Ferdinand; the blockade by sea was in the hands of a Catalonian nobleman, Don Luis de Requesens.

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of the Omeiyades could have staved the rottenness in the State of Granada. However, Abul Hassan with the advice of his brother to back him did succeed in keeping the Spanish enemy at bay in spite of the tense and troubled atmosphere inside his realm. There was neither peace nor war on the frontiers. Shirmishes and forays took place from time to time, but no decisive action was undertaken by either party for nearly four years. Neither the Spaniards nor the Arabs were prepared to wage a serious war.

Internal dissensions made it difficult for the Moors to keep the high standard of their army up to its former level; the Spanish suffered from a painful lack of artillery without which the many fortified places along the frontiers could not be taken. Isabella of Castile insisted on removing this lack and, with singular energy, circumspection and perseverance, she created an enormous and excellent artil-

other than Isabella's bosom friend, Beatriz de Bobadilla, Marchioness of Moya, whom the Arab had mistaken for the queen, while the gentleman was Don Alvaro of Portugal, son of the Duke of Braganza, who had been mistaken for the King of Aragon.

Though the Arabs defended their bright and lovely city of Malaga with lion-hearted courage, they could not withstand the overwhelming force of the Spanish artillery under the command of the Castilian knight Gonsalvo and the mining expert, Pedro de Navarro. In August, 1487, Malaga surrendered. Ferdinand and Isabella made a solemn entry into the devastated city which had once been an exquisite and wealthy port. The inhabitants suffered a cruel fate. In his wrath at the stubborn and fiery resistance of the defenders, Ferdinand dictated ruthless punishment. Isabella tried in vain to mitigate the severity of her spouse. All the Moorish inhabitants of Malaga, men, women and children, were sent to slavery while the Jews who had recently come to Malaga to escape the persecution against them in Castile, were annihilated.

The capture of Malaga was a terrible blow to El Zagal, but he did not lose heart. It speaks well for El Zagal's eminent capability as a ruler and general, that in the desperate situation of the Moorish realm which by now had been reduced to a mere fragment in the south-eastern part of the Iberian peninsula, he checked Ferdinand's further advance till the spring of 1489. This temporary respite was due to El Zagal's skill and perseverance backed by the fighting spirit and bravery of his forces. If only he could have combined with Abul Abdallah in the defence of the kingdom, the complete extinction of whatever was "Arabian" in Spain might have been averted. The political and governmental machinery in Granada became so confused in the years preceeding the downfall of the Moorish kingdom, that it could no longer be regarded as a homogeneous realm in the proper sense of the term. Two sovereigns, each of them lord of one particular part of the small realm, reigned simultaneously: Abul Abdallah, son and heir of the Old King, was recognised as the rightful king of Granada by the authorities and his capital was the city of Granada; El

The stranglehold of the blockade was tightening daily round Malaga and El Zagal realised the mortal threat to the city. Collecting what Moorish troops he could, he marched to the relief of this important town. But the perfidious and treacherous Abdallah attacked his columns on the way and thus the relieving force never reached its destination. Even after a gruelling cannonade from sea and land had made breaches in the ramparts and fortifications, the Moorish defendants persevered in their heroic parry. So long as any ammunition was to hand, the boom of the Spanish guns was answered by that of the Moors within the city; many a sally of the beleaguered inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. On one such occasion, the Moors who were garrisoned at the castle of Gebalfaro, succeeded in breaking into Ponce de Leon's quarters where they massacred a great many of his men and threw the whole place into confusion. De Leon, wounded and exhausted, escaped death by a hair's breadth.

Among the many stirring episodes of this protracted seige, some of them demonstrating the valour of the Spaniards while others showed the rashness, fanaticism and frenzy of the Arabs who were engaged in a life and death struggle, there is one which nearly caused the death of Ferdinand and Isabella. During an attack by a Moorish unit, an Arab nobleman, posing as a deserter, offered no resistance when captured by his Spanish adversary. He pretended that he possessed important information which he intended to disclose if brought into the presence of the Spanish sovereigns. Since there seemed no adequate reason for refusing his request, he was conducted to the royal tent. His guard was ordered to detain him in an adjoining tent until such time as their majesties should be ready to receive his intelligence. Knowing not a word of Spanish, he was deceived into thinking that the lady and gentleman whom he encountered there must be the king and queen. Drawing a dagger which he had concealed in his cloak, the Arab struck the man in the head and then aimed at the lady whose heavily embroidered robes deflected the point of the weapon without doing her an injury. In a trice, the Arab assassin was slain by the attendants who, on hearing the lady's cries, rushed into the tent. The lady was none

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Zagal, brother to the late king, had assumed the reins of government on his own authority and in virtue of his outstanding ability as general and statesman. He had removed his capital to the little town of Gaudix after resigning his portion of Granada city. From here he considered that he was better placed to conduct and survey his warlike enterprises against the Spaniards. He excelled in guerilla warfare and was single-handed in waging the war against Spain, for Abul Abdallah was a mere marionette in the clutches of Isabella and Ferdinand. If he fought at all, it was against his rival, El Zagal. He imagined that by so doing he would save himself and his small Arab domain

Throughout the year 1488, there were occasional skirmishes, affrays, raids, marauding expeditions as evidence that a war between Spanish and Moorish armies was afoot. Early in 1489, Isabella deemed the time propitious for a war to the knife against the Moorish realm and for its annexation to the kingdom of Castile. Her life's dream was a united Spain and she was determined to realise it in action.

Ferdinand of Aragon, surrounded by the warlike knights of the Castilian nobility, headed an army of approximately fifteen thousand cavalry and eighty thousand foot among whom were German and Swiss mercenaries. He marched towards Baza, the most important of the three cities which El Zagal could call his own. At the highest estimate, El Zagal's forces amounted to no more than five thousand horse and twenty thousand foot; early defeat seemed inevitable. Yet the improbable occurred. Not only did the first mighty assault of the Spaniards fail completely, but the subsequent siege of Baza proved so difficult that Ferdinand was on the point of abandoning the whole business. Isabella prevailed on her husband to change his mind. The siege lasted all through the summer and autumn. No decisive results had been achieved even in the early days of December when a mission from the sultan of Egypt arrived and demanded the cessation of hostilities. The envoys received a negative reply and the siege of Baza continued.

Faced with the necessity of going into winter quarters, Ferdinand had a solid encampment constructed for his troops. In a remarkably short time, a comfortable camp was

made and yet the despondency which possessed the Spanish troops grew apace. Something had to be done to restore the fighting spirit of the men. The only person capable of accomplishing this feat was Isabella. She visited the camp and succeeded in renewing the confidence of her army.

Yet even the inspiring presence of Isabella at Ferdinand's head-quarters failed to accelerate the conquest of Baza; the siege dragged along its weary way. Though the Spanish sovereigns had at their disposal strong, brave, well-equipped troops, up-to-date artillery, courageous knights and competent officers, victory evaded them. The lack of success puzzled them, though as a matter of fact there was nothing to puzzle about at all. The prerequisite of a successful campaign was lacking: a really outstanding commander-in-chief. Ferdinand was not a gifted general; where he excelled was in the world of politics and diplomacy. Realising that a negotiated peace with Baza's courageous commander, Cidi Yahye, would pay better than the conquest of the city, Ferdinand made it known that he was ready to grant very honourable terms in the event of immediate surrender. The privations and subsequent exhaustion of Baza's defenders had reached a far higher pitch than could be surmised by their tough resistance and they did not hesitate to capitulate on the honourable terms Ferdinand promised.

On December 4, 1489, the Spanish monarchs made their entry into Baza whose gates had been opened to them not because of a glorious Spanish feat of arms, but through the wise tactics adopted by Ferdinand as a negotiator.

With the reduction of Baza, one of the few remaining pillars of El Zagal's ruined realm had crashed and he knew that no strategy, no lion-hearted courage, no resistance be it never so defiant, could retard the enemy's advance. True to his faith, he devoutly resigned himself to God's will; calmly and with dignity, he listened to Cidi Yahye's message. The Spanish sovereigns were determined to occupy every inch of Arab territory on the Iberian peninsula; they had the power to enforce their will; if needs must, they would carry out their intentions ruthlessly and relentlessly; but they were anxious to avoid unnecessary bloodshed; to prove their Christian charity, they would concede to El Zagal

and his co-religionists personal liberty and the privilege to perform the rites of their faith on condition that, without offering any further resistance, the Arabs would recognise the suzerainty of the Spanish sovereigns. To this message El Zagal replied: "What Allah wills has to be done. Had he not decreed the fall of Granada, this good sword of mine would have saved Granada; but His will be done."

Submitting to Allah's inexorable decree, El Zagal no longer considered himself justified in sacrificing the blood of his brethren. He accepted the terms of peace. Thus, without striking a blow, the Spanish sovereigns entered Almeria and Guadix a few days after the fall of Malaga.

Ferdinand and Isabella held firmly to the chivalrous terms of the negotiated peace with El Zagal, even bestowing on him the title of "King of Andaraz". But the valiant, active, proud El Zagal soon left title, residence and subsidy behind him to join his racial brethren in Africa where he died not long afterwards.

Ferdinand and Isabella, being now in possession of the larger moiety of what once constituted the Moorish kingdom in Granada, disbanded thgir troops early in 1490, partly to save expense and partly because that which still remained to be conquered would not require so vast an army.

But in the spring of the same year, Ferdinand determined to bring the city of Granada, the last stronghold of Moorish independence in Spain, under Spanish dominion. No considerable resistance was to be expected from Abul Abdallah, for he had since his father's death, been a bondman rather than a hostile ruler. When he received Ferdinand's summons to surrender the capital, a summons couched in moderate language, Abul Abdallah quite unexpectedly refused the royal command. Ferdinand, therefore marched large forces into the plain at the gates of the town. The Spaniards methodically destroyed the Vega of Granada and the Moors, infuriated at the growing devastation of the surrounding country, endeavoured to bring as much desolation on the enemy as possible by making fierce sorties and undertaking marauding expeditions. Both Spaniards and Moors excelled themselves by the ferocity of their deeds. In spite of their

temerity, the Moors were unable to dislodge Ferdinand and neither was the latter successful in forcing his way into the city. The year 1490 ended without bringing about a decision. At last, in the spring of 1491, Isabella, exasperated by the failure of her troops to subdue the insignificant body of infidels opposing her, raced to the Spanish head-quarters to see for herself what was afoot. As so often before, her unrivalled energy imparted a fresh spirit of resoluteness to everyone. Nevertheless, the siege of Granada dragged on all through the summer and made scant progress. There seemed to be no hope of conquering the city before winter set in, and winter-quarters had to be provided for in good time, and in an adequate manner. The camp took the shape of a solidly built and architecturally beautiful little town and was named Santa Fé in token of the holy war which the Spaniards were waging against the Moslem foe.

The Moors of Granada, far from losing heart over the increasing difficulties of their situation, fought on desperately and with their ancient fanaticism. Ferdinand knew that this was the dying defence of a lion at bay, but he also recognised that such blows might prove extremely dangerous. Convinced as he was that the fate of the king and his Moors was already sealed, Ferdinand pondered the possibility of gaining his end without further bloodshed on either side.

The scorched earth policy of the Spaniards in the Vega had, indeed, made Abul Abdallah's position very precarious, for the cultivators in the neighbourhood had naturally swarmed into the city to seek protection and overcrowding was on the increase; at the same time, food became scarcer every day and discontent among the citizens was rife. The Moslem nobles, for their part, wished to preserve what remained of the Arab realm and desired to continue the fight; in this they were backed by the sultana Zoraya. Abul Abdallah saw himself in the detestable position of the betrayer betrayed; for having ingratiated himself with the Spanish sovereigns in order to destroy his rival and kinsman, El Zagal, he had indulged in the hope that the Spaniards would requite him for his services by recognising him as the legal sovereign of the kingdom of Granada. The

The Arabs were granted full freedom of religious worship and the performance of their rites, customs, and general mode of life; they were allowed to speak their own language and to carry on their own administration of justice; they were left in possession of all their property and could dispose of it as they pleased; no heavier taxes were to be imposed on them than they had paid prior to the capitulation; the Moors who did not wish to remain in Granada under Spanish rule could emigrate and if, within the next three years they decided to do so, the Spanish government would provide them with the necessary means for emigration.

Ferdinand and Isabella accompanied by the Castilian chancellor-cardinal Mendoza and escorted by a bevy of clerical and governmental dignitaries, made their entry into the Arab realm which now was no more. Chroniclers of the day describe the wonderful pageant, its brilliance and impressiveness, in glowing words. The enthusiasm of the Christian victors reached a climax when Abul Abdallah himself presented the keys of the Alhambra to the Spanish sovereigns and a short while after the standards of Castile and Aragon fluttered from the towers beside a large silver Cross which Mendoza had ready and placed there with his own hands. Henceforth it was to shine instead of the Crescent as a symbol of the Christian victory over Islam.

A small territory had been assigned to Abul Abdallah by the treaty and to this he and his retinue withdrew in melancholy mood. When the pitiful cavalcade reached the Alpujarras, Abul Abdallah stopped on a hillock to survey for the last time his conquered kingdom. So overwhelmed with grief was he, that tears gushed from his eyes. But his mother who was of stronger fibre scornfully exclaimed "You do well, my son, to weep like a woman for the loss of that which you could not hold like a man." Since that day, the hill has been known as "el ultimo Suspiro del Moro", the Last Sigh of the Moors.

The spirit of humanity and reconciliation which underlay the treaty of peace, the careful manner in which its provisions were executed by the Spanish governor and the new archbishop, Fernando de Talavera, gradually turned the

Driven to exasperation, Ferdinand determined to take command of an army and subdue the rebellious Moors. At the head of a large body of troops, he marched on the city of Lanjaron, one of the hotbeds of the rebellion. In February 1500, the place was taken by storm and given over to pillage; all the Moors, men, women and children, who had survived the bitter struggle, were carried off into slavery. An amnesty was promised to those Moors who were ready to receive instant baptism and the storm seemed to be abating in the eastern portion of the Alpujarras, when an even greater rebellion surged up in the west against the Christian oppressors. Some of the most valiant Arabs had taken up their abode in this region and, enraged at the gruesome horrors with which their brethren were being hunted down, they gave full vent to an accumulation of wrath by assailing the Christians, whether warriors or not, in the sierras Vermeja and Villa Luenga.

A great number of troops were sent to quell this fresh uprising. They raced to the horrible scene under the command of the counts Cifuentes, Urena, and Alfonso de Aguilar. The first clashes came on March 18th., on the banks of the narrow stream of Rio Verde where the Spaniards had encamped. An almost unbelievable tragedy was here enacted, for though the bands of Arabs were poorly armed and leaderless, they managed to lure the magnificently equipped Spaniards with their champion generals into a cleverly set trap and annihilated them. As the sun went down, no fewer than 3,000 Spanish corpses strewed the battlefield. Among the fallen heroes was Don Alfonso de Aguilar and Urena's son whereas Aguilar's fourteen year old son, a doughty youth, managed to escape owing to the faithful services of his father's manservant.

The proud fighting spirit and the strong will of the ancient dynasty of the Omeiyades, who eight centuries ago had conquered Iberia, came to life again among the reduced ranks of the Moors and helped them to gain a splendid victory. But their numbers were too small and their organisation too inefficient to exploit this victory or to ward off the impending attack of the outraged Spaniards. Before the close of the year, the bloody insurrection was com-

natural antipathy of the Moors into trust and good-will towards the Spanish rulers. Unfortunately these friendly relations were spoiled by the growing aggressiveness of the Spanish clergy and especially by the fanaticism displayed by the Franciscan Jiménez who succeeded Mendoza in the Chancellorship and to the see of Toledo. This friar was uncommonly gifted, but he was an ascetic to the very marrow of his bones; his soul was consumed with zeal for Christ; his heart devoted to his native land; his brain was for ever at work as to the best method for bringing the infidel into the Catholic fold. The Moors, for their part, refused to be converted and maintained their rights for the free exercise of their religion as stipulated in the treaty of surrender. Jiménez was accustomed to carry through to a finish whatsoever he strove for and had recourse to more forcible measure for the extinction of the Mohammedan faith. So he ignored the provisions of the treaty, considering them injurious to the future of Christianity in Spain.

The Moors refused to submit to the injustice committed by the Castilian chancellor; they grew more and more uneasy and tumultuous; at last they broke into open revolt. Acts of insurrection and armed riots on the part of the persecuted Moors increased. Jiménez, an intrepid champion of Christ and never in fear of personal danger, was once nearly killed in one of these outbreaks. Within the walls of Granada city, Jiménez could quell such uprisings, but in the mountains of Alpujarras, where the Moorish hordes lived, the ruthless methods by which Christianity was forced upon their religious brethren infuriated the Moslems to such a degree that they organised wild forays into the Christian quarters of the town and neighbourhood. In a spirit of unrestrained vengeance, they raided many villages and slaughtered the inhabitants irrespective of whether they were true Christians or Moorish apostates to the religion of Islam. They also seized some small fortresses. Guerilla warfare was rampant and in this form of combat the Spaniards were no match for the Arabs. True, the Spanish forces recaptured the fortified town of Huejar in the Alpujarras, but for the rest, the Arabs held their ground.

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His son Charles, the fifth of that name to be emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and the first of Spain, succeeded to the crown. He, too, would have left the Moors in peace had it not been for the necessity of protecting Spanish waters from the numerous incursions of the Arabs from Northern Africa. Charles sent a punitive expedition against them but failed in subduing them. Encouraged by this failure, the Moorish pirates intensified their assaults on Spanish shipping and on the coasts of Spain, ransacking the towns, carrying off the inhabitants to slavery whilst the Moriscos in Spain avenged themselves on the Spaniards in their midst

When Charles abdicated in favour of his son Philip II, the position of the Moriscos declined considerably and became critical. This ambitious, industrious, jealous and envious monarch, from the very outset of his reign, determined "never to be the ruler over heretics" and he was of the opinion that the Protestants in Flanders and the Mohammedans in Iberia had to be fought with fire and sword. Philip II did not shrink from the forcible removal of any kind of heretic and employed the very unchristian institution of the Inquisition to this purpose. He refused to hearken to the wiser counsels of the more humane, considerate and politically clearminded Marquis de Mondejar and Ruy de Gomez' party

On his return from Flanders to Madrid after endeavouring without avail to crush the Protestant revolt against Spanish despotism in the low countries, he turned his attention to the extermination of the insubordinate Moriscos. Though his political conceptions were almost invariably faulty and his political objectives of questionable value, whatever he undertook he did with a will and thus the extirpation of the Moriscos was carried out.

After the annexation of the Moorish kingdom of Granada to the Castilian crown, the country was divided up into a number of small districts each of which was superintended by a carefully selected and reliable Christian Spaniard to whom was attached a particularly fanatical Catholic priest who was guaranteed to carry out the mandates of the Inquisition very thoroughly.

Under such a system, the life was throttled out of the remaining Moriscos. In 1560, the importation of negroes from Africa was prohibited. This was a heavy blow to the Moriscos who needed the negroes as cheap labour for their highly developed handicraft industry and their model husbandry. Moreover, the prohibition struck indirectly at the Moslem faith, for the Africans were more inclined to Islam than to Christianity. The measure, however, served its purpose since it reduced Morisco prosperity and thereby diminished Arab economic influence and political importance. Another edict was issued in 1563 whereby on pain of death the Moriscos were forbidden to possess arms. This aimed at securing the Spaniards' lives and also humiliating the Moriscos, for the possession of arms was, in those days, the mark of a free man in contradistinction to a bond man.

The Moriscos realised that these measures were the forerunners of worse to come. Phillip II and his Inquisition had, indeed, a miserable fate in store for them. Premonition was followed by sad reality. Phillip II set up a commission whose task it was to settle the Morisco question for good and all. Such notorious haters of Islam as the Duke of Alva, the cardinal-archbishop of Granada, Espinosa, and the inquisitor-general, Deza were placed at the head of this commission.

What this dread triumvirate could do from detestation, malice, and cruelty, soon became evident. By the edict of November 17, 1566, the Moriscos were forbidden to use any language but Castilian, whether spoken or written, whether in private or in public; Arab surnames were to be banished and replaced by Spanish patronymics; all documents of whatever kind written in Arabic were to be regarded as null and void and had to be surrendered to the Spanish authorities, thus making every Arab title invalid; the Moriscos were forbidden to wear their distinctive garb and never any silken cloth; Arab women were to discard the veils from their faces; no specifically Arab custom for weddings, funerals or other feasts was permitted; Arab folk songs and dances were banned; the Moriscos were not allowed to lock the doors of their houses; they were forbidden to bathe and even to possess a bath-tub; and they

had without exception and without any mental reservation to acknowledge the Catholic faith and no other. These enactments, after a short transition period, were to be enforced mercilessly and under threats of the gravest punishment, such as heavy fines, imprisonment, or irrevocable banishment.

None who knew the true spirit of the Arabs, their fiery prowess, their racial pride and religious fervour could indulge for a moment in the belief that the Moriscos would humbly submit to the disgrace and ruin to which this enactment exposed them. How could they be expected to obey the king's decree in passivity, to go unwashed, to dress in Spanish attire, and to chant Catholic hymns in the Castilian tongue? Christian notables of Moorish descent, people who had been brought up in the Catholic faith, many a judicious Christian of pure Spanish blood, even the most fanatical baiters of Islam, tried to induce the king to moderate the rigorous nature of the decree. But Phillip remained impervious to every expostulation. He was not a man to come to quick decisions, but once having made up his mind he carried out his resolutions with reckless determination. On January 1, 1567, reaction against the edict set in. Martyrdom was not congenial to people of Moorish blood. By Christmas, 1568, the storm of revolution broke.

When, on January 2, 1492, Mendoza had set up the Cross beside the standards of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic in the Alhambra at Granada, it was a portent that, just as Spanish arms had conquered the Moorish warriors so eventually would the Catholic Church conquer the Moorish souls. But a Spanish victory of armed forces had not been easily achieved; neither was the Catholic Church destined to carry all before it. The Spanish clergy worked laboriously and patiently to enlighten the Moorish people and convert them to the exalted ethics of Christianity. The first Archbishop of Granada, Talavera, used merciful methods to bring his infidel flock into the Catholic fold; in a less tolerant spirit did Jiménez endeavour to persuade the Mohammedans to receive Christian baptism; but "persuasion" seemed to him too slow and imperfect a method of conversion; his impatient and fatical disposition led him to replace peaceful

persuasion by force which grew into raging violence, irrespective of the promise of religious freedom granted in the treaty. When about the beginning of the sixteenth century, Jiménez reported triumphantly to his sovereigns that no unbaptised Moor remained in Granada, this was an ignominious admission that the treaty of peace had been grossly violated.

Jiménez excessive zeal afflicted Isabella's conscience and almost led her to dismiss him; but she was first and foremost the Queen of Castile and everything else was of secondary importance to her. She could not part with her chancellor because he was the successful peace-maker and creator of the Greater Spain for which she longed. Therefore the sufferings of her Moorish subjects in Granada continued. The stipulations of the peace treaty having once been transgressed, there was no limit to the cruelties which resulted for the Moors. The edicts of July 1501 and February 1502, are witnesses of the fact. Though neither of these edicts was fully enacted, they were never forgotten either by the Spaniards or by the Arabs. Phillip II unearthed and slightly altered them in 1566, not with a view to clemency but in order to carry them out in actual practice in 1567. Now the smouldering fury which had lasted for decades broke forth into brutal and savage rebellion against the oppressors. If it was Allah's will that they should perish, then at least the Moslems in Iberia would go down in glory on the battlefield and take their revenge on their ruthless foe. From their mountain fastnesses, the rough tribes of African Berbers descended, burning and ravaging as they marched through the valleys towards the city of Granada in order to join their Arab brethren who, under the leadership of a wealthy merchant, Aben Farax by name, were preparing an armed assault on the Christian dignitaries, councillors and burghers. Their objective was to take possession of the city and to proclaim it the capital of a new kingdom of Granada. As ill-luck would have it, the conspiracy came to the ears of the Spanish authorities in Granada and the movement collapsed. Aben Farax escaped with some thousands of his partisans into the wilderness of the Alpujarras, but he had not time to inform the other

bands of insurgents who were already approaching the capital. During the night of December 26, 1568, the Moorish and Berber insurgents from the Alpujarras fell upon Granada, massacred all who crossed their path, desecrated the shrines and, without thought or regard, burned everything combustible. Through the streets of Granada they swept and on into the plain beyond, and the roads where they passed were strewn with slain Christians and with ruthless destruction.

This maniacal rage for murder and destruction slowly subsided, but the revolutionary spirit which inspired it spread throughout the Moorish population of Granada. What had at first appeared to be nothing more than a wild gesture on the part of the Moriscos, turned into a serious war of liberation. The Moriscos, whose warlike instincts were innate, soon realised that they needed an authoritative leader if their war of independence were to prove successful. The long forgotten name of the once mighty and glorious dynasty of the Omeiyades which, centuries ago, had founded the magnificent caliphate of Córdoba, now flashed anew across the political horizon of Granada.

Young Aben Humeya, a descendant of Omeiyades, was chosen by the insurgents to be king of the Moorish kingdom which they hoped to establish. In an impressive, solemn, moving and simple ceremony, Aben Humeya was crowned and proclaimed "Lord of Andalusia and Granada". A multitude of Moriscos then acclaimed him as their king and swore the oath of allegiance. Now he was to prove himself worthy of the holy mission and exalted title to which he had been dedicated. He was twenty-two years of age and his wit, prowess and liberality gained him the popularity of his compatriots. He may have been a trifle too liberal if we are to gauge his actions by the fact that not long before he had been in a debtor's prison. However this may be, he showed himself to be a clever strategist and a prudent young man in that he valued the advice of his old, careful and experienced uncle, Aben Abu.

The Spanish Governor of Granada was not taken by surprise. This Marquis de Mondejar foresaw that in prevailing circumstances a rising was bound to take place, but he did

not expect it to be of so violent a nature or to be so widespread. On January 2, 1569, he marched a hurriedly raised army against the insurgents. Though his troops vastly outnumbered the Moriscos, a band of rebels managed to defeat the Spanish vanguard and bring the enemy to a temporary halt. The issue of this encounter proved to Aben Humeya the value of guerilla warfare against a foe much better equipped and particularly strong in artillery. By avoiding pitched battles and contenting themselves with minor successes, the revolutionary Moriscos gradually occupied nearly the whole of the former kingdom of Granada.

But at last, on January 13, 1569, the Marquis of Mondejar forced the Moriscos into battle in the pass of Alfajarali. The fighting was furious; on the one side for Christ and Spain; on the other for Mahomed and the new Moorish kingdom. In the end the Spanish musketry and artillery won the day but not a decisive victory. The Christian army regained places and brought disgrace on their religion by indulging in massacre, plunder, rape, and arson, thus following the pattern of the Moslem hordes. In the little town of Paterna, the Spanish soldiery seized the mother, wife, and two sisters of Aben Humeya and dragged them into captivity amid jeers and laughter. Mondejar was horrified at the atrocities committed by his men, but he could do little to check the unbridled lusts let loose after the victory. Subsequently, he had the leaders of the criminal outrages put to death.

Dame Fortune did not remain faithful to Mondejar. His soldiers were demoralised by looting, marauding and raping; they were undisciplined and disorganised; they bore him a grudge on account of the stern manner in which he had dealt with those whom he considered to be the instigators of the more abominable acts which they thought they had every right to perform. Moreover, Phillip II and his council of war looked askance at the Marquis of Mondejar because of his failure to crush the rebellion and his "gentleness" towards the Moriscos whom they desired so ardently to exterminate. Madrid, therefore, decided to raise another army and to place the Marquis de los Velez in command. He was a grim and ruthless man who could be trusted to

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show no mercy and to spare neither women nor children. In the early spring of 1569, the army was ready and Velez did his best to comply with Philip's and the war council's wishes. According to contemporary chroniclers, 6,000 Moorish women and children were slaughtered within a few hours and 4,000 others taken into captivity, on one single occasion alone.

The Moriscos put up a tremendous resistance, but had to yield to Velez' vigorous attacks. They engaged in three battles against the combined forces of Velez and Mondejar and were defeated. No choice was left to Aben Humeya but to fall back on the ravines of the Alpujarras and there to hide. Once a Spanish detachment traced him to his hiding place with the assistance of a treacherous Morisco and he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner or slain. Aben Abu, to whose gallantry the nephew owed his life, fell into Spanish hands and was put to the torture; but his lips remained sealed as to Aben Humeya's whereabouts; he was nearly killed, yet he said never a word. And he survived!

At this stage of the war of liberation, the Moors would have consented to make peace had the minimum of human rights been granted them. But Phillip II and Deza were obsessed with the idea that at all costs the Moriscos must be rooted out and completely exterminated. Mondejar's advocacy of a less ferocious policy was dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. War weariness among the Moriscos immediately disappeared when they learnt of the savageries committed by the Spaniards in a single night among numerous Arab nobles and hostages confined in the Alhambra. The reasons for this carnage have never come to light; neither do we know whether it was committed at the instigation of the Inquisition or came from some other quarter. The effect of this blood-bath upon the Moriscos was to lash them into a fury of resentment. Every man of Moorish origin rallied again round Aben Humeya who, yearning to avenge his brethren by resuming the fight, came forth from his eyrie.

Further preparations of a warlike nature were immediately set in motion and the Moriscos sent messengers to North Africa and Constantinople for aid and support, feel-

ing that they by themselves would be unable to cope with the Spaniards.

On being informed of this renewed activity on the part of the infidel, Philip decided to raise yet another army, for he dared not run the risk of being defeated by the insurgents. The Spanish troops under Velez and Mondejar were becoming even more demoralised; they continued to ravage, and plunder the conquered territory of Granada at their own sweet will. The state treasury was exhausted and Philip had to ponder long and carefully before he came to a decision. At last he entrusted the command of the newly formed Spanish army to his illegitimate half-brother by his father Charles I who had been Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire. Whether Philip did good or bad deeds, the undercurrent of his character was one of jealousy and envy. He knew that this half brother, Don Juan of Austria, lived in a perpetual ecstasy of activity and ambition, far surpassing him in appearance, capability and popularity so that he could not find it in his heart to give Don Juan full authority to act as commander-in-chief. The king, therefore, resolved to place a council of war at his brother's side which was to exercise a twofold function: arbitration in respect of strategical plans; and stay Don Juan from taking any personal part in the fighting. These precautionary measures did not express anxiety for Don Juan's life, but were rather meant to impede him from gaining glory in case of a successful issue. Later it became evident that the brake imposed by the council constituted a double-edged tool, for it checked Don Juan's liberty of action so effectively as to jeopardise the whole enterprise.

In April, 1569, Don Juan of Austria arrived at Granada and received an ovation from the Christian community. He was confidently expected to overcome the Moriscos for good.

While these activities were afoot, the Moriscos had received considerable succour from the clans of northern Africa, among them some thousands of Turks who had succeeding in disembarking secretly on the south-eastern shores of the peninsula. These reinforcements gave Aben Humeya an opportunity of taking the initiative and chal-

lenging the Spanish divisions under Velez; victory went to Aben Humeya while Velez had to retire from his headquarters and retreat to the shore where the impetuous advance of the Moriscos was eventually brought to a standstill by the naval forces under Requesens who had sailed his fleet from Italy in the nick of time, thus averting the impending loss of Malaga. But Aben Humeya had indeed routed his redoubtable opponent.

Not long after, the Spaniards suffered an even more disastrous blow. The short but masterly conducted siege of Seron which was strongly garrisoned and bravely defended by the Spanish, gave fresh zest to the Moriscos on June 11, 1569. The wild tribes of North Africa, who had fought beside the Moriscos, vented their hatred of the Spaniards by slaying the Christian prisoners of war to the last man, though Aben Humeya had given strict orders that they were to be treated chivalrously. Terrible was the revenge of the Spaniards for this outrage. The remnant of Moors still in the city of Granada were either slain or mercilessly driven forth from the city into slavery.

Velez hastily regrouped the remainder of his troops and made another attempt in which he again failed disastrously. Having filled up the gaps, he once more proceeded towards the Alpujarras from the east whilst Requesens moved up from the south so that Aben Humeya was threatened with encirclement. The clash of arms took place at Ugijar and the ensuing fight ended in favour of the Spaniards, but still was not a decisive victory because the Moriscos leader managed to extricate the majority of his men from the pincer-clutches of the Spanish forces. This he did so well that in a very short time he was able to resume the offensive and took the castle of the Marquis de los Velez by storm. This he razed to the ground. To wipe out the disgrace of the new defeat, Velez raced to the fortress of Calahaorra which was held by the Moriscos and commanded by Aben Abu, the uncle of Aben Humeya and the most faithful of all his nephew's adherents. Assault after assault was beaten off and at length Velez besieged the fortress. But the investing army was exhausted to the point of mutiny on account of the protracted siege. It became a mere rabble, useless for

any warlike action and a danger to its leaders, as was shown by the attack on de los Velez' son who was wounded in the affray.

No great feat of imagination is required to realise Don Juan's horror at the turn of events. He was nominally the commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces, but was continually over-ruled by the utterly useless war council. His expostulations went with the wind, his urgent requests that he could be given a free hand in planning and carrying out a suitable strategy for the defeat of the Moriscos went unheard. At last even Philip II saw no other way out of the calamitous situation but by granting Don Juan of Austria full authority and full responsibility for the conduct of the whole campaign. And thus were the Moriscos doomed. Fate herself seemed eager to help the young man to win his laurels by brilliant exploits and by removing quite unexpectedly his implacable foe, Aben Humeya, from the scene of this dramatic war.

King Aben Humeya was endowed with so pleasant an appearance and deportment that he won the admiration of Moorish women, not only were they attracted to him, but he too had a soft place in his heart for them, as witness the richly assorted harem which gladdened his loving heart. He fell in love with the very beautiful fiancée of one of his group captains and added her to his harem. The man very naturally objected, but in addition he was so gravely offended by the fact that the lovely Zahara was not made sultana as was to be expected, that jealousy cost Aben Humeya his life. She herself raged at the humiliation and vowed vengeance against Aben Humeya on her own account. She got in touch with her former suitor in order to plot with him against Aben Humeya and murder him. With great guile they laid their plans.

By fair means or foul, they got wind of a missive which was to be taken to Aben Abu, the tenor of which was that a Turkish body led by Aben Humeya himself was to make an expedition into a Spanish occupied zone. There was nothing unusual about this order of the day. Alguazil, the aggrieved suitor, lay in ambush to waylay the messenger, caught and killed him on the spot, and took the missive

which bore Aben Humeya's signature, along with him. With Zahara's skilful help, the wording was altered to read that the Turkish body referred to was to be removed by poison because it hampered the conduct of the war. This forged document, still bearing Aben Humeya's signature, was then conveyed to Aben Abu by Alguazil himself. The uncle was amazed at the order apparently proceeding from his nephew to make away with the Turkish auxiliaries whose good services were so urgently needed. Though Aben Humeya's signature was indubitably genuine, he could not believe in the authenticity of the document because such an act of senseless ingratitude and cruelty was not in Aben Humeya's nature to commit. But the old man did not feel he could merely disregard the order especially since Alguazil had brought with him a detachment of Moriscos who, he pretended, were to carry out the order immediately.

On second thoughts, Aben Abu decided not to act in so dastardly a fashion against his Turkish allies, but to keep the unintelligible document secret until such time as he could discuss the matter with Aben Humeya himself. Before even Aben Abu could set out to meet his nephew, the officer in charge of the Turkish contingent learned the purport of the missive. Indignant and furious he rushed into Aben Abu's tent and peremptorily demanded to see the offending document. Constrained to act at once, Aben Abu showed the missive to the Turkish officer.

A gathering of Turkish and Morisco officers was immediately convoked. Its verdict was: death to Aben Humeya, the unworthy king of the Moriscos, the perfidious criminal who would have murdered his Turkish allies. It was further unanimously agreed to proclaim Aben Abu the new king and forthwith to take the oath of allegiance to him. Without delay, the Turkish commander together with the traitor Alguazil, rushed at the head of a mixed body of Turkish and Morisco troops to Aben Humeya's headquarters and broke into his tent. A dramatic scene ensued. Hurling the ominous document at the startled king, the Turkish commander accused him of betrayal and treachery against his ally and his own Moriscos. Aben Humeya was at a loss to understand what had happened; he recognised his own

signature, but solemnly asserted that he had never written the text as it stood; he had not ordered any such thing; he had no reason whatsoever for disliking, distrusting or despising his Turkish ally who had so obligingly joined him in the good cause. The Turk could not believe that the wording was a malicious forgery and though Aben Humeya put forth every argument imaginable, he failed to convince his accuser. Fate took its course. Aben Humeya was strangled by the Turkish officer while the traitor, Alguazil, was likewise strangled with a veil belonging to Zahara.

Thus the Moriscos lost their young king whose soul burned with the desire to break the iron fetters riveted upon his brethren by the Spaniards, to free his racial and religious comrades, and to build anew a Moorish kingdom upon the ruins of the mighty realm of the ancient Omeiyades.

All Morisco hopes now centred on Aben Abu, their new leader and king whom they called Muley Abdallah Mohammed. He was a man full of years, but the fiery blood of the Omeiyades ran in his veins endowing him with energy, a firm hand, and clear-sightedness. He proved his capacities by hazarding a bold stroke on the important Spanish fortress of Orgiba, on October 26, 1569. The stronghold did not fall to the attacks of the combined and rather small forces of the Turks and Moriscos, but by a siege for which the Spaniards were not prepared. The defenders of Orgiba crept from the beleaguered fortress at dead of night, unnoticed and unmolested. Orgiba was not exactly "conquered" by Aben Abu and yet, since the place was occupied by his forces, it was a kind of victory. In a few brief months, Aben Abu scored some more successes against single detachments of the Spanish army. These small defeats were unfavourable to the strategical position of the Spanish army and also to Don Juan of Austria's personal prestige. He pushed forward with the work of reorganising and re-equipping his units to fit them for accomplishing his plan to defeat the Moriscos.

On December 25, 1569, Don Juan of Austria moved a magnificent army with an abundant train of artillery to the attack of the insurgents. At that time he was not the experienced general he later became but he endeavoured to

balance his lack of practical experience in the art of war with thoroughness in his schemes and preparations. His vanguards was mostly employed in clearing the way for the main body of his troops on their route march from Granada eastwards to Galera, a beautifully situated place amid a rocky landscape, which was Don Juan's first objective. All obstacles to his advancing army were removed; whole villages were burned down; trees and plantations uprooted; tilled fields destroyed; irrigation plants demolished; it was a systematic policy of the scorched earth. Within a few weeks, the flourishing land of the pomegranate which the industrious Moors in the course of many centuries had transformed into a paradise on earth, was turned into a desolate desert.

Early in 1570, Don Juan's army reached Galera which was defended by about 4,000 fanatical Moriscos and Turks who, surpassing all their records of bravery, repulsed three assaults of the Spanish. The losses of the latter were extraordinarily great. Don Juan was, therefore, constrained to cease any further assaults and to content himself for the time being with ceaseless bombardment of the city with his powerful artillery. Eventually, by mining the walls of the fortifications, a breach was made sufficiently wide to permit the entry of troops. The place was taken by storm on February 7, 1570. This victory took a tremendous toll of blood and a proverbial phrase of the period shows the truth of the above assertion: "The Moors have good reason to weep, but the Spaniards have no reason whatsoever to exult."

From conquered Galera, Don Juan marched his reduced army to Seron which Aben Humeya had taken about a year ago and which the Spaniards wished to retake as a point of honour. On their way, the Spanish troops had to engage in many a skirmish and ward off raids. On one such occasion, the Moriscos annihilated the entire rear-guard of the Spanish forces; in the course of this bitter fight, Don Juan lost an old, true friend, his adviser and foster-father, Don Luis de Quixade, who had fought side by side with him.

Determined to avenge this irretrievable personal loss, Don Juan ordered the immediate and ruthless storming of Seron.

Though the Spaniards entered the town, they were soon repelled by the frenzied Moriscos. It is recorded that more than a thousand Spanish corpses lay on the battle-field. Thus once again Don Juan was constrained to resort to siege methods. Aben Abu realised that in view of the numerically superior forces at the disposal of the Spanish commander his resistance must break sooner or later. Under cover of night, he succeeded in evacuating Seron and withdrawing the garrison to the mountain fastnesses. Don Juan occupied the town without firing any more cannons. The Moorish garrison of Seron escaped almost unscathed and was ready to resume operations at the appropriate time. No decision had been reached by either contestants. Seron had fallen to the Spaniards by the sacrifice of much blood; the Morisco's army remained almost intact, but at the price of sacrificing Seron.

When Philip II reluctantly conceded the high command to Don Juan, he expected to see the uprising quelled with the utmost dispatch. A victory was imperatively needed, for the omens of political strife in the Netherlands in the north and in Turkey in the east were full of foreboding. Don Juan could preen himself on capturing Galera and Seron, but neither the tempo nor the result of the campaign were satisfactory; Aben Abu was still a menacing foe, his forces were considerable, their fighting spirit unimpaired. There was no prospect of an early end of the war if the issue was to be decided by force of arms. Philip decided not to leave the final decision to the capricious fancies of the fortunes of war. He offered twenty gold ducats to every man who could show a slain Moor's head and though this means of decimating an enemy was both disgraceful and distasteful, based as it was on the basest human instincts, yet it was put into operation. No money was spared to find a Judas among the Moriscos who would betray the Moorish leader for more than the thirty pieces of silver. El Habaqui played this ignoble part. He promised to deliver Aben Abu alive or dead at a price. But he never got his blood money, for Aben Abu was warned in time and imprisoned El Habaqui who was court-martialled and sentenced to death.

When Don Juan learned of the failure, he resorted to

diplomacy. King Aben Abu was to be persuaded to surrender on the ground that his position in the long run was untenable. Don Palacios, a Spanish knight, was chosen as mediator, provided with the necessary credentials and authority, and sent to Aben Abu's camp which was derisively nicknamed "the head-quarters the little king of the Alpujarras". In dignified silence, Aben Abu listened to the proposals for a capitulation. Don Palacios ended his announcement; there was dead silence for a while; then without betraying the slightest emotion Aben Abu said in a calm voice: "I know well that we shall not win our mortal combat and that final victory will be yours. Firm in this conviction, I shall place no restraint on any of my men who wish to submit to the stipulations you propose. But I myself shall never surrender, not even if every member of my race and faith should forsake me. If this should happen, I would continue to my last breath to fight and die a Mohammedan".

The Moriscos did not abandon their leader and king and the fight continued. It was on a small scale, for the Moriscos deemed they were not numerous or strong enough to engage the enemy in anything but guerilla warfare. The Spaniards, for their part, no longer possessed the snap for a major encounter. In these circumstances, the Spaniards saw no way out of the impasse but by again staging a plot against the king's life. With his death, the Moriscos' war of liberation was bound to fizzle out.

An Arab group-leader was bribed into betraying his warlord. The conversations between him and the Spanish high command were kept as secret as possible. But rumour was busy and soon Aben Abu heard what was happening. Investigations did not prove any positive facts, yet by El Senix' demeanour it seemed probable that he was lying. Aben Abu accompanied by two intimate friends, went to call El Senix to account. The king was welcomed in the most friendly manner and El Senix protested his utmost devotion to Aben Abu, thus allaying suspicion. At last, Aben Abu accepted an invitation to a repast. During the feast, El Senix, with all secrecy and speed, collected his abettors and instructed them to murder the king as he ate. At a concerted

signal, El Senix' accomplices fell upon the king's two companions and slew them while El Senix stabbed Aben Abu with a dagger. Drowning in his own blood, the last Moorish king of Granada and Andalusia, the last of the Omeiyades collapsed and died.

This great hero did not fall with his sword in hand, but with the dagger of a traitor in his heart. Alas, that fate should have so decreed! The old and faithful champion of his people's cause, the fighter for the liberation of the Moriscos from the Spanish yoke, he who had striven for the resuscitation of an independent Moorish kingdom, the last of a splendid dynasty, was thus cut down. And as his blood drained away, so did every hope of creating a Moorish kingdom in the Iberian peninsula disappear for ever.

Instead of veiling so monstrous a deed in decent obscurity, the Spaniards or maybe the Inquisition further disgraced themselves by publicly staging a diabolical apotheosis of their infamy. Aben Abu's corpse was brought to Granada and posthumously tried by the Spanish supreme court and sentence to death by chopping off the head; then the remains were strapped to a donkey and paraded through the streets of the city to the place of execution. Here the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal Deza, read aloud the sentence of death and the executioner beheaded the corpse of the last of the Omeiyades and cast it to the dogs to devour. The bones were burned.

Don Juan of Austria pleaded in vain for clemency to be shown to the subdued Moriscos, but he was scoffed at by the clergy who insisted that they should be driven out of Spain or used as galley slaves or slaughtered. Thus was the Moorish race extinguished in Spain, the westernmost land in Europe; they who had brought such splendour and renown, such beauty and wealth from the Orient, ceased to exist.

No deeds of glory had been accomplished by the Spaniards in this campaign, yet in the end the Spanish armies were conquerors and the "Moorish Peril" inside of Spain was removed. Don Juan of Austria was hailed throughout the land as the noble victor and was adorned with the laurels of victory—this same Don Juan who shortly after-

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wards proved his brilliance as an admiral in the world-shaking victory over the Turkish fleet at Lepanto.

The Visigoths had overrun the Iberian peninsula in the fifth century and had merged themselves into the Roman Empire as a single nation; in the early days of the eighth century, the peninsula was again invaded from the Orient, this time by the Mohammedan Arabs who grafted a different race and religion on the western tip of Europe. Though the Arabs brought an unprecedentedly high culture and civilisation with them from the Orient and spread enlightenment all over the immense empire they had founded on European soil, they remained a foreign body in the land for over eight hundred years. In 1570, the Christian Spaniards became lords absolute in Spain and formed a united nation. The mighty empire of the Visigoths had broken up, the glory of the Moorish caliphate of Córdoba had become tarnished, the Mohammedan realm of Granada had disappeared, the Spanish reigned over the whole land. In the century following Isabella's enthronement, Spain grew into a great state and reached the peak of her prosperity. Since then she has gone through many vicissitudes and her glory has decayed. Yet she still survives, because the inner mind of the nation has never ceased to preserve the ideals which have been sung in song and saga, in ballad, story, and legend.

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campaign in Calabria. He was no longer outnumbered by the enemy, for the news of this fresh victory spread like wild fire throughout the land and instigated many Italians and Swiss to gather round his banner eager to serve under the Great Captain. Soon his army amounted to 10,000 foot. He struck blow upon blow against the French who fought bravely under their famous general d'Aubigny. But nothing could stay Gonsalvo's advance; the French lost ever more ground and were forced to surrender one stronghold after the other. In the end, d'Aubigny had to sue for terms. He and his troops were granted free passage to France.

The kingdom of Naples was delivered from the French invaders at the close of 1496. Gonsalvo de Córdoba who had outgeneralled the best French commanders, annihilated the grand army which had so proudly and confidently marched into Italy two years earlier, had now accomplished his mission.

Before leaving Italy for Spain, Gonsalvo added another leaf to his laurels by clearing the Biscayan pirates out of Ostia, the port of Rome. They had usurped the entire commerce and terrorised the inhabitants for many years much to the detriment of Rome's interests. The capture of Ostia was a ticklish task; its position offered an excellent opportunity for resistance and it was strongly defended. Gonsalvo bombarded the place for five days' using for the most part the cannon captured from the French which was of unprecedented weight for that epoch. Then he stormed the port with his unconquerable veterans. What was left of the garrison after the tremendous bombardment was taken, together with ample booty. Gonsalvo who was as good a Catholic as he was a generous knight, sent all the spoils to Rome as a token of reverence for the pope.

Some time previously, Alexander VI had invited Gonsalvo to Rome in order to pay homage to the victorious saviour of Italy. The papal envoy who conveyed the message, dropped a hint about the prejudice Rome had suffered from the French usurpers in Ostia whom no one hitherto had been able to oust from their nest. Gonsalvo took the hint and resolved to smoke this last den of French robbers from the soil of Italy.

This being accomplished, Gonsalvo betook himself to Rome where the population hailed him as their "deliverer". The pope at the head of all his cardinals awaited him at the Vatican. He embraced and kissed the conqueror, gave him the papal blessing, and conferred on him the highest award a pope can bestow—the Golden Rose.

Then Gonsalvo returned to Naples where, in the meantime, Frederick had ascended the throne as successor to his nephew Ferdinand II who died shortly after the conquest of Atella. King Frederick of Naples gave Gonsalvo a most honourable reception, awarded him the title of Duke of San Angelo and invested him with a large estate in Abruzzo—a fief that comprised three thousand farms.

Not long after his triumphal procession through Rome and Naples, Gonsalvo struck his tents in Italy and sailed homeward with his Spanish army. Early in August, he reached Spain and was moved to the heart by the rousing cheers of the populace that welcomed him. Isabella and her chancellor Jiménez, justly proud of the general whom they had appointed, poured tokens of appreciation and gratitude on the Great Captain. Even Ferdinand, whose antipathy for Gonsalvo lay concealed in his bosom, did not hesitate to declare that the brilliant achievements of the Spanish forces in Calabria had bestowed more glory on his crown than the conquest of Granada.

The political consequences of Gonsalvo's triumph over the French in Italy were twofold. Charles VIII's projects collapsed and the League of Venice, which ought to have been an imposing alliance against France, was liquidated; a treaty signed at Marcoussin on August 5, 1498, was concluded between Spain and her neighbour. Neither party had any intention of holding to this treaty in the long run, but the agreement gave Ferdinand of Aragon and Louis XII, who had ascended the throne after Charles VIII's death, a breathing space. Both countries needed a respite from war in those hectic days.

Though Gonsalvo de Córdoba basked in the rays of admiration which shone on him at Isabella's court, he felt no inclination to give up a life of activity for that of luxury. He belonged to the chosen few who can only be satisfied

hand of Spain and Venice. But events took another turn.

Ferdinand of Aragon ordered Gonsalvo to return to Sicily early in the year 1501. Here he was to wait with his staff and soldiers till the political situation or further warlike measures be needed.

Meanwhile, Louis XII, having reinforced his units by the addition of 10,000 Swiss mountaineers, marched on Naples and simultaneously issued orders that his fleet with 6,500 men, harbouring at Genoa, should make for the Neapolitan capital. The French land forces were under the command of d'Aubigny who, as we have seen, had once before led the king's forces into Italy. The admiral of the French fleet was Philippe de Ravenstein. In mid-June, d'Aubigny reached Rome and on July 8 he and his forces crossed the Neapolitan frontier. Shortly before, Cesare Borgia and his condottieri joined the French colours.

Frederick put up a feeble resistance and soon relinquished his capital to the invaders and retreated. By thus doing, the king saved Naples from suffering the same fate which had overtaken Capua where the inhabitants had resisted the foe in vain and had been slaughtered by the thousand and completely despoiled. When the Neapolitan king received intelligence that a big French fleet had been sighted off Naples, he surrendered and accepted a safe-conduct to France where he died three years later.

About the time when the French army was crossing the northern frontier of Naples, Gonsalvo de Córdoba received instructions to speed across the southern borders and see that the terms of the partition treaty were fulfilled. After passing the straits of Messina, he began, as he had six years ago, to establish himself in Calabria. This time, however, he did not come to aid the king of Naples. Quite the contrary; he came to encompass his ruin. At heart, Gonsalvo bore the Neapolitan king no ill-will, for Frederick had honoured him and, filled with royal gratitude, had bestowed a dukedom on him who at that time was the deliverer of Naples from French dominion. Gonsalvo's innate patriotism was shocked at the idea of marching against Frederick. His consideration towards a foreign king could not prevail against his patriotism and loyalty towards

his sovereign. For the sake of Spain, he was now about to conquer Calabria anew. He would gladly have laid down his life for Spain, just as his brother Alonso had done a few months earlier. This hero's death has been in many a song and ballad. It occurred during a bitter fight against the Moriscos who had again risen in revolt. Having disposed of more than thirty Moors armed with daggers, exhausted by the loss of blood from his wounds, Alonso fell a victim to a savage Moor and died on March 18, 1501. His elder son, a boy of fourteen, fought side by side with his father. His was a gallant spirit; unyielding though severely wounded, he had to be forcibly taken to safety by a faithful attendant of Don Alonso.

A month after landing in Calabria, Gonsalvo de Córdoba occupied the whole of the country with the exception of the fortress of Tarento which strongly resisted every assault. The city and the port were methodically blockaded, but since there were plenty of victuals the garrison held out. The terrain around was marshy and no effective bombardment could be undertaken; nor were Pedro de Navarro's mining operations suitable to the occasion. A siege requires very little activity on the part of the besieging army and inactivity of massed troops inevitably engenders boredom and discontent. The unavoidable discontent was aggravated by the unwholesome climatic conditions prevailing in so swampy a place, by malnutrition on account of the faulty supply service from Spain, and by lack of pay due to Ferdinand of Aragon's stinginess. Discontent soured into mutiny, much to Gonsalvo's indignation and horror. Still, his temper never got the better of him. Once some of his companies, enraged by continuous arrears of pay, openly rioted and, led by a Biscayan pikeman, gathered in front of Gonsalvo's quarters demanding pay. The insurgent Biscayan went so far as to level his pike at Gonsalvo's breast, but the Great Captain betrayed not the slightest emotion. He calmly thrust aside the pike and said to the impudent aggressor: "Keep your pike higher, you incautious lad, or you will injure me by your carelessness". A Basque Captain gave vent to an even viler piece of effrontery. Upon Gonsalvo's assurance that a momentary lack of funds prevented him

suffered qualms of conscience. Either he had to break his word of honour and deny the young duke the safe-conduct he had promised or he had to disobey his sovereign's express commands. Dismal thoughts pressed one upon the other. Must the word of honour of a Castilian knight be considered invalid? Impossible! Must he be disloyal to his king? Equally impossible. He weighed the issue with calm deliberation. At last his duty became clear to him: unconditional obedience to his king. The duke of Calabria was arrested and sent to Spain. Having preferred to break his word rather than violate his duty, Gonsalvo soothed his conscience by persuading himself that he had acted under duress. But in his heart of hearts, he knew that he would never forgive himself for his lack of moral courage; that he had sullied his knightly chivalry; that the scutcheon bearing the eagle of the Aguilar had been stained.

During the long siege of Tarento, with all its difficulties and malcontents, Gonsalvo received a piece of news which cheered him greatly. Ravenstein, the admiral of the French fleet, after the surrender of the Neapolitan capital, was given orders to sail for the Levant and fight the Turks. Eager to emulate Gonsalvo's success at Saint George, Ravenstein hurled his ships against Mitilene, intending to recover it from the Turks and restore it to the Venetians. He suffered a crushing defeat. His badly damaged fleet limped away from the conflict, was caught in a tempest and wrecked. Ravenstein had great difficulty in saving himself and reached the shores of Calabria where Gonsalvo granted him sanctuary. The Great Captain felt elated at this happy turn of events, for he knew that now the admiral and the French fleet were out of commission for the duration. He also knew that war between France and Spain was only a matter of time.

The Great Captain's intuition proved correct. Tidings were brought to him that the French forces had crossed into the central provinces of the kingdom of Naples which, according to the stipulations of the partitioning treaty between France and Spain, were to be the latter's share. By forced marches, Gonsalvo hurried northward to occupy that territory of Naples which had been promised to Spain in the

covenant of Granada. He considered it expedient at first to have recourse to amicable discussions with the French commander-in-chief about the precise line of demarcation and to reach a clear understanding as to their respective districts. Gonsalvo knew that nothing would come of these "amicable discussions", but he had to play for time since, after the siege of Tarento, his men were not in a fit condition to take the field against the numerically superior French troops who, moreover, had been given a satisfactory rest.

As was expected, the parleys came to naught. The treaty had been couched in such vague terms that it was open to question which of the high contracting parties could lay claim to one or the other part and this applied especially to the two central provinces. The very vagueness of the wording led one to suppose that the vagueness was intentional so that disputes, quarrels, and finally an appeal to arms had been desired. Those familiar with the political circumstances in which the partitioning treaty had been concluded, could not doubt that each of the contracting powers would welcome the emptiest of pretexts to withdraw from their engagements and try to snatch the whole kingdom instead of the agreed share.

The French generalissimo, not having been given full authority to conclude the bargain, had to report every detail of his conversations with Gonsalvo back to Paris and await a reply. This naturally prolonged the negotiations. The Spanish sovereigns, therefore, sprang all their diplomatic mines in order to achieve an offensive and defensive alliance with Venice and Rome. Ferdinand of Aragon, the crafty author of this idea, was snubbed for his pains by Alexander VI who, mainly at the instigation of Cesare Borgia, had thrown in his lot with France; Venice declined being drawn into a conflict between Spain and France, though should the latter carry out her obvious intention of driving the Spaniards from Calabria, Apulia and Sicily, the Venetians would have been highly displeased.

Under such conditions, the outbreak of war between Spain and France was only a question of time. History was in the making and Gonsalvo had to prove his superior

generalship once again. Before hostilities actually broke out, Gonsalvo concentrated the main part of his army at Barletta, a fortified port on the coast of Apulia, a place he considered suitable for defence. Here he might reasonably expect to receive ample supplies and reinforcements which he urgently needed. Further, he had garrisoned to the best of his ability such strategically important spots as Bari and Canossa and had given special care to the choice of reliable commanders in these places. Gonsalvo's situation was by no means an enviable one for, apart from other disadvantages, his army was vastly outnumbered by the French, reinforcements could hardly be expected to reach him in time, his troops were badly equipped, sporadically paid, and consequently not in their best fighting trim. The sole thing to his advantage was the disunity which prevailed among the French army leaders. Over the head of the old and efficient general d'Aubigny, Louis XII had appointed the duc de Nemours as commander-in-chief. This was a young and ambitious nobleman who was no match for Gonsalvo's generalship and, on principle, opposed every strategic suggestion and advice given by d'Aubigny.

Having completed the necessary preparations for taking the field against the Spaniards, the French started their march, treaty or no treaty. Against d'Aubigny's counsel, which was to go with all speed to the "lion's den" at Barletta where the dreaded and dangerous foe, the "invincible" Great Captain was himself in command, the duc de Nemours insisted on striking first at Canossa whose garrison had been placed under Pedro de Navarro's command. Nemours had been nominated viceroy of Naples at Louis XII's orders. Canossa was attacked on July 5, 1502. Pedro and his small band of veterans knew how to deal with the French attackers who were twice driven back, though their famous knights Bayard and La Palisse excelled themselves in valour. While the French were preparing for a third attack, Gonsalvo ordered Pedro to evacuate the place on strategic grounds. Gonsalvo judged that to defend the fortress would cost too many lives and, in his reduced circumstances with regard to men, every life was precious. The veterans who manned Canossa would be more valuable at a future stage

of the war. With a heavy heart, Pedro de Navarro obeyed his commander's orders and sued for honourable terms of surrender. Nemours, elated by his success and proud of being in a position to proclaim a victory over the Spaniards, granted Pedro and the remnant of his men an honourable retreat. They marched out of Canossa and joined Gonsalvo's main army at Barletta.

The duc de Nemours, viceroy of Naples, generalissimo of the French army, who prided himself on his chivalrous behaviour towards the garrison of Canossa and preened himself on his strategy (in which he erred as the future was to show), decided to send a third of his army under d'Aubigny to the south of the kingdom of Naples with a view to the conquest of Calabria while he himself remained with the bulk of his troops where he was until such time as he could fight and overcome Gonsalvo.

Instead of utilising his favourable position and hurling his armies immediately to the attack on the smaller forces of Gonsalvo, he contended himself with blockading Barletta. The blockade lasted for many months and as time went on it assumed more and more the romantic character of the age of chivalry. Tournaments were arranged at which French knights contended with Spaniards, and all sorts of other exercises were organised. Bayard and Paredes took pride of place; not a few French and Spanish ballads by contemporary poets sang their praise. Though such tourneys pleased the French greatly, they did not appeal to Gonsalvo who considered these games to be one thing and war quite another. Yet even he patronised the single combats because they seemed to him conducive to his aim which was to gain time until his army should be in a position to attack in the grand style.

Months had elapsed since the blockade of Barletta began and still there had been no important or decisive encounter. Now and then, the French would make an assault, but with no snap and still less success; occasional spectacular tourneys were fought. That was all. The duc de Nemours and Gonsalvo knew that this kind of warfare led nowhere and could go on indefinitely.

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